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THE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE

EDITED FROM THE OLD EDITIONS
AND NUMEROUS MANUSCRIPTS
WITH INTRODUCTIONS & COMMENTARY

BY

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THE TEXT OF THE POEMS
WITH APPENDIXES

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PREFACE

THE present edition of Donne's poems grew out of my work as a teacher. In the spring of 1907, just after I had published a small volume on the literature of the early seventeenth century, I was lecturing to a class of Honours students on the 'Metaphysical poets'. They found Donne difficult alike to understand and to appreciate, and accordingly I undertook to read with them a selection from his poems with a view to elucidating difficult passages and illustrating the character of his 'metaphysics', the Scholastic and scientific doctrines which underlie his conceits. The only editions which we had at our disposal were the modern editions of Donne's poems by Grosart and Chambers, but I did not anticipate that this would present any obstacle to the task I had undertaken. About the same time the Master of Peterhouse asked me to undertake the chapter on Donne, as poet and prose-artist, for the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. The result was that though I had long been interested in Donne, and had given, while at work on the poetry of the seventeenth century, much thought to his poetry as a centre of interest and influence, I began to make a more minute study of the text of his poems than I had yet attempted.

The first result of this study was the discovery that there were several passages in the poems, as printed in Mr. Chambers' edition, of which I could give no satisfactory explanation to my class. At the close of the session I went to Oxford and began in the Bodleian a rapid collation of the text of that edition with the older copies, especially of 1633. The conclusion to which

I came was that, excellent in many ways as that edition is, the editor had too often abandoned the reading of 1633 for the sometimes more obvious but generally weaker and often erroneous emendations of the later editions. As he records the variants this had become clear in some cases already, but an examination of the older editions brought out another fact,—that by modernizing the punctuation, while preserving no record of the changes made, the editor had corrupted some passages in such a manner as to make it impossible for a student, unprovided with all the old editions, to recover the original and sometimes quite correct reading, or to trace the error to its fountain-head.

My first proposal to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press was that I should attempt an edition of Donne's poems resting on a collation of the printed texts ; that for all poems which it contains the edition of 1633 should be accepted as the authority, to be departed from only when the error seemed to be obvious and certain, and that all such changes, however minute, should be recorded in the notes. In the case of poems not contained in the edition of 1633, the first edition (whether 1635, 1649, 1650, or 1669) was to be the authority and to be treated in the same fashion. Such an edition, it was hoped, might be ready in a year. I had finished my first collation of the editions when a copy of the Grolier Club edition came into my hands, and I included it in the number of those which I compared throughout with the originals.

While the results of this collation confirmed me in the opinion I had formed as to the superiority of the edition of 1633 to all its successors, it showed also that that edition was certainly not faultless, and that the text of those poems which were issued only in the later editions was in general very carelessly edited and corrupt, especially of those

poems which were added for the first time in 1669. This raised the question, what use was to be made of the manuscript copies of the poems in correcting the errors of the edition? Grosart had based his whole text on one or two manuscripts in preference to the editions. Mr. Chambers, while wisely refusing to do this, and adopting the editions as the basis of his text, had made frequent reference to the manuscripts and adopted corrections from them. Professor Norton made no use of the manuscripts in preparing the text of his edition, but he added in an Appendix an account of one of these which had come into his hands, and later he described some more and showed clearly that he believed corrections were to be obtained from this source. Accordingly I resolved to examine tentatively those which were accessible in the British Museum, especially the transcript of three of the *Satyræ* in Harleian MS. 5110.

A short examination of the manuscripts convinced me that it would be very unsafe to base a text on any single extant manuscript, or even to make an eclectic use of a few of them, taking, now from one, now from another, what seemed a probable emendation. On the other hand it became clear that if as wide a collation as possible of extant manuscripts were made one would be able to establish in many cases what was, whether right or wrong, the traditional reading before any printed edition appeared.

A few experiments further showed that one, and a very important, result of this collation would be to confirm the trustworthiness of 1633, to show that in places where modern editors had preferred the reading of some of the later editions, generally 1635 or 1669, the text of 1633 was not only intrinsically superior but had the support of tradition, i. e. of the majority of the manuscripts. If this were the case, then it was also possible that the traditional,

manuscript text might afford corrections when 1633 had fallen into error. At the same time a very cursory examination of the manuscripts was sufficient to show that many of them afforded an infinitely more correct and intelligible text of those poems which were not published in 1633 than that contained in the printed editions.

Another possible result of a wide collation of the manuscripts soon suggested itself, and that was the settlement of the canon of Donne's poems. One or two of the poems contained in the old editions had already been rejected by modern editors, and some of these on the strength of manuscript ascriptions. But on the one hand, no systematic attempt had been made to sift the poems, and on the other, experience has shown that nothing is more unsafe than to trust to the ascriptions of individual, unauthenticated manuscripts. Here again it seemed to the present editor that if any definite conclusion was to be obtained it must be by as wide a survey as possible, by the accumulation of evidence. No such conclusion might be attainable, but it was only thus that it could be sought.

The outcome of the investigation thus instituted has been fully discussed in the article on the *Text and Canon of Donne's Poems* in the second volume, and I shall not attempt to summarize it here. But it may be convenient for the student to have a quite brief statement of what it is that the notes in this volume profess to set forth.

Their first aim is to give a complete account of the variant readings of the original editions of 1633, 1635, 1639, 1649-50-54 (the text in these three is identical), and 1669. This was the aim of the edition as originally planned, and though my opinion of the value of many of the variants of the later editions has undergone considerable abatement since I was able to study them in the light afforded by the manuscripts, I have endeavoured to

complete my original scheme ; and I trust it may be found that nothing more important has been overlooked than an occasional misprint in the later editions. But I know from the experience of examining the work of my precursors, and of revising my own work, that absolute correctness is almost unattainable. It has been an advantage to me in this part of the work to come after Mr. Chambers and the Grolier Club editors, but neither of these editions records changes of punctuation.

The second purpose of the notes is to set forth the evidence of the manuscripts. I have not attempted to give anything like a full account of the variant readings of these, but have recorded so much as is sufficient for four different purposes.

(1) To vindicate the text of 1633. I have not thought it necessary to detail the evidence in cases where no one has disputed the 1633 reading. If the note simply records the readings of the editions it may be assumed that the manuscript evidence, so far as it is explicit (the manuscripts frequently abound in absurd errors), is on the side of 1633. In other cases, when there is something to be said for the text of the later editions, and especially when modern editors have preferred the later reading (though I have not always called attention to this) I have set forth the evidence in some detail. At times I have mentioned each manuscript, at others simply *all the MSS.*, occasionally just *MSS.* This last means generally that all the positive evidence before me was in favour of the reading, but that my collations were silent as to some of the manuscripts. My collators, whether myself or those who worked for me, used Mr. Chambers' edition because of its numbered lines. Now if Mr. Chambers had already adopted a 1635 or later reading the tendency of the collator—especially at first, before the importance of certain readings had become obvious—was to pass over

the agreement of the manuscript with this later reading in silence. In all important cases I have verified the reading by repeated reference to the manuscripts, but in some of smaller importance I have been content to record the general trend of the evidence. I have tried to cite no manuscript unless I had positive evidence as to its reading.

(2) The second use which I have made of the manuscript evidence is to justify my occasional departures from the text of the editions, whether 1633 (and these are the departures which call for most justification) or whatever later edition was the first to contain the poem. In every such case the reader should see at a glance what was the reading of the first edition, and on what authority it has been altered. My aim has been a true text (so far as that was attainable), not a reprint; but I have endeavoured to put the reader in exactly the same position as I was myself at each stage in the construction of that text. If I have erred, he can (in a favourite phrase of Donne's) 'control' me. This applies to spelling and punctuation as well as to the words themselves. But two warnings are necessary. When I note a reading as found in a number of editions, e.g. 1635 to 1654 (1635-54), or in *all* the editions (1633-69), it must be understood that the spelling is not always the same throughout. I have generally noted any variation in the use of capitals, but not always. The spelling and punctuation of each poem is that of the *first* edition in which it was published, or of the manuscript from which I have printed, all changes being recorded. Again, if, in a case where the words and not the punctuation is the matter in question, I cite the reading of an edition or some editions followed by a list of agreeing manuscripts, it will be understood that any punctuation given is that of the editions. If a list of manuscripts only

is given, the punctuation, if recorded, is that of one or two of the best of these.

In cases where punctuation is the matter in question the issue lies between the various editions and my own sense of what it ought to be. Wherever it is not otherwise indicated the punctuation of a poem is that of the first edition in which it appeared or of the manuscript from which I have printed it. I have not recorded every variant of the punctuation of later editions, but all that affect the sense while at the same time not manifestly absurd. The punctuation of the manuscripts is in general negligible, but of a few manuscripts it is good, and I have occasionally cited these in support of my own view as to what the punctuation should be.

(3) A third purpose served by my citation of the manuscripts is to show clearly that there are more versions than one of some poems. A study of the notes to the *Satyres*, *The Flea*, *The Curse*, *Elegy XI: The Bracelet*, will make this clear.

(4) A fourth, subordinate and occasional, purpose of my citation of the manuscripts is to show how Donne's poems were understood or misunderstood by the copyists. Occasionally a reading which is probably erroneous throws light upon a difficult passage. The version of *P* at p. 34, ll. 18-19, elucidates a difficult stanza. The reading of *Q* in *The Storme*, l. 38,

Yea, and the Sunne

for the usual

I, and the Sunne

suggests, what is probably correct but had not been suspected by any editor, that 'I' here, as often, is not the pronoun, but 'Aye'.

The order of the poems is that of the editions of 1635 onwards with some modifications explained in the

Introduction. In Appendix B I have placed all those poems which were printed as Donne's in the old editions (1633 to 1669), except Basse's *Epitaph on Shakespeare*, and a few found in manuscripts connected with the editions, or assigned to Donne by competent critics, all of which I believe to be by other authors. The text of these has been as carefully revised as that of the undoubted poems. In Appendix C I have placed a miscellaneous collection of poems loosely connected with Donne's name, and illustrating the work of some of his fellow-wits, or the trend of his influence in the occasional poetry of the seventeenth century.

The work of settling the text, correcting the canon, and preparing the Commentary has been done by myself. It was difficult to consult others who had not before them all the complex mass of evidence which I had accumulated. On some five or six places in the text, however, where the final question to be decided was the intrinsic merits of the readings offered by the editions and by the manuscripts, or the advisability of a bolder emendation, I have had the advantage of comparing my opinion with that of Sir James Murray, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr. Henry Bradley, Mr. W. A. Craigie, Mr. J. C. Smith, or Mr. R. W. Chapman.

For such accuracy as I have secured in reproducing the old editions, in the text and in the notes, I owe much to the help of three friends, Mr. Charles Forbes, of the Post Office, Aberdeen, who transcribed the greater portion of my manuscript; Professor John Purves, of University College, Pretoria, who during a visit to this country read a large section of my proofs, comparing them with the editions in the British Museum; and especially to my assistant, Mr. Frederick Rose, M.A., now Douglas Jerrold Scholar, Christ Church, Oxford, who has revised my proofs throughout with minute care.

I am indebted to many sources for the loan of necessary

material. In the first place I must acknowledge my debt to the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland for allowing me a grant of £40 in 1908-9, and of £30 in 1909-10, for the collation of manuscripts. Without this it would have been impossible for me to collate, or have collated for me, the widely scattered manuscripts in London, Petworth, Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, and Boston. Some of my expenses in this connexion have been met by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who have also been very generous in the purchase of necessary books, such as editions of the Poems and the Sermons. At the outset of my work the Governing Body of Christ Church, Oxford, lent me the copy of the edition of 1633 (originally the possession of Sir John Vaughan (1603-1674) Chief Justice of the Common Pleas) on which the present edition is based, and also their copies of the editions of 1639, 1650, and 1654. At the same time Sir Walter Raleigh lent me his copy of the edition of 1669. At an early stage of my work Captain C. Shirley Harris, of 90 Woodstock Road, Oxford, communicated with me about Donne's use of the word 'Mucheron', and he was kind enough to lend me both his manuscript, *P*, and the transcript which he had caused to be made. By the kindness of Lord Ellesmere I was permitted to collate his unique copy of the 1611 edition of the *Anatomy of the World* and *Funerall Elegie*. While I was doing so, Mr. Strachan Holme, the Librarian, drew my attention to a manuscript collection of Donne's poems (*B*), and with his kind assistance I was enabled to collate this at Walkden, Manchester, and again at Bridge-water House. Mr. Holme has also furnished a photograph of the title-page of the edition of 1611. To the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, and of Trinity College, Cambridge, I am indebted not only for permission

to collate their manuscripts on the spot, but for kindly lending them to be examined and compared in the Library at King's College, Aberdeen ; and I am indebted for a similar favour to the authorities of Queen's College, Oxford. In Dublin I met Professor Edward Dowden, and no one has been a kinder friend to my enterprise. He put at my disposal his interesting and valuable manuscript (*D*) and all his collection of Donne's works. He drew my attention to a manuscript (*O'F*) in Ellis and Elvey's catalogue for 1903. Mr. Warwick Bond was good enough to lend me the notes he had made upon this manuscript, which ultimately I traced to Harvard College Library. With Professor Dowden, Mr. Edmund Gosse has given me the most generous and whole-hearted assistance. He lent me, as soon as ever I applied to him, his valuable and unique Westmoreland MS., containing many poems which were not included in any of the old editions. Some of these Mr. Gosse had already printed in his own delightful *Life and Letters of John Donne* (1899), but he has allowed me to reprint these and to print the rest of the unpublished poems for the first time. From his manuscript (*G*) of the *Progresse of the Soule*, or *Metempsychosis*, I have also obtained important emendations of the text. This is the most valuable manuscript copy of this poem. It will be seen that Mr. Gosse is a very material contributor to the completeness and interest of the present edition.

To the Marquess of Crewe I am indebted for permission to examine the manuscript *M*, to which a note of Sir John Simon's had called my attention ; and to Lord Leconfield for a like permission to collate a manuscript in his possession, of which a short description is given in the *Hist. MSS. Commission, Sixth Report*, p. 312, No. 118. With Mr. Whitcomb's aid I was enabled to do this carefully, and he has subsequently verified references. Another

interesting manuscript (*JC*) was lent me by Mr. Elkin Mathews, who has also put at my disposal his various editions of the *Lives* of Walton and other books connected with Donne. Almost at the eleventh hour, Mr. Geoffrey Keynes, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, discovered for me a copy of the 1612 edition of the *Anniversaries*, for which I had asked in vain in *Notes and Queries*. I owe to him, and to the kind permission of Mr. Edward Huth and the Messrs. Sotheby, a careful collation and a photograph of the title-page.

For the Commentary Dr. Norman Moore supplied me with a note on the Galenists and Paracelsians; and Dr. Gaster with the materials for a note on Donne's use of Jewish Apocrypha. Professor Picavet, of the Sorbonne, Paris, was kind enough to read in proof my notes on Donne's allusions to Scholastic doctrines, and to make suggestions. But I have added to these notes as they passed through the Press, and he must not be made responsible for my errors. Mr. W. Barclay Squire and Professor C. Sanford Terry have revised my transcripts and proofs of the music.

I desire lastly to express my gratitude to the officials of the Clarendon Press for the care with which they have checked my proofs, the patience with which they have accepted my changes and additions, and the trouble they have taken to secure photographs, music, and other details. Whatever faults may be found—and I doubt not they will be many—in my part of the work, I think the part for which the Press is responsible is wellnigh faultless.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

LANGCROFT,
DINNET, ABERDEENSHIRE.

July 15, 1912.

NOTE

The typography of the edition of 1633 has been closely followed, in its use for example of 'u' and 'v'; and of long 'f', which is avoided in certain combinations, e.g. 'sk' (but P. 12, l. 27. 'afkes' 1633) and frequently 'sb'; nor is it generally used when the letter following 's' is elided; but there are one or two exceptions to this.

In the following places I have printed a full 'and' where 1633 contracts to '&' owing to the length of the line :

Page 12, l. 4. & whō; P. 15, l. 40. & drove; P. 65, l. 8. & nought; P. 153, l. 105. & almes; P. 158, l. 101. & name; do., l. 107. & rockes, &; P. 159, l. 30. & black; P. 171, l. 83. & lawes; P. 183, l. 18. & Courts; P. 184, l. 29. & God; P. 205, l. 2. & pleasure; P. 240, l. 288. & finke; P. 254, l. 107. & thinke; do., l. 113. & think; P. 280, l. 24. & Mines; P. 297, l. 56. & lands; do., l. 62. & brow; P. 306, l. 290. & lents; P. 327 (xii), l. 8. & feed; P. 337, l. 35. & thou; P. 360, l. 188. & turn'd; P. 384, l. 78. & face.

In the following places 'm' or 'n', indicated by a contraction, has been printed in full : Page 12, l. 4. Her whō; do. & whō; P. 37, l. 17. whē (*bis*); P. 82, l. 46. thē; P. 90, l. 2. frō; P. 128, l. 28. Valētime; P. 141, l. 8. whē; P. 150, l. 16. thē; P. 159, l. 30. strāge; P. 169, l. 31. whō; P. 257, l. 210. succēfiō; P. 266, l. 513. anciēt; P. 305, l. 255. thē; P. 336, l. 10. whē; P. 343, l. 126. Frō; P. 345, l. 169. thē; P. 387, l. 71. Pēbrooke.

There are a few examples of the same changes in the poems printed from the later editions, but I have not reproduced any of these editions so completely as 1633, every poem in which, with the exception of Basse's *An Epitaph upon Shakespeare* (1633. p. 149 i. e. 165) has been here reprinted.

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LIST OF EDITIONS REGULARLY CITED
IN NOTES.

1633, 1635, 1639, 1650, 1654, 1669.

Contractions :—

1633-54 i. c. All editions between and including these dates.

1633-69 i. c. All the editions.

Etc.

EDITIONS OCCASIONALLY CITED.

1649, in lists of editions and MSS. appended to poems first published in that edition. Textually it is identical with *1650-54*.

1719, 'Tonson's edition.

1855, The Boston edition of that year—cited once.

Grosart, A. B. Grosart's edition of 1872-3.

Grolier, The Grolier Club edition of Professor Norton and Mrs. Burnett, 1895.

Chambers, Mr. E. K. Chambers' edition of 1896.

LIST OF MS. SIGLA.

<i>A10</i>	Additional MS. 10,309, British Museum.
<i>A11</i>	" " 11,811, "
<i>A18</i>	" " 18,646, "
<i>A23</i>	" " 23,229, "
<i>A25</i>	" " 25,707, "
<i>A34</i>	" " 34,744, "
<i>Ash 38</i>	Ashmole MS. 38, Bodleian Library.
<i>B</i>	Bridgewater MS., Bridgewater House.
<i>Bur</i>	Burley MS., formerly at Burley-on-the-Hill House, Rutland
<i>C</i>	Cambridge University Library MS.
<i>Cy</i>	Carnaby MS., Harvard College.
<i>D</i>	Dowden MS., belonging to Professor Edward Dowden.
<i>E20</i>	Egerton MS. 2013, British Museum.
<i>E22</i>	" " 2230, "
<i>G</i>	Gosse MS. of <i>Metempsychosis</i> , belonging to Mr. Edmund Gosse.
<i>H39</i>	Harleian MS. 3910, British Museum.
<i>H40</i>	" " 4064, "
<i>H49</i>	" " 4944, "
<i>H51</i>	" " 5110, "
<i>HN</i>	Hawthornden MS., Library of Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh.
<i>JC</i>	John Cave MS., belonging to Mr. Elkin Mathews.
<i>L74</i>	Lansdowne MS. 740, British Museum.
<i>L77</i>	" " 777, "
<i>Lec</i>	Leconfield MS., at Petworth House.
<i>M</i>	Monckton-Milnes MS., belonging to the Marquis of Crewe.
<i>N</i>	Norton MS., Harvard College.
<i>O'F</i>	O'Flaherty MS., Harvard College.
<i>P</i>	Phillipps MS., belonging to Captain C. Shirley Harris.
<i>Q</i>	Queen's College MS., Queen's College, Oxford.
<i>RP31</i>	Rawlinson Poetical MS. 31, Bodleian Library, Oxford.
<i>RP61</i>	" " " 61, " " "
<i>S</i>	Stephens MS., Harvard College.
<i>S96</i>	Stowe MS. 961, British Museum.
<i>TCC</i>	Trinity College, Cambridge, MS.
<i>TCD</i>	Trinity College, Dublin, MS. G. 2. 21.
<i>TCD (II)</i>	A second collection of poems in the same MS.
<i>W</i>	Westmoreland MS., belonging to Mr. Edmund Gosse.

The following groups are important :—

D, H49, Lec,

and

A18, N, TC, where *TC* represents *TCC* and *TCD*.

THE P R I N T E R

TO THE UNDERSTANDERS.



Or this time I must speake only to you : at another, *Readers* may perchance serve my turne ; and I thinke this a way very free from exception, in hope that very few will have a minde to confesse themselves ignorant.

If you looke for an Epistle, as you have before ordinary publications, I am sory that I must deceive you ; but you will not lay it to my charge, when you shall consider that this is not ordinary, for if I should say it were the best in this kinde, that ever this Kingdome hath yet seene ; he that would doubt of it must goe out of the Kingdome to enforme himselfe, for the best judgments, within it, take it for granted.

You may imagine (if it please you) that I could endear it unto you, by saying, that importunity drew it on ; that had it not beene presented here, it would have come to us from beyond the Seas ; (which perhaps is true enough,) That my charge and paines in procuring of it hath beene such, and such. I could adde hereto, a promise of more correctnesse, or enlargement in the next Edition, if you shall in the meane time content you with this. But these

The Printer &c. 1633-49: om. 1650-69, which substitute Dedication
To the &c. (p. 4) 2 you: 1635-49: you, 1633

2 *The Printer to the Vnderstanders.*

things are so common, as that I should profane this Peece by applying them to it ; A Peece which who so takes not as he findes it, in what manner soever, he is unworthy of it, sith a scattered limbe of this Author, hath more amiable-nesse in it, in the eye of a discerner, then a whole body of some other ; Or, (to expresse him best by himselfe)

*In the
Storme.*

— *A hand, or eye,*

By Hilyard drawne, is worth a history

By a worse Painter made;—

If any man (thinking I speake this to enflame him for the vent of the Impression) be of another opinion, I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgement. I cannot lose so much by him as hee will by himselfe. For I shall satisfie my selfe with the conscience of well doing, in making so much good common.

Howsoever it may appeare to you, it shall suffice mee to enforme you, that it hath the best warrant that can bee, publique authority, and private friends.

There is one thing more wherein I will make you of my counsell, and that is, That whereas it hath pleased some, who had studyed and did admire him, to offer to the memory of the Author, not long after his decease, I have thought I should do you service in presenting them unto you now ; onely whereas, had I placed them in the beginning, they might have serv'd for so many Encomiums of the Author (as is usuall in other workes, where perhaps there is need of it, to prepare men to digest such stufte as follows after,) you shall here finde them in the end, for whosoever reades the rest so farre, shall perceive that there is no occasion to use them to that purpose ; yet there they are, as an attestation for their sakes that knew not so much before, to let them see how much honour was attributed to this worthy man, by those that are capable to give it.
Farewell.

The Printer to the Vnderstanders. 1635-69: The Printer to the Reader. 1633. See note 28 here 1635-69 : om. 1633

Hexastichon

Hexastichon Bibliopolae.

I See in his last preach'd, and printed Booke,
His Picture in a sheet ; in *Pauls* I looke,
And see his Statue in a sheete of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one :
Those sheetes present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.

JO. MAR.

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam.

Incerti.

IN thy Impression of *Donnes Poems rare*,
For his Eternitie thou hast ta'ne care :
'Twas well, and pious ; And for ever may
He live : Yet shew I thee a better way ;
Print but his Sermons, and if those we buy,
He, We, and Thou shall live t' Eternity.

Hexastichon Bibliopolae. 1633-69

Hexastichon ad Bibliopolam. 1635-69

Dedication to the Edition of 1650.

To the Right Honourable
*William Lord Craven Baron of
Hamsted-Marsham.*

My Lord,



Any of these Poems have, for severall impressions, wandred up and down trusting (as well they might) upon the Authors reputation; neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindnesse of the Printer, or the curtesie of the Reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned, the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit & fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own: as if a man should dig out the stones of a royall Amphitheatre to build a stage for a countrey show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I finde none so prodigious, as the Poets of these later times, wherein men as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and Judgements, pretend as indifferently to the chaire of wit as to the Pulpit, & conceive themselves no lesse inspired with the spirit of Poetry then with that of Religion: so it is not onely the noise of Drums and Trumpets which have drowned the Muses harmony, or the feare that the Churches ruine wil destroy their Priests likewise, that now frights them from this Countrey, where they have been so ingenuously received, but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own who profanely rushing into *Minervaes* Temple, with noysome Ayres blast the lawrell

To the &c. 1650-69

W^{ch}

w^{ch} thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition these learned sifers are fled over to beg your L^{ps}. protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and armes, and who in this generall confusion have so intirely preserved your Honour, that in your Lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what *England* was in all her pompe and greatnesse, so that although these poems were formerly written upon severall occasions, and to severall persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordships statue upon, where you may stand like Armed *Apollo* the defendor of the Muses, encouraging the Poets now alive to celebrate your great Acts by affording your countenance to his poems that wanted onely so noble a subject.

My Lord,

Your most humble servant

JOHN DONNE.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Donne, the delight of Phoebus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remaines so, yet:
Longer a knowing, than most wits doe live;
And which no'n affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with halfe mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and, yet, I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

B. JONS.

TO LUCY, COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD,
with M. D O N N E S Satyres.

L*Ucy*, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
Life of the *Muses* day, their morning Starre!
If works (not th'Authors) their own grace should look
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desir'd by you, the makers ends
Crown with their own. Rare Poems ask rare friends.
Yet, *Satyres*, since the most of mankind bee
Their unavoided subject, fewest see:
For none ere took that pleasure in sins sence,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these Poems, yet, both ask, and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best: and 'mongst those best are you;
Lucy, you brightnesse of our Spheare, who are
The *Muses* evening, as their morning-Starre.

B. JON.

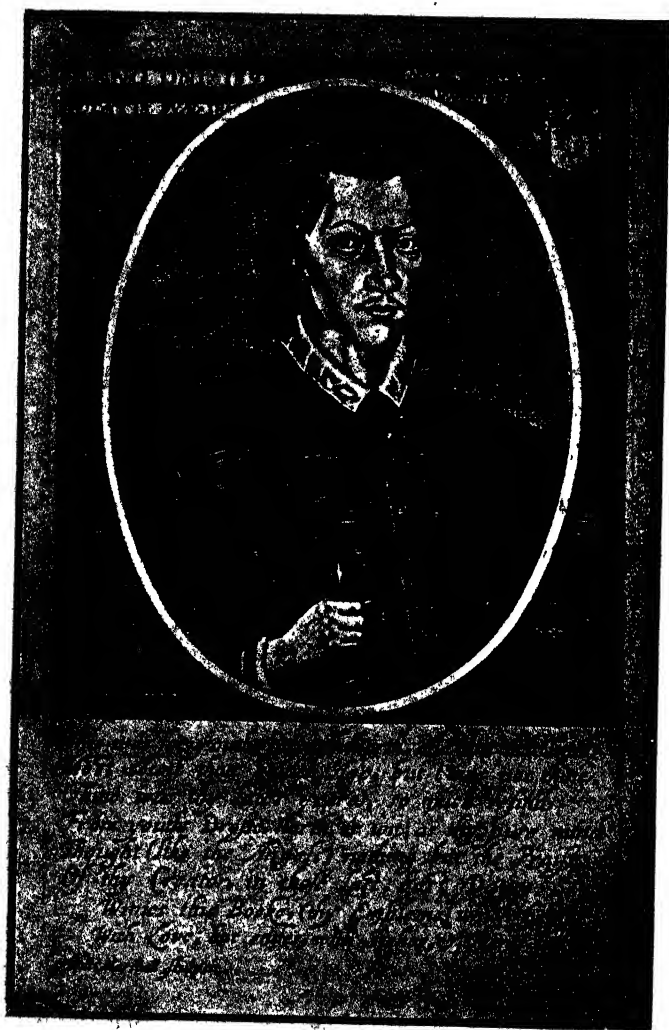
TO JOHN D O N N E.

WHo shall doubt, *Donne*, where I a *Poet* bee,
When I dare send my *Epigrammes* to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so'alone do'st make:
And, in thy censures, evenly, dost take
As free simplicity, to dis-avow,
As thou hast best authority, t'allow.
Read all I send: and, if I finde but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's seal'd. Those that for claps doe write,
Let punees, porters, players praise delight,
And, till they burst, their backs, like asses load:
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

B. JON.

To Lucy &c. To John Donne &c. 1650-69, in sheets added 1650.
See Text and Canon &c.

SONGS



JOHN DONNE

From the engraving prefixed to the Poems in the
Editions of 1635, 1639, 1649, 1650, 1654

SONGS

AND

SONETS.

The good-morrow.

I Wonder by my troth, what thou, and I
 Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then?
 But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly?
 Or snorted we in the heaven sleepers den?
 T'was so ; But this, all pleasures fancies bee. 5
 If ever any beauty I did see,
 Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking foules,
 Which watch not one another out of feare ;
 For love, all love of other sights controules, 10
 And makes one little roome, an every where.
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
 Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
 Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares, 15
 And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
 Where can we finde two better hemispheres
 Without sharpe North, without declining West ?

SONGS AND SONETS. 1635-69: no division into sections, 1633

The good-morrow. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: no title, A25, B, C,
 D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S: Elegie. S96 2 lov'd? 1639-69: lov'd,
 1633-35 3 countrey pleasures, childishly? 1633-54, D, H40, H49, Lec:
 childish pleasures feely? 1669, A18, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC
 4 snorted 1633-54, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, S96: slumbred 1669, A18,
 A25, JC, L74, N, P, TC heaven sleepers 1633: seven-sleepers 1635-69
 5 this,] as 1669 10 For 1633-69, D, H40, H49, Lec: But rest of MSS.
 13 to other, worlds on 1633-54: to other worlds our 1669: to others,
 worlds on D, H49, Lec, and other MSS. 14 one world 1633-69, D,
 H49, Lec: our world rest of MSS. 17 better 1633, D, H40, H49, Lec:
 fitter 1635-69, and rest of MSS.

What

What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;
 If our two loves be one, or, thou and I 20
 Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

Song.

GOe, and catche a falling starre,
 Get with child a mandrake roote,
 Tell me, where all past yeares are,
 Or who cleft the Divels foot,
 Teach me to heare Mermaides finging, 5
 Or to keep off envies ftinging,
 And finde
 What winde
 Serves to advance an honest minde.
 If thou beeſt borne to ſtrange fights, 10
 Things inviſible to ſee,
 Ride ten thouſand daies and nights,
 Till age ſnow white haire on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'ſt, wilt tell mee
 All ſtrange wonders that befell thee, 15
 And ſweare
 No where
 Lives a woman true, and faire. }

19 was not] is not 1669 20-1 or, thou and I . . . can die. 1633,
D, H40, H49, Lec: or, thou and I . . . can slacken, . can die. *Chambers*:
 both thou and I

Love juſt alike in all, none of theſe loves can die. 1635-69, *JC, O'F, P*:
 or thou and I

Love juſt alike in all, none of theſe loves can die.

A18, A25, B, L74, S96, TC As thou and I &c. *H40*: And thou
 and I &c. *S*

Song. 1633-69: Song, A Songe, or no title, *A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D,*
H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 paſt yeares]
 times paſt 1669: paſt times *P* 11 to ſee] go ſee 1669, *S, S96*: ſee
 moſt other *MSS.*

If thou findest one, let mee know,
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet; 20
 Yet doe not, I would not goe,
 Though at next doore wee might meet,
 Though shee were true, when you met her,
 And last, till you write your letter,
 Yet shee 25
 Will bee
 False, ere I come, to two, or three.

Womans constancy.

NOW thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
 To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
 Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?
 Or say that now
 We are not just those persons, which we were? 5
 Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare
 Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
 Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,
 So lovers contracts, images of those,
 Binde but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose? 10
 Or, your owne end to Justifie,
 For having purpos'd change, and falsehood; you
 Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
 Vaine lunatique, against these scapes I could
 Dispute, and conquer, if I would, 15
 Which I abstaine to doe,
 For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.

20 sweet; 1669: sweet, 1633-54 24 last, till] last so till O'F, S, S96
 27 False, . . . three] False, ere she come to two or three. 1669
 Womans constancy. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: no title,
 B, D, H40, H49, Lec, P, S 8 Or, 1633, 1669: For, 1635-54
 (ll. 8-10 in brackets)

The undertaking.

I Have done one braver thing
 Then all the *Worthies* did,
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,
 Which is, to keepe that hid.
 It were but madnes now t'impart 5
 The skill of specular stone,
 When he which can have learn'd the art
 To cut it, can finde none.
 So, if I now should utter this,
 Others (because no more 10
 Such stufte to worke upon, there is,)
 Would love but as before.
 But he who lovelineffe within
 Hath found, all outward loathes,
 For he who colour loves, and skinne, 15
 Loves but their oldest clothes.
 If, as I have, you also doe
 Vertue'attir'd in woman see,
 And dare love that, and say so too,
 And forget the Hee and Shee; 20
 And if this love, though placed so,
 From prophane men you hide,
 Which will no faith on this bestow,
 Or, if they doe, deride:
 Then you have done a braver thing 25
 Then all the *Worthies* did;
 And a braver thence will spring,
 Which is, to keepe that hid.

The undertaking. 1635-69: no title, 1633, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec,
 O'F, P, S: Platonique Love. A18, N, TCC, TCD 2 *Worthies*] *worthies*
 1633 3 And yet] Yet B, D, H49, Lec 7-8 art . . . it, 1669:
 art, . . . it 1633-54 16 their] her B 18 Vertue'attir'd in 1633, A18,
 B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC: Vertue in 1635-69, O'F, Chambers
 26 did; Ed: did. 1633-39: did, 1650-69 27 spring,] spring 1633-39
The

The Sunne Rising.

✓ **B**Uſie old foole, unruly Sunne,
 Why doſt thou thus,
 Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?
 Muſt to thy motions lovers ſeaſons run?
 Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide 5
 Late ſchoole boyes, and ſowre prentices,
 Goe tell Court-huntſmen, that the King will ride,
 Call countrey ants to harveſt offices;
 Love, all alike, no ſeaſon knowes, nor clyme,
 Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the raggs of time.
 Thy beames, ſo reverend, and ſtrong 11
 Why ſhouldſt thou thinke?
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,
 But that I would not loſe her ſight ſo long:
 If her eyes have not blinded thine, 15
 Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,
 Whether both the India's of ſpice and Myne
 Be where thou leftſt them, or lie here with mee.
 Aſke for thoſe Kings whom thou ſaw'ſt yeſterday,
 And thou ſhalt heare, All here in one bed lay. 20
 She'is all States, and all Princes, I,
 Nothing elſe is.
 Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this,
 All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie.

The Sunne Riſing. 1633-69: Sunne Riſing. A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD:
 Ad Solem. A25, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96: 'To the Sunne. Cy, Lec, O'F
 (as a ſecond title): no title, B 3 call] look 1669 6 and] or 1669
 ſowre] ſlowe B, Cy, P 8 offices;] offices, 1633 11-14 Thy
 beames, . . . ſo long: 1633 and all MSS.:

Thy beames ſo reverend, and ſtrong
 Doſt thou not thinke
 I could eclipse and cloude them with a winke,
 But that I would not loſe her ſight ſo long? 1635-69
 17 ſpice] ſpace 1650-54 18 leftſt 1633: left 1635-69 23 us;]
 us, 1633 24 wealth] wealth's A25, C, P alchimie. Ed: alchimie;
 1633-69

Thou

Thou funne art halfe as happy'as wee, 25
 In that the world's contracted thus;
 Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee
 To warme the world, that's done in warming us.
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
 This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare. 30

The Indifferent.

I Can love both faire and browne,
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,
 Her who loves lonenesse best, and her who maskes and plaies,
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
 Her who beleeves, and her who tries, 5
 Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,
 And her who is dry corke, and never cries;
 I can love her, and her, and you and you,
 I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you? 10
 Wil it not serue your turn to do, as did your mothers?
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out
 others?
 Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you?
 Oh we are not, be not you so,
 Let mee, and doe you, twenty know. 15
 Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.
 Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,
 Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

26 thus; *Ed.* thus. 1633-69

The Indifferent. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: A Songe, Songe, or no
 title, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96: Sonnet. P 3 lonenesse]
 lovers 1669 maskes] sports 1669, S and 1669: & 1633-39: om.
 1650-54 12 spent] worn 1669 15 mee, 1633: me; 1635-69
 17 travaile] *spelt* travell, travel 1635-69

Venus

Venus heard me sigh this song,
 And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore, 20
 She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.
 She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
 And said, alas, Some two or three
 Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
 Which thinke to stablsh dangerous constancie. 25
 But I have told them, since you will be true,
 You shall be true to them, who'are false to you.

Loves Vsfury.

FOr every houre that thou wilt spare mee now,
 I will allow,
 Ufurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
 When with my browne, my gray haire equall bee;
 Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let 5
 Mee travell, sojourne, snatch, plot, have, forget,
 Resume my last yeares reliet: thinke that yet
 We had never met.
 Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
 And at next nine 10
 Keepe midnights promise; mistake by the way
 The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
 Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport;
 From country graffe, to comfitures of Court,
 Or cities quelque chofes, let report 15
 My minde transport.

19 sigh] sing 1669 20 sweetest Part,] sweetest sweet, 1669, P, S
 21 and that it 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S: it 1635-69, H40, P: and it A18,
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC

Loves Vsfury. 1633-69, L74: no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F,
 P, S: Elegie. S96 5 raigne, 1633, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec,
 P, S: range, 1635-69, O'F, S96. See note 6 snatch, 1633, 1669:
 match, 1635-54 7 reliet] relique 1669 12 that] her 1669 13
 sport; 1669: sport 1633-54: sport, most MSS. 15 let report 1633,
 1669, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, P, S: let not report 1635-54, O'F,
 S96, Chambers. See note

This

This bargaine's good; if when I'am old, I bee
 Inflam'd by thee,
 If thine owne honour, or my shame, or paine,
 Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gaine. 20
 Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,
 And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,
 Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though she bee
 One that loves mee.

The Canonization.

IF Or Godfake hold your tongue, and let me love,
 Or chide my palfie, or my gout,
 My five gray haire, or ruin'd fortune flout,
 With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,
 Take you a course, get you a place, 5
 Observe his honour, or his grace,
 Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
 Contemplate, what you will, approve,
 So you will let me love.
 Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love? 10
 What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?
 Who faies my teares have overflow'd his ground?
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?
 When did the heats which my veines fill
 Adde one more to the plague Bill? 15
 Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,
 Though she and I do love.

19 or paine 1633, 1669, and most MSS.: and paine 1635-54, O'F 22
 fruit] fruites B, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96 24 loves 1633, 1669 and all the
 MSS.: love 1635-54

The Canonization. 1633-39, A18, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TCC, TCD:
 Canonization. 1650-69, S: Canonizatio. S96: no title, B, H40, JC 3
 five 1633, 1669: true 1635-54 fortune] fortunes 1669 4 improve,
 1650-69: improve 1633-39 7 reall] Roiall Lec 14 veines] reynes
 1669 15 more, 1633-54, Lec: man 1669, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC,
 N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 17 which] whom 1669 18 Though]
 While 1669

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;
 Call her one, mee another flye, ^{people with no ambition} 20
 We're Tapers too, and at our owne coft die, —
 And wee in us finde the ^{marvelous} Eagle and the ^{feminine} Dove. —
 The Phoenix ridle hath more wit —
 By us, we two being one, are it.
 So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit, 25
 Wee dye and rife the fame, and prove
^{qu}Myfterious by this love. — ^{spiritual phenomena}
 Wee can dye by it, if not live by love, ^{phoenix suggests}
 And if unfit for tombes and hearfe ^{death}
 Our legend bee, it will be fit for verfe; 30
 And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,
 We'll build in fonnets pretty roomes ⁱⁿ
 As well a well wrought urne becomes ^a
 The greateft ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,
 And by these hymnes, all shall approve
 Us Canoniz'd for Love: ^{paints} ^{the climax of it} 35

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love |
 Made one anothers hermitage;
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
 Who did the whole worlds foule contract, and drove 40
 Into the glasses of your eyes
 (So made such mirrors, and such spies,
 That they did all to you epitomize,)
 Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
 A patterne of your love! 45

22 Dove. *Ed*: dove, 1633-69 24 are it. 1633-69: are it; *Chambers*
and Grolier 25 So 1650-69: So, 1633-39. See note fit, *D*, *H*49,
Lec: fit. 1633-69. See note 29 tombes and 1633-54: tomb or 1669
 30 legend] legends 1633 35 these 1633: those 1635-69 36 Love:]
 Love. 1633 39 rage; *Ed*: rage, 1633-69 40 contract] extract
*A*18, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H*40, *H*49, *Lec*, *N*, *O*'*F*, *S*, *S*96, *TCC* 41 eyes 1633-69:
 eyes; *Chambers* 42-3 brackets, *Ed* 44 Courts: Beg] Courts Beg
 1669: courts beg *Chambers*. See note from] from 1633 45 your 1669,
*A*18, *B*, *H*40, *JC*, *N*, *O*'*F*, *P*, *S*96, *TC*: our 1633-54, *D*, *H*49, *Lec* love!
Ed: love. 1633-69

The triple Foole.

I Am two fooles, I know,
 For loving, and for faying so
 In whining Poëtry;
 But where's that wifeman, that would not be I,
 If she would not deny? 5
 Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes
 Do purge sea waters fretfull falt away,
 I thought, if I could draw my paines,
 Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay,
 Griefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce, 10
 For, he tames it, that fetters it in verfe.

But when I have done so,
 Some man, his art and voice to shew,
 Doth Set and sing my paine,
 And, by delighting many, frees againe 15
 Griefe, which verfe did restraine.
 To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verfe belongs,
 But not of such as pleases when'tis read,
 Both are increased by such songs:
 For both their triumphs so are published, 20
 And I, which was two fooles, do so grow three;
 Who are a little wise, the best fooles bee.

The triple Foole. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: Song or no title,
 B, Cy, D, H40, H49, HN, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 4 the wifer
 man, 1669 5 If he should not deny? P 6 narrow om. P:
 crooked om. B lanes] vaines Cy, P 9 allay, 1633-39: allay. 1650-69,
 Chambers 10 numbers] number 1669 11 For, he tames it] He
 tames it much B 13 and] or 1669

Lovers infinitenesse.

IF yet I have not all thy love,
 Deare, I shall never have it all,
 I cannot breath one other sigh, to move,
 Nor can intreat one other teare to fall,
 And all my treasure, which should purchase thee, 5
 Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent.
 Yet no more can be due to mee,
 Then at the bargaine made was ment,
 If then thy gift of love were partiall,
 That some to mee, some should to others fall, 10
 Deare, I shall never have Thee All.

Or if then thou gavest mee all,
 All was but All, which thou hadst then;
 But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
 New love created bee, by other men, 15
 Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,
 In sighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,
 This new love may beget new feares,
 For, this love was not vowed by thee.
 And yet it was, thy gift being generall, 20
 The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall
 Grow there, deare, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
 Hee that hath all can have no more,
 And since my love doth every day admit ✓ 25
 New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store;

Lovers infinitenesse. 1633-69: Mon Tout. A25, C: no title, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S: Elegie. S96 Query Loves infinitenesse.
 3 move, Ed: move; 1633-69 4 fall, Ed: fall. 1633: fall; 1635-69
 6 teares,] teares 1633 spent. Ed: spent, 1633-69 and Grolier: spent;
 Chambers 8 Then 1633-35, 1669: That 1639-54 9 were] was
 1669 partiall] generall A25, C 11 Thee 1633: It 1635-69
 (it 1669) 12 gavest] givest 1669 13 then; 1635-54: then, 1633
 17 and letters 1633: in letters 1635-69 19 thee. 1639-69: thee,
 1633-35 20 it] is 1633 21 is 1633, 1669: was 1635-54 25-6
 And since my heart doth every day beget New love, &c. A25.

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
 If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it :
 Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
 It stayes at home, and thou with losing savest it : 30
 But wee will have a way more liberall,
 Then changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall
 Be one, and one anothers All.

Song.

Sweetest love, I do not goe,
 For wearinesse of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter Love for mee;
 But since that I 5
 Must dye at last, 'tis best,
 To use my selfe in jest
 Thus by fain'd deaths to dye ;

29-30 Except mine come when thine doth part
 And in such giving it, thou savest it : *A25, C*
 Perchance mine comes, when thine doth parte,
 And by such losing it, &c. *JC*

31 have] love 1669 : find *A25, C* 32 them] us 1669

Song. 1633-69 : Song. or no title, *A18, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD* : in *A18, N, FCC, TCD*, this with Send home my long stray'd eyes and The Bait are given as Songs which were made to certain ayres which were made before. 1-4 In most

MSS. these lines are written as two long lines, and so with ll. 9-12, 17-20, 25-28, 33-36 4 mee ; 1650-69 : mee, 1633-39 5-8 But since . . . dye ; 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC* :

At the last must part 'tis best,

Thus to use my selfe in jest

By fained deaths to dye ; 1635-54, *O'F* :

Must dye at last, 'tis best,

Thus to use my self in jest

By fained death to dye ; 1669

Yesternight

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
And yet is here to day, 10

He hath no desire nor sence,
Nor halfe so short a way :

Then feare not mee,
But beleewe that I shall make
Speedier journeyes, since I take
More ^{key}wings and ^{ride}spurres then hee.

O how feeble is mans power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another houre,
Nor a loft houre recall ! 20

But come bad chance,
And wee joyne to't it our strength,
And wee teach it art and length,
It selfe o'r us to'advance.

When thou figh't, thou figh't not winde, 25
But figh't my foule away,
When thou weep't, unkindly kinde,
My lifes blood doth decay.

It cannot bee
That thou lov't mee, as thou say't, 30
If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the best of mee.

Let not thy ^{learning}divining heart
Forethinke me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part, 35
And may thy feares fulfill ;

But thinke that wee
Are but turn'd aside to sleepe ;
They who one another keepe
Alive, ne'r parted bee. 40

15 Speedier] Hastier 1669 20 recall ! Ed: recall ? 1633-69 25 not
wind 1633: no wind 1635-69 32 Thou 1633 and MSS. generally :
That 1635-54: Which 1669 best 1633-54: life 1669 36 may
1633-35, 1669: make 1639-54 fulfill; Ed: fulfill, 1633-69
38 turn'd] lai'd 1669

The Legacie.

WHen I dyed laft, and, Deare, I dye
 As often as from thee I goe,
 Though it be but an houre agoe,
 And Lovers houres be full eternity,
 I can remember yet, that I 5
 Something did fay, and something did beftow;
 Though I be dead, which fent mee, I fhould be
 Mine owne executor and Legacie.
 I heard mee fay, Tell her anon,
 That my felfe, (that is you, not I,) 10
 Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,
 I bid mee fend my heart, when I was gone,
 But I alas could there finde none,
 When I had ripp'd me,'and fearch'd where hearts did lye;
 It kill'd mee againe, that I who ftill was true, 15
 In life, in my laft Will fhould cozen you.
 Yet I found something like a heart,
 But colours it, and corners had,
 It was not good, it was not bad,
 It was intire to none, and few had part. 20
 As good as could be made by art
 It feem'd; and therefore for our loffes fad,
 I meant to fend this heart in ftead of mine,
 But oh, no man could hold it, for twas thine.

The Legacie. 1633-69: Legacie. L74: Song. or no title, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96: Elegie. A18, N, TCC, TCD 1
 When I dyed laft,] When laft I dyed, 1669 1-4 (and deare . . .
 eternity) Grolier. 7 fent 1633, 1669: meant 1635-54 should be]
 might be 1669 10 that is 1635-69: that's 1633: brackets from A18,
 N, TC 13 none, 1633-69: none. Chambers and Grolier 14 When
 . . . did 1633, A25 (doe), D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96: When I had ripp'd, and
 fearch'd where hearts should 1635-69, A18, L74, N, TC lye; Ed: lye,
 1633-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note 18 But] For 1650-69 20
 part. 1633-39: part: 1650-69 22 feem'd; Ed: seem'd, 1633-69,
 Grolier, and Chambers our loffes fad, 1633-54, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F,
 P, S96, TC: our lofs be fad, 1669: our lofs be ye fad. B, Cy, D, H40,
 H49, Lec, S: our losses sad; Grolier: our loss be sad. Chambers 23
 meant] thought A18, L74, N, O'F, TC this 1633: that 1635-69

A Feaver.

OH doe not die, for I shall hate
 All women so, when thou art gone,
 That thee I shall not celebrate,
 When I remember, thou wast one.
 But yet thou canst not die, I know; 5
 To leave this world behinde, is death,
 But when thou from this world wilt goe,
 The whole world vapors with thy breath.
 Or if, when thou, the worlds soule, goest,
 It stay, tis but thy carkasse then, 10
 The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
 But corrupt wormes, the worthyest men.
 O wrangling schooles, that search what fire
 Shall burne this world, had none the wit
 Unto this knowledge to aspire, 15
 That this her feaver might be it?
 And yet she cannot wast by this,
 Nor long beare this torturing wrong,
 For much corruption needfull is
 To fuell such a feaver long. 20
 These burning fits but meteors bee,
 Whose matter in thee is soone spent.
 Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
 Are unchangeable firmament.
 Yet t'was of my minde, seising thee, 25
 Though it in thee cannot perfever.
 For I had rather owner bee
 Of thee one houre, then all else ever.

A Feaver. 1633-69, D, H40, H49, Lec, S96: Of a fever. I.74: The
 Fever. B, Cy, O'F, P: Fever. A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, JC 5
 know; Ed: know, 1633-69 8 with] in 1669 16 might] must TCC
 18 beare] endure 1669 torturing] tormenting JC, O'F (corr. from
 torturing) 19 For much 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec,
 N, S, S96, TC: For more 1635-69, O'F: Far more Cy, P 22 is
 soon] soon is 1669 24 Are] Are an 1669, P, S96 25 Yet
 'twas of 1633-54: And here as 1669 27 For] Yet 1669

Aire and Angels.

TWice or thrice had I loved thee,
 Before I knew thy face or name;
 So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
Angells affect us oft, and worship'd bee;
 Still when, to where thou wert, I came, 5
 Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
 But since my soule, whose child love is,
 Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe, 10
 More subtile then the parent is,
 Love must not be, but take a body too,
 And therefore what thou wert, and who, 15
 I bid Love aske, and now
 That it assume thy body, I allow,
 And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

 Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought, 15
 And so more steddily to have gone,
 With wares which would sinke admiration,
 I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
 Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon
 Is much too much, some fitter must be fought; 20
 For, nor in nothing, nor in things
 Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;
 Then as an Angell, face, and wings
 Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
 So thy love may be my loves spheare; 25
 Just such disparitie
 As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,
 'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.

Aire and Angels. 1633-69, *A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD*: no title, *B, H40* 4 bee; *Ed*: bee, 1633-69 5 came,] came 1633 6 I did] did I 1669 7 see. *Ed*: see, 1633-69 7 since *Ed*: since, 1633-69 11 who, *Ed*: who 1633-69 14 lip, eye,] lips, eyes, 1669, *Chambers* 19 Ev'ry thy 1633-39, *A18, B(Even), D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S(Ever), S96, TC*: Thy every 1650-69 22 scatt'ring *Ed*: scattrring 1633-35: scattering 1639-69 27 Aire 1633-54 and all MSS.: Airs 1669, *Chambers*

Breake

Breake of day.

'T Is true, 'tis day; what though it be?
 O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
 Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
 Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
 Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hether, 5
 Should in despight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
 If it could speake as well as spie,
 This were the worst, that it could say,
 That being well, I faine would stay, 10
 And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,
 That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
 Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
 The poore, the foule, the false, love can 15
 Admit, but not the busied man.
 He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
 Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth woove.

Breake of day. 1633-69, A18, L74, N, TCC, TCD: no title or Sonnet, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96: A Songe. A25 1 day;] day, 1633 5 in spight 1633-39, 1669, A25, JC, S96: in disspight 1650-54, A18, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, TC 6 in despight 1633, 1650-69: in spight 1635-39 keepe] holde A18, L74, N, S96, TC 9 were] is A18, L74, N, O'F, S, TC 11 I lov'd] I love JC, N, O'F, TC 12 him, that had them, 1633-54, D, H49, Lec, S: him that hath them (or it) A25, B, C, L74, N, O'F, TC: her, that had them, 1669: her that hath them B, JC (it), S96 15 foule,] foole, H40 18 as when . . . doth 1633, 1669, A25, C, D, H40, H49, Lec, S, S96: as if . . . should A18, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, TC: as when . . . should 1635-54

*The Anniverfarie.**which is rare in Donne*

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,
 All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
 'The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they passe,
 Is elder by a yeare, now, then it was
 When thou and I first one another saw: 5
 All other things, to their destruction draw,
 Only our love hath no decay;
 This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,
 Running it never runs from us away,
 But truly keepes his first, last, everlasting day. 10

Two graves must hide thine and my coarfe,
 If one might, death were no divorce.
 Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,
 (Who Prince enough in one another bee,
 Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares, 15
 Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares;
 But soules where nothing dwells but love
 (All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
 This, or a love increased there above,
 When bodies to their graves, soules from their graves
 remove. 20

The Anniverfarie. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, B, Cy, D,
 H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S: Ad Liviam. S96 3 times, as they
 passe, 1633, 1669 (*which brackets which . . . pafs*), MSS.: times, as these
 pafs, 1635-54: time, as they pass, Chambers, who attributes to 1633, 1669
 12 divorce. Ed: divorce, 1633-69 17 love Ed: love; 1633-69 20
 to their graves] to their grave 1635-39

And

And then wee shall be throughly bleft,
 But wee no more, then all the rest;
 Here upon earth, we're Kings, and none but wee
 Can be fuch Kings, nor of fuch subjects bee.
 Who is fo fafe as wee? where none can doe 25
 Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false feares let us refraine, ^{fr}
 Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe ^{fu}
 Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine
 To write threescore: this is the second of our raigne. 30

A Valediction: of my name, in the window.

I.

MY name engrav'd herein,
 Doth contribute my firmnesse to this glasse,
 Which, ever since that charme, hath beene
 As hard, as that which grav'd it, was;
 Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock 5
 The diamonds of either rock.

22 wee *A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC*: now
 1633-69. See note rest; *Ed*: refl. 1633-69 23 none om.
 1669, *D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96* 24 None are fuch Kings, 1669,
D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96 nor and *D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S, S96*
 bee. *Ed*: bee; 1633-69 27 refraine,] refraine. 1669 30 threescore:
Grolier: threescore, 1633-69

A Valediction: Of *&c.* *D, H49*: A Valediction of *&c.* 1633-69, *H40*,
Lec: Valediction of *&c.* *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: A Valediction of my
 name in the Glasse Window *Cy*: A Valediction to *&c.* *B*: Valediction
 4: of Glasse *O'F*: Valediction in Glasse *P*: The Diamond and Glasse *S*:
 Vpon the ingravinge of his name with a Diamonde in his mistris windowe
 when he was to travel. *S96* (*This is added to the title in O'F.*): similarly, *JC*
 4 was; *Ed*: was, 1633-69 5 eye] eyes *A18, B, Cy, JC, N, O'F, P, S*,
S96, TC

II.

'Tis much that Glasse should bee
 As all confeffing, and through-shine as I,
 'Tis more, that it shewes thee to thee,
 And cleare reflects thee to thine eye. 10
 But all such rules, loves magique can undoe,
 Here you see mee, and I am you.

III.

As no one point, nor dafh,
 Which are but accessaries to this name,
 The showers and tempests can outwash, 15
 So shall all times finde mee the same;
 You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
 Who have the patterne with you still.

III.

Or, if too hard and deepe
 This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach, 20
 It, as a given deaths head keepe,
 Lovers mortalitie to preach,
 Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee
 My ruinous Anatomie.

V.

Then, as all my soules bee, 25
 Emparadis'd in you, (in whom alone
 I understand, and grow and see,)
 The rafters of my body, bone
 Being still with you, the Muscfe, Sinew, and Veine,
 Which tile this house, will come againe. 30

8 I, 1633-54: I 1669 12 am you.] see you. 1669 14
 accessaries 1633-69, O'F, S: accessary A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N,
 P, S96, TC 15 tempests 1633, 1669: tempest 1635-54 19 Or, Ed:
 Or 1633-69

VI.

Till my returne, repaire
And recompact my scattered body so.
As all the vertuous powers which are
Fix'd in the starres, are said to flow
Into such characters, as graved bee 35
When these starres have supremacie :

VII.

So, since this name was cut
When love and griefe their exaltation had,
No doore 'gainst this names influence shut ;
As much more loving, as more sad, 40
'Twill make thee ; and thou shouldst, till I returne,
Since I die daily, daily mourne.

VIII.

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
To looke on one, whose wit or land, 45
New battry to thy heart may frame,
Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offendst my Genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy Lover's gold, and page, 50
His letter at thy pillow'hath laid,
Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,
And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,
May my name step in, and hide his.

32 fo. 1633-35: fo, 1639-69, *Chambers*. See note
flow, 1633-69 36 these 1633: those 1635-69 have] had 1669
supremacie: 1633-39: supremacie. 1650-69. See note 37 So, *Ed*: So
1633-69 39 shut; *Ed*: shut, 1633-69 44 ope 1633-69, O'F,
S96: out A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S, TC 48 offendst]
offends 1669 50 and] or 1669, JC, O'F, S96
52-3 Disputed thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this, 1669

X.

And if this treason goe 55
 To an overt act, and that thou write againe ;
 In superscribing, this name flow
 Into thy fancy, from the pane.
 So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,
 And unaware to mee shalt write. 60

XI.

But glasse, and lines must bee,
 No meanes our firme substantiall love to keepe ;
 Neere death inflicts this lethargie,
 And this I murmure in my sleepe ;
 Impute this idle talke, to that I goe, 65
 For dying men talke often so.

Twicknam garden.

Blasted with sighs, and furrounded with teares,
 Hither I come to seeke the spring,
 And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,
 Receive such balmes, as else cure every thing ;
 But O, selfe traytor, I do bring 5
 The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
 And can convert Manna to gall,
 And that this place may thoroughly be thought
 True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

55 goe] growe *JC, O'F, S* 56 againe; 1633: againe: 1635-69 57
 this] my 1669 58 pane. 1633: Pen, 1635-69, *O'F, S* 60 unaware|
 unawares *B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC* 64 this] thus 1635-69, *O'F, P, S, S96*
 Twicknam garden. 1633-69: *do. or* Twitnam Garden. *A18, L74 (in*
margin), N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: In a Garden. *B:* no title, *A25,*
Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, P 3 eares] years 1669 4 balms . . .
 cure 1633, *A25, D, H49:* balm . . . cures 1635-69, *A18, B, Cy, L74, N,*
O'F, P, S, S96, TC thing; *Ed:* thing, 1633: thing: 1635-69 6
 spider] spiders 1669 8 thoroughly 1633-39: thoroughly 1650-69
 "Twere

- 'Twere wholfomer for mee, that winter did 10
 Benight the glory of this place,
 And that a grave frost did forbid
 These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face;
 But that I may not this disgrace
 Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee 15
 Some fenslesse peece of this place bee;
 Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.
- Hither with cristall vyals, lovers come,
 And take my teares, which are loves wine, 20
 And try your mistresse Teares at home,
 For all are false, that tast not juft like mine;
 Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,
 Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by teares,
 Then by her shadow, what she weares. 25
 O perverse sexe, where none is true but shee,
 Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

A Valediction : of the booke.

I'll tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe
 To anger destiny, as she doth us,
 How I shall stay, though she Esloygne me thus
 And how posterity shall know it too;

12 did] would *A18, A25, N, TC* 13 laugh,] laugh *1633* 14 that
 I may not] since I cannot *1669* 15 nor yet leave loving, *1633: om. D,*
H40, H49, Lec: nor leave this garden, *1635-69, A18, A25, Cy, JC, L74, N,*
O'F, P, S, S96, TC 17 groane *A18, D, H40, H49, N, TC:* grow
1633-69, B, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96 18 my yeare, *1633, 1669, D, H40,*
H49, Lec: the yeare. *1635-54, A18, A25, L74, N, O'F, P, TC* 20 loves]
 lovers *1639* 24 womans *A18, D, H40, H49, L74, N, TC:* womens
1633-69, Lec, P, S96

A Valediction: of *S^c. Ed:* A Valediction of the Booke *A18, N, TCC,*
TC D: Valediction of the booke. *D, H49, Lec:* Valediction 3: Of the
 Booke *O'F:* The Booke *Cy, P:* Valediction to his booke. *1633-69, S:*
 A Valediction of a booke left in a windowe. *JC*

How

How thine may out-endure 5
 Sybills glory, and obscure
 Her who from Pindar could allure,
 And her, through whose helpe *Lucan* is not lame,
 And her, whose booke (they say) *Homer* did finde, and name.

Study our manuscripts, those Myriades 10
 Of letters, which have past twixt thee and mee,
 Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
 To all whom loves fubliming fire invades,
 Rule and example found ;
 There, the faith of any ground 15
 No schifmatique will dare to wound,
 That fees, how Love this grace to us affords,
 To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.

This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,
 Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved tome 20
 In cypher writ, or new made Idiome,
 Wee for loves clergie only're instruments :
 When this booke is made thus,
 Should againe the ravenous
 Vandals and Goths inundate us, 25
 Learning were safe ; in this our Universe
 Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Mufick, Angels
 Verle.

Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinity
 Is love or wonder) may finde all they seeke,
 Whether abstract spirituall love they like, 30
 Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not see,

18 Records, 1633-69: records, *Grolier* 20 tome 1633-35: to me
 1639-54: Tomb. 1669, *A18, Cy, Lec, N, S* 21 Idiome, *Ed*: Idiome;
 1633-69 22 instruments: *Ed*: instruments, 1633-69. See note 25
 and Goths inundate us, *A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, TC*: and the
 Goths invade us, 1633-54, *S*: and Goths invade us, 1669, *H40, JC (or), O'F,*
P 26 were safe; 1633: rest omit semicolon. Universe 1633-39:
 Universe, 1650-69 30 abstract] abstracted 1669

Or, loth so to amuze
 Faiths infirmitie, they chuse
 Something which they may see and use;
 For, though minde be the heaven, where love doth fit, 35
 Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more then in their bookes may Lawyers finde,
 Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,
 And how prerogative these states devours,
 Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankind, 40
 Who though from heart, and eyes,
 They exact great subsidies,
 Forfake him who on them relies,
 And for the cause, honour, or conscience give,
 Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative. 45

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can read,)
 May of their occupation finde the grounds :
 Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
 If to consider what 'tis, one proceed, 50
 In both they doe excell
 Who the present governe well,
 Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell;
 In this thy booke, such will their nothing see,
 As in the Bible some can finde out Alchimy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll studie thee, 55
 As he removes farre off, that great heights takes ;
 How great love is, prefence best tryall makes,
 But absence tryes how long this love will bee ;

32 Or, . . . amuze *Ed*: Or . . . amuze, 1633-69 33 infirmitie,
 infirmities, 1669, *D, H49, Lec* 38 titles] titles, 1633 39 these states]
 those rites *A18, N, TC* 40 womankind, *Ed*: womankind. 1633-54:
 womankind: 1669 43 relies, *Ed*: relies 1633: relies; 1635-69 44
 give,] give; 1635-69 46 Statesmen] Tradesmen *Cy, P* 47 grounds:
Ed: grounds, 1633-69 49 'tis, one] 'tis on, 1669 53 their nothing
 1635-54, *A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC* (nothings), *Lec, N, O'F, S, TC* (*but*
the MSS. waver between their and there): there something 1633, 1669, *P*
 55 vent 1633, 1669: went 1635-54 thoughts; abroad] thoughts abroad:
 1669 56 great heights] shadows *O'F*

To take a latitude
 Sun, or starres, are fitlieft view'd 60
 At their brightest, but to conclude
 Of longitudes, what other way have wee,
 But to marke when, and where the darke eclipses bee?

Communitie.

Good wee must love, and must hate ill,
 For ill is ill, and good good fill,
 But there are things indifferent,
 Which wee may neither hate, nor love,
 But one, and then another prove, 5
 As wee shall finde our fancy bent.

If then at first wife Nature had
 Made women either good or bad,
 Then some wee might hate, and some chuse,
 But since shee did them so create, 10
 That we may neither love, nor hate,
 Onely this refts, All, all may use.

If they were good it would be feene,
 Good is as visible as greene,
 And to all eyes it selfe betrayes : 15
 If they were bad, they could not last,
 Bad doth it selfe, and others waft,
 So, they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

63 1669 omits darke

Communitie. 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 there 1635-69, A18, B, N, O'F, S, TC, &c.: these 1633, D, Cy, H49, Lec 7 had Ed: had, 1633-39
 12 All, all 1633-54: All men 1669 15 betrayes: 1650-69: betrayes,
 1633-39

But

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
 He that but tafts, he that devours, 20
 And he that leaves all, doth as well:
 Chang'd loves are but chang'd forts of meat,
 And when hee hath the kernell eate,
 Who doth not fling away the shell?

Loves growth.

I Scarce beleeeve my love to be so pure
 As I had thought it was,
 Because it doth endure
 Vicissitude, and season, as the grasse;
 Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I fwore, 5
 My love was infinite, if spring make't more.

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow
 With more, not onely bee no quintessence,
 But mixt of all stufes, paining soule, or sence,
 And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow, 10
 Love's not so pure, and abstract, as they use
 To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse,
 But as all else, being elemented too,
 Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent, 15
 Love by the spring is growne;
 As, in the firmament,

21 well: *Ed*: well, 1633-69
 Loves growth. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: The Spring. or Spring. *B*,
Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96: no title, *JC* 9 paining 1633, *A18, B*,
D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S96, TC: vexing 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S* 10 working
 1633 and *MSS.* as above: active 1635-69 and *MSS.* as above 11 pure,
 and] pure an 1669, *O'F* 14 do.] do 1633

Starres by the Sunne are not inlarg'd, but showne.
 Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,
 From loves awakened root do bud out now. 20
 If, as in water stir'd more circles bee
 Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
 Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,
 For, they are all concentrique unto thee.
 And though each spring doe adde to love new heate, 25
 As princes doe in times of action get
 New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
 No winter shall abate the springs encrease.

Loves exchange.

Love, any devill else but you,
 Would for a given Soule give something too.
 At Court your fellowes every day,
 Give th'art of Riming, Huntsmanship, or Play,
 For them which were their owne before; 5
 Onely I have nothing which gave more,
 But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.

I aske no dispenfation now
 To falsifie a teare, or figh, or vow,
 I do not sue from thee to draw 10
 A *non obstante* on natures law,
 These are prerogatives, they inhere
 In thee and thine; none should forswear
 Except that hee *Loves* minion were.

18-19 Starres . . . showne. Gentle love *Ed*: Starres . . . showne,
 Gentle love 1633-69:

Stars are not by the sunne enlarg'd; but showne

Greater; Loves deeds *P*. See note

24 thee. *Ed*: thee, 1633-69 28 the 1633, *A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
N, S96, TC: this 1633-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S*

Loves exchange. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: no title, *B, D, H40, H49,*
JC, Lec, O'F, P 4 or] and most *MSS*. Play *D*: play 1633-69 9
 or figh, or vow, 1633-54: a figh, a vow, 1669

Give

Give mee thy weakneffe, make mee blinde, 15
 Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eies and minde;
 Love, let me never know that this
 Is love, or, that love childish is;
 Let me not know that others know
 That she knowes my paines, leaft that fo 20
 A tender flame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou'art juft,
 Because I would not thy firft motions trust;
 Small townes which ftand ftiffe, till great shot
 Enforce them, by warres law *condition* not. 25
 Such in loves warfare is my cafe,
 I may not article for grace,
 Having put Love at laft to fhew this face.

This face, by which he could command
 And change the Idolatrie of any land, 30
 This face, which wherefoe'r it comes,
 Can call vow'd men from cloifters, dead from tombes,
 And melt both Poles at once, and ftore
 Deferts with cities, and make more
 Mynes in the earth, then Quarries were before. 35

For this, Love is enrag'd with mee,
 Yet kills not, If I muft example bee
 To future Rebels; If th'unborne
 Muft learne, by my being cut up, and torne:
 Kill, and diffect me, Love; for this 40
 Torture againft thine owne end is,
 Rack't carcaffes make ill Anatomies.

18 is; *Ed*: is. 1633-69 20 paines] paine *A18, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, TC* 21 1669 omits new 28 Love *D*: love 1633-69
 this] his 1669 36 For this, *Ed*: For, this 1633-69 Love *D*: love
 1633-69 37 not. If *Ed*: not; if 1633-39: not: if 1650-69

Confined Love.

Some man unworthy to be possessor
 Of old or new love, himselfe being false or weake,
 Thought his paine and shame would be lesser,
 If on womankind he might his anger wreake,
 And thence a law did grow, 5
 One might but one man know;
 But are other creatures so?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden,
 To smile where they lift, or lend away their light?
 Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden 10
 If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a night?
 Beasts doe no joyntures lose
 Though they new lovers choose,
 But we are made worse then those.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbors, 15
 And not to seeke new lands, or not to deale withall?
 Or built faire houses, set trees, and arbors,
 Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
 Good is not good, unlesse
 A thousand it possesse, 20
 But doth waft with greedinesse.

Confined Love. 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: To the worthiest of all my lovers. Cy: To the of all my loves my virtuous mistrifs. P 3 his] this 1669 lesser] the lesser A18, Cy, JC, P 6 might 1633-69: should B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, O'F, S, TC 9 lend] bend 1669 11 mate, 1633-39: meate, 1650: meat, 1669 a night (i.e. a-night) 1633-54: all night 1669 12 Beasts] Beast 1635 15 ship] ships 1669, Chambers 16 seeke new lands 1633-35 and MSS.: seeke lands 1639-69, Chambers, whose note is incorrect withall 1633: with all 1635-69 17 built 1633-35: build 1639-69

The

The Dreame.

DEare love, for nothing lesse then thee
 Would I have broke this happy dreame,
 It was a theame
 For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
 Therefore thou wak'd'st me wisely; yet 5
 My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,
 Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,
 To make dreames truths; and fables histories;
 Enter these armes, for since thou thought'st it best,
 Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest. 10

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
 Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd mee;
 Yet I thought thee
 (For thou lov'st truth) an Angell, at first sight,
 But when I saw thou saw'st my heart, 15
 And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
 When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st when
 Excesse of joy would wake me, and cam'st then,
 I must confesse, it could not chuse but bee
 Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee. 20

Comming and staying shew'd thee, thee,
 But rising makes me doubt, that now,
 Thou art not thou.
 That love is weake, where feare's as strong as hee;

The Dreame. 1633-69: *do.* or similarly, *A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96, TCC, TCD* 6 brok'st . . . continued'st]
 breakeft . . . continueth 1669, *A25, C, P, S* 7 so truth, 1633, *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC*: so true, 1635-69, *A25, B, C, Cy, O'F, P, S*. See note
 10 act] *doe A25, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O'F, P, S, S96* 14 an
 Angell,] but an Angell, *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC* 16 thoughts,]
om. comma Groler and Chambers. See note 17 then thou knew'st when
 1669 19 must] *doe A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC* 20
 Prophane,] Profane's *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, TC* 24 feare's
 as strong 1633-54, *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, TCC*: feares are strong 1669,
B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96: feare is strong *N, TCD*

'Tis

'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave, 25
 If mixture it of *Feare, Shame, Honor*, have.
 Perchance as torches which must ready bee,
 Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with mee,
 Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; Then I
 Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die. 30

A Valediction : of weeping.

Let me powre forth
 My teares before thy face, whil't I stay here,
 For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they beare,
 And by this Mintage they are something worth,
 For thus they bee 5
 Pregnant of thee;
 Fruits of much griefe they are, emblemes of more,
 When a teare falls, that thou fallest which it bore,
 So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

On a round ball 10
 A workeman that hath copies by, can lay
 An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,
 And quickly make that, which was nothing, *All*,
 So doth each teare,
 Which thee doth weare, 15
 A globe, yea world by that impressiion grow,
 Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow
 This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.

26 have. 1669: have; 1633-54 29 cam'st] com't 1669 Then
 I] Thus I *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC* (*RP31 agrees with this group throughout*)

A Valediction: of &c. *Ed*: A Valediction of weeping. 1633-69: Valediction of Weeping. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: A Valediction. *B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec*: A Valediction of Teares. *Cy, S, S96*: Valediction 2. Of Tears. *O'F*: no title, *JC* 3 beare, 1633: beare; 1635-69 6 thee; *Ed*: thee, 1633-69 8 fallest 1633-69: falls *A18, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TC* 9 shore.] shore, 1633 13 *All, 1633: All 1635: All. 1639: All: 1650-69* 16 world] would 1669

O more

O more then Moone,
 Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare, 20
 Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear
 To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone;
 Let not the winde
 Example finde,
 To doe me more harme, then it purpofeth; 25
 Since thou and I figh one anothers breath,
 Who e'r fighes most, is cruellest, and hafts the others death.

Loves Alchymie.

SOME that have deeper digg'd loves Myne then I,
 Say, where his centrique happineffe doth lie:
 I have lov'd, and got, and told,
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
 I should not finde that hidden mysterie; 5
 Oh, 'tis imposture all:
 And as no chymique yet th'Elixar got,
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,
 If by the way to him befall
 Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall, 10
 So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
 But get a winter-seeming fummers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
 Shall we, for this vaine Bubles shadow pay?
 Ends love in this, that my man, 15
 Can be as happy'as I can; If he can

20 up seas] thy seas 1669 22 soone; Ed: soone, 1633-69 25
 purpofeth; Ed: purpofeth, 1633-69

Loves Alchymie. 1633-69: Mummye. A18, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC,
 L74 (or Alchymy. added in a later hand), Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD:
 Elegie. P: no title, A25 14 Bubles] Bubles 1669 15 my 1633-69
 and MSS.: any S96, 1855, and Grolier (perhaps from some copy of 1633)
 Endure

Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play ?

That loving wretch that sweares,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
Which he in her Angelique findes, 20
Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.
Hope not for minde in women ; at their best
Sweetnesse and wit, they're but *Mummy*, posselt.

The Flea.

MArke but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou deny'ft me is ;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee ;
Thou know'ft that this cannot be said 5
A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoyes before it wooe,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more then wee would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare, 10
Where wee almost, yea more then marryed are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is ;

23-4 *punctuation from MSS :* at their best,

Sweetnesse, and wit they're, but, *Mummy*, posselt. 1633-54 :
1669 omits all punctuation in these lines

The Flea is placed here in the 1633 edition : 1635-69 place it at beginning
of Songs and Sonets: The Flea. or no title, A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40,
H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 It suckt mee first,
1633-54, D, H49 Lec, S96: Mee it suck'd first, 1669, A18, A25, B, C, Cy,
L74, N, P, S, TC and now sucks] and now it sucks 1669 5 Thou
know'ft that 1633-54, D, H49, Lec: Confels it. This cannot be said 1669,
A18, A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 6 nor shame, nor
losse 1633-54 (shame 1633), D, H49, Lec: or shame, or losf 1669, A18,
A25, B, Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, TC 9 would] could 1669 11 yea,
1633-54, D, H49, Lec: nay, 1669, A18, A25, B, C, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, TC
Though

Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
 And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet. 15
 Though use make you apt to kill mee,
 Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
 And sacrilege, three finnes in killing three.

Cruell and sodaine, hast thou since
 Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence? 20
 Wherein could this flea guilty bee,
 Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?
 Yet thou triumph'ft, and saist that thou
 Find'ft not thy selfe, nor mee the weaker now ;
 'Tis true, then learne how false, feares bee ; 25
 Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'ft to mee,
 Will waist, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

The Curse.

Who ever guesse, thinks, or dreames he knowes
 Who is my mistress, wither by this curse ;
 His only, and only his purfe
 May some dull heart to love dispose,
 And shee yeeld then to all that are his foes ; 5
 May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorne,
 Forswear to others, what to her he hath sworn,
 With feare of missing, shame of getting, torne :

16 you] thee *A18, Cy, N, O'F, S, S96, TC* 21 Wherein] In what
A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TC 22 drop] blood 1669
 The Curse. 1633-69: A Curse. or The Curse. *A18, A25, B, C, D,*
H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD: Dirac. P, Q 2 curse]
 course 1669 3 His only, and only his purfe 1633-54, *A18, A25, B,*
C, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC: Him, only for his purfe
 1669, *Chambers:* His one and his onely purfe P 4 heart 1633-54
 and MSS.: where 1669 and *Chambers* 5 And shee yeeld then to
 1633-54 and MSS.: And then yield unto 1669, *Chambers* 8 getting,
 Ed: getting 1633-69 torne: Ed: torne; 1633-54: torne. 1669. Compare
 16 and 24

Madnesse

Madnesse his sorrow, gout his cramp, may hee
Make, by but thinking, who hath made him such: 10

And may he feele no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and bee
Anguish'd, not that'twas sinne, but that'twas shee:
In early and long scarcenesse may he rot,
For land which had been his, if he had not 15
Himselfe incestuously an heire begot:

May he dreame Treason, and beleewe, that hee
Meant to performe it, and confesse, and die,
And no record tell why:
His sonnes, which none of his may bee, 20
Inherite nothing but his infamie:
Or may he so long Parasites have fed,
That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcif'd for bread:

The venom of all stepdames, gamsters gall, 25
What Tyrans, and their subjects interwish,
What Plants, Mynes, Beasts, Foule, Fish,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets, or Poets spake; And all which shall
Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee, 30
Fall on that man; For if it be a shee
Nature before hand hath out-cursed mee.

9 cramp,] cramps, 1669, *Chambers*, and most *MSS.* 10 him 1633-54
and *MSS.*: them 1669, *Chambers* 12 fame,] shame; *A18, A25, N, P, TC*
14-16 In early and long scarcenefs . . . an heire begot: 1633, *B, D, H40,*
H49, Lec, O'F (which gives alternate version in margin), *S*:

Or may he for her vertue reverence
One that hates him onely for impotence,
And equall Traitors be she and his sene.

1635-69, *A18, A25, C, JC, N, P, Q, S, TC*
18 Meant] Went *A18, N, TC* 26 Tyrans, 1633-35: Tyrants, 1639:
tyrants, 1650-69 27 Mynes, *A18, A25, B, H40, JC, L74, N, O'F,*
P, Q, S, TC: Myne, 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* 28 ill 1669: ill, 1633-54

The Message.

Send home my long strayed eyes to mee,
 Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee;
 Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
 Such forc'd fashions,
 And false passions, 5
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good fight, keep them still.

Send home my harmlesse heart againe,
 Which no unworthy thought could staine;
 But if it be taught by thine 10
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And crosse both
 Word and oath, 15
 Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know, and see thy lyes,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish 20
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou art now.

The Message. 1635-69: no title, 1633: Song. or no title, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96: Sonnet. P: Songes w^{ch} were made to &c. (vid. sup. p. 18) A18, N, TCC, TCD 2 thee; Ed: thee, 1633-69 3 But if they there 1669, S 10 staine;] staine, 1633-69 11 But 1635-69: Which 1633, A18, A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TC 14 crosse A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: breake 1633-69 16 Keep it still 'tis 1669 19 And may laugh, when that Thou D, H49, Lec 24 art now.] dost now. 1669

*A nocturnall upon S. Lucies day,
Being the shortest day.*

TIs the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes,
Lucies, who scarce seaven houres herself unmaskes,
 The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks
 Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;
 The worlds whole sap is funke: 5
 The generall balme th'hydroptique earth hath drunk,
 Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunk,
 Dead and enterr'd; yet all these seeme to laugh,
 Compar'd with mee, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers bee 19
 At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:
 For I am every dead thing,
 In whom love wrought new Alchimie.
 For his art did expresse
 A quintessence even from nothingnesse, 15
 From dull privations, and leane emptinesse:
 He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot
 Of absence, darknesse, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
 Life, foule, forme, spirit, whence they beeing have; 20
 I, by loves limbecke, am the grave
 Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
 Have wee two wept, and so
 Drownd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
 To be two Chaoffes, when we did shew 25
 Care to ought else; and often absences
 Withdrew our foules, and made us carcasses.

A nocturnal &c. 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD 7 beds-
 feet,] beds-feet 1633-69 12 every 1633, A18, N, O'F (altered to a very),
 TC: a very 1635-69 16 emptinesse: 1719: emptinesse; Chambers
 and Grolier: emptinesse 1633-54: emptinesse, 1669. See note 20
 have; Ed: have, 1633-69.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
 Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown; *fu.*
 Were I a man, that I were one, 30
 I needs must know; I should preferre,
 If I were any beast,
 Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea stones detest,
 And love; All, all some properties invest;
 If I an ordinary nothing were, 35
 As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunne renew.
 You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sunne
 At this time to the Goat is runne
 To fetch new lust, and give it you, 40
 Enjoy your summer all;
 Since shee enjoyes her long nights festiual,
 Let mee prepare towards her, and let mee call
 This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, since this
 Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is. 45

Witchcraft by a picture.

I Fixe mine eye on thine, and there
 Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,
 My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,
 When I looke lower I espie;
 Hadst thou the wicked skill 5
 By pictures made and mard, to kill,
 How many wayes mightst thou performe thy will?

31 know;] know, 1633 32 beast,] beast; *Grolier* 34 love;
 All, all *Ed:* love, all, all 1633-69 invest; *Ed:* invest, 1633: invest
 1635-69 37 renew. 1633: renew, 1635-69 41 all; *Ed:* all,
 1633-69 and *Chambers*, who places a full stop after festiual 44 Eve,
 1650-69: eve, 1633-39
Witchcraft &c. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: The Picture. or Picture.
Cy, JC, O'F, P, S96: A Songe. B 4 espie; *Ed:* espie, 1633-69
 6 to kill, *Ed:* to kill? 1633-39: to kill; 1650-69

But now I have drunke thy sweet falt teares,
 And though thou poure more I'll depart;
 My picture vanish'd, vanish feares, 10
 That I can be endamag'd by that art;
 Though thou retaine of mee
 One picture more, yet that will bee,
 Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

The Baite.

Come live with mee, and bee my love,
 And wee will some new pleasures prove
 Of golden sands, and christall brookes,
 With filken lines, and silver hookes.

There will the river whispering runne 5
 Warm'd by thy eyes, more then the Sunne.
 And there the inamor'd fish will stay,
 Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channell hath, 10
 Will amorously to thee swimme,
 Gladder to catch thee, then thou him.

9 And though] Although 1669 And though thou therefore poure more
 will depart; B, H40 10 vanish'd, vanish feares, 1633, A18, B, Cy, H40,
 JC, N, P, S96, TC: vanished, vanish all feares 1635-54, O'F: vanish, vanish
 fears, 1669 11 that] thy JC, O'F, S96 14 all] thy B, H40, S96
 The Baite. 1635-69: no title, 1633: Song. or no title, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 O'F, P, S96, Walton's Compleate Angler: Fourth Day: Chap. XII.:
 Songs that were made &c. (vid. sup. p. 18) A18, N, TCC, TCD 2 some
 new] all the P 3 brookes, Ed: brookes: 1633-69 5 whispering
 1633: whispring 1635-69 6 thy] thine 1669, A18, N, TC 7
 inamor'd] enamelled Walton stay] play 1669 11 to] unto JC, O'F,
 P: to see N: Most amorously to thee will swim Walton

If thou, to be so seene, beeſt loath,
 By Sunne, or Moone, thou darkneſt both,
 And if my ſelfe have leave to ſee, 15
 I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
 And cut their legges, with ſhells and weeds,
 Or treacherouſly poore fiſh beſet,
 With ſtrangling ſnare, or windowie net: 20

Let coarſe bold hands, from ſlimy neſt
 The bedded fiſh in banks out-wreſt,
 Or curious traitors, ſleavesilke flies
 Bewitch poore fiſhes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needſt no ſuch deceit, 25
 For thou thy ſelfe art thine owne bait;
 That fiſh, that is not catch'd thereby,
 Alas, is wiſer farre then I.

The Apparition.

WHen by thy ſcorne, O murthereſſe, I am dead,
 And that thou thinkſt thee free
 From all ſolicitation from mee,
 Then ſhall my ghoeſt come to thy bed,
 And thee, fain'd veſtall, in worſe armes ſhall ſee; 5

15 my ſelfe] mine eyes *Walton*: my heart *A18, N, TC* 18 with]
 which 1633 20 ſnare,] ſnares, *Walton* windowie] winding 1669. *See*
note 23 Or 1633-69: Let *Walton* sleevesilke 1635: ſleave ſilke
 1639-69 and *Walton*: sleevesilke 1633 24 To witch poor wandring
 fiſhes eyes. *Walton* 25 thou needſt] there needs *D, H49, Lec, S96*
 26 bait; *Ed*: bait, 1633-69 27 catch'd 1633-69: catch't *Walton*:
 caught *P* 28 Is wiſer far, alas *Walton*

The Apparition. 1633-69: *do. or An Apparition. A18, A25, B, Cy,*
D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 2 that thou thinkſt]
 thou ſhalt think 1669 3 ſolicitation] ſolicitations *JC, O'F* 5 thee,
 . . . veſtall, *Ed*: thee . . . veſtall 1633-39: thee . . . Veſtall 1650-69
 Then

Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke

Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleepe will from thee shrink, 10
And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye

A verger ghost then I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Left that preserve thee'; and since my love is spent, 15
I had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Then by my threatnings rest still innocent.

The broken heart.

HE is starke mad, who ever fayer,
That he hath beene in love an houre,
Yet not that love so soone decayes,
But that it can tenne in lesse space devour;
Who will beleeve mee, if I sweare 5
That I have had the plague a yeare?
Who would not laugh at mee, if I should say,
I saw a flaske of powder burne a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,
If once into loves hands it come! 10
All other griefes allow a part
To other griefes, and aske themselves but some;

7 then] 1669 omits 10 in false sleepe will from 1633, Cy, D, H49,
Lec, S: in false sleepe from 1635-54: in a false sleepe even from 1669:
in a false sleepe from A25, P: in a false sleepe will from A18, N, TC
13 I;] I, 1633, some copies 17 rest still] keep thee A25, Cy, JC, O'F, P
The broken heart. 1633-69: Broken Heart. L74: Song. or no title, A18,
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD: Elegie. P, S96 8
flaske 1633, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, Lec, O'F (corrected from flash), P, S:
flash 1635-69, A18, H49, N, TC 10 come! Ed: come? 1633-69
12 some; Ed: some, 1633-69

They come to us, but us Love draws,
 Hee swallows us, and never chawes:
 By him, as by chain'd shott, whole rankes doe dye, 15
 He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frye.
 If 'twere not so, what did become
 Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
 I brought a heart into the roome,
 But from the roome, I carried none with mee: 20
 If it had gone to thee, I know
 Mine would have taught thine heart to shew
 More pittie unto mee: but Love, alas,
 At one first blow did shiver it as glasse.
 Yet nothing can to nothing fall, 25
 Nor any place be empty quite,
 Therefore I thinke my breast hath all
 Those peeces still, though they be not unite;
 And now as broken glasses shew
 A hundred lesser faces, so 30
 My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,
 But after one such love, can love no more.

A Valediction: forbidding mourning.

AS virtuous men passe mildly away,
 And whisper to their soules, to goe,
 Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
 The breath goes now, and some say, no:

15 chain'd shott] chain-shott *A18, A25, N, TC* 16 tyran] Tyrant
 1669 our hearts] and we 1669 17 did] could *A18, A25, B, C, L74,*
O'F, N, TC: would *B, Cy, M, S* 20 mee: 1650-69: mee; 1633-39
 23 alas,] alas 1633 24 first] fierce *A18, B, N, TC* 30 hundred]
 thousand *A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, P, S, TC*

A Valediction: forbidding &c. *Ed:* A Valediction forbidding &c.
 1633-69: Valediction forbidding &c. *A18, N, TCC, TCD:* Valediction
 agaynst &c. *A25, C:* A Valediction. *B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec:* Vpon
 the partinge from his Mistris. *O'F, S96:* To his love upon his departure
 from her. *JC:* Elegie. *L74, P:* also in *Walton's Life of Donne (1675)*
 4 The breath goes now, 1633-54, and all the MSS.: Now his breath
 goes, 1669, *Chambers* no: *Ed:* no. 1633-54: No; 1669

So let us melt, and make no noife,
 No teare-floods, nor figh-tempefts move,
 T'were prophanation of our joyes
 To tell the layetie our love. 5

¹² Moving of th'earth brings harmes and feares,
 Men reckon what it did and meant, 10
 But trepidation of the fpheares,
 Though greater farre, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers love
 (Whose foule is fense) cannot admit
 Abfence, because it doth remove 15
 Thofe things which elemented it.

But we by a love, fo much refin'd,
 That our felves know not what it is,
 Inter-affured of the mind,
 Care leffe, eyes, lips, and hands to miffe. 20

Our two foules therefore, which are one,
 Though I muft goe, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to ayery thinneffe beate.

¹ If they be two, they are two fo 25
 As ftiffe twin compaffes are two,
 Thy foule the fixt foot, makes no fhew
 To move, but doth, if the'other doe.

6 No wind-fighs or tear-floods us move, *Walton* 8 layetie our love.
 1633-69 (love 1633), *A25, D, C, H49, Lec, S*: layetie of our love. *A18, B,*
Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC 9 Moving . . . brings] Movings . . .
 caufe *Walton, O'F* 10 it] they *Walton* 15 Abfence, because
 1633-54 and *MSS.*: Of abfence, caufe 1669 16 Thofe things
 1633-54 and all *MSS.*: The thing 1669, *Chambers.* See note 17
 much] far 1669 18 our felves] our fouls *Walton* 20 Care leffe,
 1633-35, 1669: Careleffe, 1639-54 lips, and hands 1669 and all
MSS.: lips, hands 1633

And though it in the center sit,
 Yet when the other far doth rome, 30
 It leanes, and hearkens after it,
 And growes erect, as that comes home.
 Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
 Like th'other foot, obliquely runne;
 Thy firmnes makes my circle iuft, 35
 And makes me end, where I begunne.

The Extasie.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
 A Pregnant banke fwel'd up, to rest
 The violets reclining head,
 Sat we two, one anothers best.
 Our hands were firmly cimented 5
 With a fast balme, which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beames twisted, and did thred
 Our eyes, upon one double string;
 So to'entergraft our hands, as yet
 Was all the meanes to make us one, 10
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.
 As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertaine victorie,
 Our foules, (which to advance their state, 15
 Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.

30 the other] my other *Walton* 31 It] Thine *Walton* 32 that]
 mine *Walton* 34 runne; *Ed*: runne. 1633-69 35 circle] circles
 1639-54 36 makes me] me to *Walton*

The Extasie. 1633-69: *do.* or Extasie. *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49,*
JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 reclining 1633-54: de-
 declining 1669 4 best. *Ed*: best; 1633-54 Sate we on one
 anothers breasts. 1669 6 With 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
P, S, TC: By 1635-69, *Chambers* 8 string; *Ed*: string, 1633-69
 9 to'entergraft 1633, *A18, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, P, S, TC*: to engraft 1635-
 69, *A25, JC, O'F, Chambers* 11 in 1633-69, *P*: on *A18, A25, B, D,*
H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, TC 15 their 1633 and most *MSS*:
 our 1635-69, *O'F, P*

And whil'ft our foules negotiate there,
 Wee like fepulchrall ftatues lay;
 All day, the fame our poftures were,
 And wee faid^{*} nothing, all the day. 20
 If any, fo by love refin'd,
 That he foules language underftood,
 And by good love were growen all minde,
 Within convenient diftance ftood,
 He (though he knew not which foule fpake, 25
 Becaufe both meant, both fpake the fame)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part farre purer then he came.
 This Extafie doth unperplex
 (We faid) and tell us what we love, 30
 x Wee fee by this, it was not fexe,
 Wee fee, we faw not what did move:
 But as all feverall foules containe
 Mixture of things, they know not what,
 Love, thefe mixt foules, doth mixe againe, 35
 And makes both one, each this and that.
 A fingle violet tranfplant,
 The ftrength, the colour, and the fize,
 (All which before was poore, and fcant,)
 Redoubles ftill, and multiplies. 40
 When love, with one another fo
 Interinanimates two foules,
 That abler foule, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of lonelineffe controules.
 Wee then, who are this new foule, know, 45
 Of what we are compos'd, and made,
 For, th'Atomies of which we grow,
 Are foules, whom no change can invade.

18 lay; *Ed*: lay, 1633-69 25 knew 1635-69, *A18, A25, B, H40, H49, JC, N, P, TC*: knowes 1633, *D, Lec* 29 doth] do 1669 31 fexe, 1669: fexe 1633-54 42 Interinanimates *A18, A25, B, H40, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, TC*: Interanimates 1633-69, *D, Lec* 44 lonelinefs] lovelinefs 1669 46 made, 1633-39: made: 1650-69 47 Atomies 1633-54: Atomes 1669 48 are foules, 1633, 1669: are foule, 1635-54
 But

But O alas, so long, so farre
 Our bodies why doe wee forbear? 50
 They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are
 The intelligences, they the spheare.
 We owe them thanks, because they thus,
 Did us, to us, at first convey,
 Yelded their forces, sense, to us, 55
 Nor are drosse to us, but allay.
 On man heavens influence workes not so,
 But that it first imprints the ayre,
 Soe soule into the foule may flow,
 Though it to body first repaire, 60
 As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits, as like soules as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtile knot, which makes us man:
 So must pure lovers soules descend 65
 T'affections, and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great Prince in prison lies.
 To our bodies turne wee then, that so
 Weake men on love reveal'd may looke; 70
 Loves mysteries in soules doe grow,
 But yet the body is his booke.
 And if some lover, such as wee,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still marke us, he shall see 75
 Small change, when we are to bodies gone. 80

51 though they are not *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC*: though not 1633-69 52 spheare. *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC*: spheares. 1633-69 55 forces, sense, *A18, A25, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC*: senses force 1633-69 59 Soe *A18, A25, B, H40, JC, N, P, S, S96, TC*: For 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec* 64 makes] make 1635-39 72 his] the 1669 76 gone. 1633, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, TC*: growne. 1635-69, *P, S96*

Loves Deitie.

I Long to talke with some old lovers ghofst,
 Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:
 I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd most,
 Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne.
 But since this god produc'd a deffinie, 5
 And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be;
 I must love her, that loves not mee.
 Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
 Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it;
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch, 10
 His office was indulgently to fit
 Actives to passives. Correspondencie
 Only his subject was; It cannot bee
 Love, till I love her, that loves mee.
 But every moderne god will now extend 15
 His vast prerogative, as far as Jove.
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purlewe of the God of Love.
 Oh were wee wak'ned by this Tyrannie
 To ungod this child againe, it could not bee 20
 I should love her, who loves not mee.
 Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,
 As though I felt the worst that love could doe?
 Love might make me leave loving, or might trie
 A deeper plague, to make her love mee too, 25
 Which, since she loves before, I'am loth to see;
 Falshood is worse then hate; and that must bee,
 If shee whom I love, should love mee.

Loves Deitie. 1633-69, *Ar8, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec,*
N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD: Elegye. P 8 much, 1639-69: much:
 1633: much? 1635 9 it; *Ed:* it. 1633-69 13 subject] Subject
 1669 14 Love, . . . mee. 1633, 1669, *A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40* (who),
H49, JC, L74, N, P, S (lov'd), *TCD:* Love, if I love, who loves not me.
 1635-54, *O'F* 19 Oh . . . wak'ned] Were we not weak'ned 1669
 21 That I should love, who loves not me. *A18, A25, C, Cy, D, H49,*
JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC: *O'F* reads as these but alters to as in
 printed edd. 24 might make *Ar8, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74,*
N, P, S, S96, TC: may make 1633-69, *Lec* 26 Which,] Which 1633
Loves

Loves diet.

TO what a comberfome unwioldineffe
 And burdenous corpulence my love had growne,
 But that I did, to make it leffe,
 And keepe it in proportion,
 Give it a diet, made it feed upon 5
 That which love worft endures, *discretion*.

Above one figh a day I'llow'd him not,
 Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
 And if fometimes by stealth he got
 A fhe figh from my miftrefse heart, 10
 And thought to feaft on that, I let him fee
 'Twas neither very found, nor meant to mee.

If he wroung from mee'a teare, I brin'd it fo
 With fcorne or fhame, that him it nourish'd not;
 If he fuck'd hers, I let him know 15
 'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,
 His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat;
 For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but fweat.

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
 But burnt my letters; When fhe writ to me, 20
 And that that favour made him fat,
 I faid, if any title bee
 Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,
 To be the fortieth name in an entaile?

Loves diet. 1633-69, *A18, A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC* (torn out of *TCD*): *Amoris Dieta. S96* 12 mee.
Ed: mee; 1633-35: mee: 1639-69 18 For,] Her 1669 19
 Whatever . . . that, 1633-39, 1669: Whate'er might him diftaft I ftill
 writ that, 1650-54: Whatfoever hee would diftaft I writt that, *A18, N, TC*
 20 But burnt my letters; When fhe writ to me, 1633: But burnt her
 letters when fhe writ to me, 1635: But burnt her letters when fhe writ to
 me; 1639-54, *Chambers*: But burnt my letters which fhe writ to me; 1669
 21 that that 1633: if that. 1635-69. See note 24 name] man 1669
 Thus

'Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flye 25
 At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
 Now negligent of sport I lye,
 And now as other Fawknars use,
 I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sigh and weepe:
 And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke, and sleepe. 30

The Will.

BEfore I sigh my last gaspe, let me breath,
 Great love, some Legacies; Here I bequeath
 Mine eyes to *Argus*, if mine eyes can see,
 If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee;
 My tongue to Fame; to'Embassadours mine eares; 5
 To women or the sea, my teares.
 Thou, Love, hast taught mee heretofore
 By making mee serve her who'had twenty more,
 That I should give to none, but such, as had too much
 before.
 My constancie I to the planets give; 10
 My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
 Mine ingenuity and opennesse,
 To Jesuites; to Buffones my pensivenesse;
 My silence to'any, who abroad hath beene;
 My mony to a Capuchin. 15
 Thou Love taught't me, by appointing mee
 To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
 Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie.

25 reclaim'd 1635-69, A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, TCC:
 redeem'd 1633, Lec 26 chuse] chose 1669 27 sport 1635-69, A18,
 B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, S, S96, TCC: sports 1633 30 and 1633
 and most MSS.: or 1635-69, Cy, O'F, S

The Will. 1633-69: do. or A Will. A25, B, C, Cy, D, H40, H49.
 Lec, M, O'F, P: Loves Will. L74: Loves Legacies. A18, N, TCC
 (torn out of TCD), S: Testamentum. S96: His Last Will and Testament.
 JC 2 Here I 1633-54: I here 1669, Chambers 6 teares. Ed :
 teares; 1633-69 8 serve her] love her 1669 10 give; Ed :
 give, 1633-69 10-27 These stanzas printed without a break, 1669
 14 hath] have 1669 18 an incapacitie.] no good Capacity. 1669

My

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
 All my good works unto the Schismatics 20
 Of Amsterdam; my best civility
 And Courtship, to an Univerſitie;
 My modeſty I give to ſouldiers bare;
 My patience let gameſters ſhare.
 Thou Love taughtſt mee, by making mee 25
 Love her that holds my love diſparity,
 Onely to give to thoſe that count my gifts indignity.
 I give my reputation to thoſe
 Which were my friends; Mine induſtrie to foes;
 To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulneſſe; 30
 My ſickneſſe to Phyſitians, or exceſſe;
 To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ;
 And to my company my wit.
 Thou Love, by making mee adore
 Her, who begot this love in mee before, 35
 Taughtſt me to make, as though I gave, when I did but
 reſtore.
 To him for whom the paſſing bell next tolls,
 I give my phyſick bookes; my writen rowles
 Of Morall counſels, I to Bedlam give;
 My brazen medals, unto them which live 40
 In want of bread; To them which paſſe among
 All forrainers, mine Engliſh tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making mee love one
 Who thinkes her friendſhip a fit portion
 For yonger lovers, doſt my gifts thus diſproportion. 45
 Therefore I'll give no more; But I'll undoe
 The world by dying; becauſe love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will bee no more worth
 Then gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth;
 19-27 omitted, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74 (added later),
 Lec, M (added later), N, P, TCC: given in O'F, S, and all editions 33
 wit. Ed: wit; 1633-69 34 I.ove, 1650-69: love, 1633-39 36 did
 1633 and MSS.: do 1635-69, O'F 45 gifts 1633-35, 1669: gift 1639-54
 46 more; But 1633: more, but 1635-69 49-51 forth; ... grave.
 1669: forth. . . . grave, 1633-39 by interchange: forth . . . grave. 1650-54
 And

And all your graces no more use shall have 50
 Then a Sun dyall in a grave.
 Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee
 Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,
 To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three.

The Funerall.

Who ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
 Nor question much
 That subtile wreath of haire, which crowns my arme;
 The mystry, the signe you must not touch,
 For 'tis my outward Soule, 5
 Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to controule,
 And keepe these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.

For if the finewie thread my braine lets fall
 Through every part, 10
 Can tie those parts, and make mee one of all;
 These haire which upward grew, and strength and art
 Have from a better braine,
 Can better do it; Except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain, 15
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they are condemn'd
 to die.

54 all three. 1633-39, three being below the line in 1633 and above in 1635-39: al. three 1650-54, the full stop having fallen from three to all below it: annihilate thee. 1669

The Funerall. 1633-69, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD 3 which . . . arme;] about mine arm; 1669 6
 then to A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: unto 1633-69
 12 These A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, N, S(The), S96, TC: Those 1633-69,
 Lec, O'F grew, 1633-39: grow, 1650-69 16 condemn'd] con-
 dem'nd 1633

What

What ere thee meant by't, bury it with me,
 For since I am
 Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,
 If into others hands these Reliques came; 20
 As'twas humility
 To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,
 So,'tis some bravery,
 That since you would save none of mee, I bury some of
 you.

The Blossome.

Little think'ft thou, poore flower,
 Whom I have watch'd fixe or seaven dayes,
 And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre
 Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
 And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough, 5
 Little think'ft thou
 That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
 To morrow finde thee false, or not at all.

Little think'ft thou poore heart
 That labour'ft yet to nestle thee, 10
 And think'ft by hovering here to get a part
 In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
 And hop'ft her stiffenesse by long siege to bow:
 Little think'ft thou,
 That thou to morrow, ere that Sunne doth wake, 15
 Must with this Sunne, and mee a journey take.

17 with me, 1635-69 and MSS.: by me, 1633 24 save A18, B,
 Cy, D, H49, L74, N, P, TC: have 1633-69, I.ec, O'F, S96: om. S

The Blossome. 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, I.ec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,
 TCD: no title, A25 9-13 poore heart . . . bow:] in brackets 1650-69
 10 labour'ft A18, N, TC: labourest 1635-69: labours 1633 15 that
 Sunne 1633: the Sunne 1635-69

But thou which lov'ft to bee
 Subtile to plague thy felfe, wilt fay,
 Alas, if you muft goe, what's that to mee ?
 Here lyes my bufineffe, and here I will ftay : 20
 You goe to friends, whose love and meanes prefent
 Various content
 To your eyes, eares, and tongue, and every part.
 If then your body goe, what need you a heart ?

Well then, ftay here ; but know, 25
 When thou haft ftayd and done thy moft ;
 A naked thinking heart, that makes no fhow,
 Is to a woman, but a kinde of Ghofth ;
 How fhall fhee know my heart ; or having none,
 Know thee for one ? 30
 Practife may make her know fome other part,
 But take my word, fhee doth not know a Heart.

Meet mee at London, then,
 Twenty dayes hence, and thou fhalt fee
 Mee fresher, and more fat, by being with men, 35
 Then if I had ftaid ftill with her and thee.
 For Gods fake, if you can, be you fo too :
 I would give you
 There, to another friend, whom wee fhall finde
 As glad to have my body, as my minde. 40

18 wilt] will 1669 23 tongue A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 N, O'F, S96, TC : om. S : taft 1633-69 24 need you a heart ? A25,
 B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC : need you have a heart ? JC : need
 your heart ? 1633-69 38 I would A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, N, O'F,
 S, S96, TC : I will 1633-69, Lec

The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle, upon the hill, on which it is situate.

Vpon this Primrose hill,
Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shoure of raine, each severall drop might goe
To his owne primrose, and grow Manna fo;
And where their forme, and their infinitie 5
Make a terrestriall Galaxie,
As the small starres doe in the skie:
I walke to finde a true Love; and I see
That'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,
But must, or more, or lesse then woman bee. 10

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish; a fixe, or foure;
For should my true-Love lesse then woman bee,
She were scarce any thing; and then, should she
Be more then woman, shee would get above 15
All thought of sexe, and thinke to move
My heart to study her, and not to love;
Both these were monstres; Since there must reside
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, then Nature falsify'd. 20

Live Primrose then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content;
Ten is the farthest number; if halfe ten 25

The Primrose. 1633, A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC, TCD:
The Primrose, being at &c. 1635-69 16 sexe, 1633: sexe;
1635-69 17 and not] and om. 1635-39, A18, N, S, TC 23
women] woman Chambers 25 number; Ed: number, 1633-69
Belonge

Belonge unto each woman, then
 Each woman may take halfe us men ;
 Or if this will not ferve their turne, Since all
 Numbers are odde, or even, and they fall
 Firft into this, five, women may take us all.

30

The Relique.

When my grave is broke up againe
 Some fecond gheft to entertaine,
 (For graves have learn'd that woman-head
 To be to more then one a Bed)
 And he that digs it, fpies
 A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,
 Will he not let'us alone,
 And thinke that there a loving couple lies,
 Who thought that this device might be fome way
 To make their foules, at the laft bufie day,
 Meet at this grave, and make a little ftay?

5

10

If this fall in a time, or land,
 Where miſ-devotion doth command,
 Then, he that digges us up, will bring
 Us, to the Biſhop, and the King,
 To make us Reliques; then
 Thou ſhalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
 A ſomething elſe thereby;

15

26 Belonge *all the MSS.*: Belongs 1633-69. See note 27 men;
Ed: men, 1633-39: men: 1650-69 28 their 1633-39: the
 1650-69 29 and 1633: ſince 1635-69 30 this, *Ed*: this 1633,
 A18, B, D, H49, *Lec*, N, S, S96, TC: om. 1635-69, O'F, Chambers
 The Relique. 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, *Lec*, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,
 TCD: no title, A25 13 miſ-devotion 1633-54, A18, A25, B, D, H49,
 JC, *Lec*, N, O'F, S, S96, TC: maſſ-devotion 1669, Chambers 15 and
 1633-54 and *MSS.*: or 1669, Chambers 17 Thou ſhalt be] You ſhal
 be A25, D, H49, JC, *Lec*, S. See note

All

All women shall adore us, and some men ;
And since at such time, miracles are sought, 20
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles wee harmeleffe lovers wrought.

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,
Difference of sex no more wee knew, 25
Then our Guardian Angells doe;
Comming and going, wee
Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales ;
Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,
Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free : 30
These miracles wee did ; but now alas,
All measure, and all language, I should passe,
Should I tell what a miracle shee was.

The Dampe.

WHEN I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends curiositie
Will have me cut up to survey each part,
When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,
You thinke a fodaine dampe of love 5
Will through all their senses move,
And worke on them as mee, and so preferre
Your murder, to the name of Massacre.

20 time] times JC, O'F 21 have that age] that age were A18,
N, TC 25-26 Difference . . . doe, 1633, A18, N, TC :

Difference of Sex we never knew,
No more then Guardian Angells do, 1635-69 :

Difference of Sex we never knew,
More then our Guardian Angells do. A25, B, D, H49, JC,
Lec, S, S96 (No more then our &c. B, S96)

26 doe ; Ed: doe, 1633-69 27 wee Ed: wee, 1633-69 28 not]
yet 1669 meales ; Ed: meales. 1633: meales 1635-69, following some
copies of 1633 30 sets] set 1669 free: 1650-69: free, 1633-39

The Dampe. 1633-69, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96,
TCC, TCD 4 When] And 1669 my 1633-39: mine 1650-69

Poore

Poore victories ! But if you dare be brave,
 And pleasure in your conquest have, 10
 First kill th'enormous Gyant, your *Disdaine*,
 And let th'enchantresse *Honor*, next be flaine,
 And like a Goth and Vandall rize,
 Deface Records, and Histories
 Of your owne arts and triumphs over men, 15
 And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up as well as you
 My Gyants, and my Witches too,
 Which are vast *Constancy*, and *Secretnesse*,
 But these I neyther looke for, nor professe; 20
 Kill mee as Woman, let mee die
 As a meere man; doe you but try
 Your paffive valor, and you shall finde than,
 In that you'have odds enough of any man.

The Diffolution.

SHee's dead; And all which die
 To their first Elements resolve;
 And wee were mutuall Elements to us,
 And made of one another.
 My body then doth hers involve, 5
 And those things whereof I consist, hereby
 In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
 And nourish not, but smother.

9 victories! 1650-69: victories; 1633-39 10 your] the 1669 con-
 quest] conquests JC 13 and Vandall 1633-54, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: or Vandall 1669, Chambers 15 arts] acts 1669,
 JC 20 professe; Ed: professe, 1633-69 24 In that 1633, A18, N,
 TC: Naked 1635-69, B, D, H49, Lec, JC, O'F, P, S
 The Diffolution. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD

My fire of Passion, fighes of ayre,
 Water of teares, and earthly sad despaire, 10
 Which my materialls bee,
 But neere worne out by loves securitie,
 Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
 And I might live long wretched so
 But that my fire doth with my fuell grow. 15
 Now as those Active Kings
 Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,
 Receive more, and spend more, and fooneft breake :
 This (which I am amaz'd that I can speake)
 This death, hath with my store 20
 My use encreas'd.
 And so my soule more earnestly releas'd,
 Will outtrip hers; As bullets flowen before
 A latter bullet may o'rtake, the powder being more.

A Jeat Ring sent.

THou art not so black, as my heart,
 Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art;
 What would'st thou say? shall both our properties by thee
 bee spoke,
 Nothing more endlesse, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stuffe; 5
 Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse tough
 Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,
 I'am cheap, and nought but fashion, fling me'away.

10 earthly 1633, A18, N, TC: earthly 1635-69 12 neere 1635-69
 69 (But . . . securitie bracketed 1669): ne'r 1633 24 latter] later 1669
 A Jeat Ring sent. 1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD: To a Jeat Ring
 sent to me. IV (among the Epigrams) 7 loves | love O'F say, Ed:
 say 1633-69

Yet stay with mee since thou art come,
Circle this fingers top, which did't her thombe. 10
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with
me,
She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon breake thee.

Negative love.

I Never stoop'd so low, as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldome to them, which soare no higher
Then vertue or the minde to admire,
For sense, and understanding may
Know, what gives fuell to their fire:
My love, though silly, is more brave,
For may I misse, when ere I crave,
If I know yet, what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no way be exprest
But *Negatives*, my love is so.
To All, which all love, I say no.
If any who deciphers best,
What we know not, our selves, can know,
Let him teach mee that nothing; This
As yet my ease, and comfort is,
Though I speed not, I cannot misse.

Negative love. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Negative Love: or the Nothing. O'F: The Nothing. A25, C 4 to'admire, 1633-39: to'admire; 1650-69 5 For] Both A25, C 11 way] means 1669, O'F 16 nothing; 1633: nothing. 1635-69

The Prohibition.

TAke heed of loving mee,
 At least remember, I forbade it thee;
 Not that I shall repaire my'unthrifty waft
 Of Breath and Blood, upon thy sighes, and teares,
 By being to thee then what to me thou waft; 5
 But, so great Joy, our life at once outweares,
 Then, least thy love, by my death, frustrate bee,
 If thou love mee, take heed of loving mee.

Take heed of hating mee,
 Or too much triumph in the Victorie. 10
 Not that I shall be mine owne officer,
 And hate with hate againe retaliate;
 But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,
 If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
 Then, least my being nothing lessen thee, 15
 If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee.

Yet, love and hate mee too,
 So, these extreames shall neithers office doe;
 Love mee, that I may die the gentler way;
 Hate mee, because thy love is too great for mee; 20
 Or let these two, themselves, not me decay;
 So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph bee;

The Prohibition. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O'F, S96: in B first two verses headed J. D., last verse T. R.: in A18, N, S96, TCC, TCD the last stanza is omitted 3
 repaire my'unthrifty waft] repay in unthrifty a waft, 1669 5 By . . .
 waft; Ed: By . . . waft, 1635-69, B, Cy, H40, O'F, P, RP31, S96 (mee
 for thee B, P): By being to mee then that which thou waft; 1633: om.
 A18, D, H40, H49, N, TC 18 neithers Ed: neythers D, H40, H49, JC:
 neyther O'F, RP31: neyther their Cy: ne'r their 1633-69, B 20 thy
 1635-69: my 1633 (thy in some copies) 22 I, live, Ed: I live 1633-69
 Stage, 1635-69, B, Cy, H40, O'F: flay, 1633, JC: flaye, D, H49 not]
 and H40

Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe,
To let mee live, O love and hate mee too.

The Expiration.

SO, fo, breake off this last lamenting kisse,
 Which sucks two foules, and vapors Both away,
 Turne thou ghost that way, and let mee turne this,
 And let our felves benight our happiest day,
 We ask'd none leave to love; nor will we owe 5
 Any, so cheape a death, as faying, Goe;

Goe; and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,
 Ease mee with death, by bidding mee goe too.
 Oh, if it have, let my word worke on mee,
 And a just office on a murderer doe. 10
 Except it be too late, to kill me so,
 Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

23-4 Left thou thy love and hate and mee undoe
To let mee live, Oh (of in some copies) love and hate mee too. 1633, B
 Then left thou thy love hate, and mee thou undoe
O let me live, yet love and hate me too. 1635-54, Cy, D, H40, H49,
JC, O'F (MSS. omitting first thou and some with Oh for yet)
 Left thou thy love, and hate, and me thou undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too. 1669.

The Expiration. 1633-69: An Expiration. A18, N, TCC, TCD:
 Valediction. B: Valedictio. O'F: Valedictio Amoris. S: Valedico. P: no
 title, A25, C, JC 1 So, fo,] So, go 1669 5 ask'd A18, A25, B, C,
 JC, N, O'F, S96, TC: aske 1633-69, P, S 9 Oh, 1633, A18, A25, JC,
 N, TC: Or, 1635-69, B, O'F, S, S96

The

The Computation.

FOr the first twenty yeares, since yesterday,
 I scarce beleev'd, thou could'st be gone away,
 For forty more, I fed on favours past,
 And forty'on hopes, that thou would'st, they might last.
 Teares drown'd one hundred, and sighes blew out two, 5
 A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
 Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
 Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
 Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
 Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghosts die? 10

The Paradox.

NO Lover faith, I love, nor any other
 Can judge a perfect Lover;
 Hee thinkes that else none can, nor will agree
 That any loves but hee:
 I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say 5
 Hee was kill'd yesterday?
 Love with excessse of heat, more yong then old,
 Death kills with too much cold;
 Wee dye but once, and who lov'd last did die,
 Hee that faith twice, doth lye: 10
 For though hee seeme to move, and stirre a while,
 It doth the sence beguile.

The Computation. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no title, B, O'F, S
 1 For 1633-54: From 1669 the 1633, A18, N, TC: my 1635-69, B,
 O'F, S, Chambers 3 For] And 1669 6 One thousand
 I did think nothing nor doe, S, O'F (nothing think) doe, 1635-69: doe. 1633
 7 divide, 1633, 1669: deem'd, 1635-54, O'F 8 a] one O'F, S: line
 dropped A18, N, TC forgot] forget 1669, A18, N, O'F, S, TC
 The Paradox. 1635-69: no title, 1633, A18, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, S96
 TCC, TCD 3 can, nor will agree A18, H40, N, O'F, S, TC: can or
 will agree, 1633-69 6 yesterday?] yesterday. 1633-39

Such life is like the light which bideth yet
 When the lights life is fet,
 Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter 15
 Leaves behinde, two houres after.
 Once I lov'd and dy'd; and am now become
 Mine Epitaph and Tombe.
 Here dead men speake their last, and so do I;
 Love-flaine, loe, here I lye. 20

Farewell to love.

W Hilft yet to prove,
 I thought there was some Deitie in love
 So did I reverence, and gave
 Worship; as Atheists at their dying houre
 Call, what they cannot name, an unknowne power, 5
 As ignorantly did I crave:
 Thus when
 Things not yet knowne are coveted by men,
 Our desires give them fashon, and so
 As they waxe leffer, fall, as they sife, grow. 10
 But, from late faire
 His hignesse sitting in a golden Chaire,
 Is not leffe cared for after three dayes
 By children, then the thing which lovers so
 Blindly admire, and with such worship wooe; 15
 Being had, enjoying it decays:
 And thence,
 What before pleas'd them all, takes but one fense,
 And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde
 A kinde of forrowing dulnesse to the minde. 20

14 lights life *H40, L74, RP31, S*: lifes light 1633-69, *A18, N, O'F, S96, TC*
 15 which *Ed*: which, 1633-69 17 lov'd *A18, H40, L74, N, O'F, S, TC*: love 1633-69 dy'd] dyed 1633-69 20 lye. *H40, RP31, S, S96*: dye. 1633-69, *A18, L74, N, O'F, TC*

Farewell to love. 1635-69 (*following Soules joy*: p. 429), *O'F, S96* 4
 Worship; *Ed*: Worship, 1635-69 10 sife, 1635-69, *O'F*: rise *S96*
 Ah

Ah cannot wee,
 As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
 After such pleafures? Unleffe wife
 Nature decreed (ſince each ſuch A&t, they ſay,
 Diminiſheth the length of life a day) 25
 This, as ſhee would man ſhould deſpife
 The ſport;
 Becauſe that other curſe of being ſhort,
 And onely for a minute made to be,
 (Eagers deſire) to raiſe poſterity. 30
 Since ſo, my minde
 Shall not deſire what no man elſe can finde,
 I'll no more dote and runne
 To purſue things which had indammag'd me.
 And when I come where moving beauties be, 35
 As men doe when the ſummers Sunne
 Growes great,
 Though I admire their greatneſſe, ſhun their heat;
 Each place can afford ſhadowes. If all faile,
 'Tis but applying worme-feed to the Taile. 40

A Lecture upon the Shadow.

STand ſtill, and I will read to thee
 A Lecture, Love, in loves philoſophy.
 Theſe three houres that we have ſpent,
 Walking here, Two ſhadowes went

23 pleaſures? *Ed:* pleaſures, 1635-69 26 This, *Ed:* This;
 1635-69 27 ſport; *Ed:* ſport, 1635-69 29 to be, *Ed:*
 to be 1635-69 30 (Eagers deſire) *Ed:* Eager, deſires 1635-69. *See*
note 36 ſummers 1635-39: ſummer 1650-69
 A Lecture &c. 1650-69: Lecture &c, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Song.
 1635-39 (*following* Dear Love continue: p. 412): The Shadowe. O'F,
 P: Shadowe. S96: Loves Lecture. S: Loves Lecture upon the Shaddow.
 L74: Loves Philoſophy. JC: no title, A25, B, C, D, H40, H49, Lec
 4 Walking 1635-69, A18, A25, N, TC: In walking B, D, H40, H49, JC,
 Lec, S96 here, 1719: here; 1635-39: here: 1650-69

Along with us, which we our felves produc'd; 5
 But, now the Sunne is juft above our head,
 We doe thofe fhadowes tread;
 And to brave clearneffe all things are reduc'd.
 So whilft our infant loves did grow,
 Disguifes did, and fhadowes, flow, 10
 From us, and our cares; but, now 'tis not fo.
 That love hath not attain'd the high't degree,
 Which is ftill diligent left others fee.
 Except our loves at this noone ftay,
 We fhall new fhadowes make the other way. 15
 As the firft were made to blinde
 Others; thefe which come behinde
 Will worke upon our felves, and blind our eyes.
 If our loves faint, and weftwardly decline;
 To me thou, falfly, thine, 20
 And I to thee mine aétions fhall difguife.
 The morning fhadowes weare away,
 But thefe grow longer all the day,
 But oh, loves day is fhort, if love decay.
 Love is a growing, or full conftant light; 25
 And his firft minute, after noone, is night.

Sonnet. The Token.

SEND me fome token, that my hope may live,
 Or that my eafelefse thoughts may fleep and reft;
 Send me fome honey to make fweet my hive,
 That in my paffion I may hope the beft.

9 loves 1635-54, A18, L74, N, TC: love 1669, B, D, H40, H49, JC,
 Lec, O'F, S 12 high't] leaft B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, S, S96
 14 loves 1635-69, A18, A25, L74, N, TC: love B, D, H40, H49, JC, Lec,
 O'F, S, S96 19 If our loves faint 1635-69, A25, O'F (love), P, S96 (love),
 TC: If once love faint B, D, H40, H49, JC, S 26 firft A18, A25,
 B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC: fhort 1635-69
 Sonnet. The Token. 1649-69 (following Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats
 Crudities. at close of Epicedes): Ad Lesbiam. S96: no title, B, Cy:
 Sonnet. O'F: Elegie. P 1 token B, O'F, S96: Tokens 1650-69, P
 4 paffion S96: paffions 1650-69, B, P

I beg

I beg noe ribbond wrought with thine owne hands, 5
 To knit our loves in the fantaftick ftaine
 Of new-tought youth; nor Ring to shew the ftands
 Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,
 So should our loves meet in simplicity;
 No, nor the Coralls which thy wrift infold, 10
 Lac'd up together in congruity,
 To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
 No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
 And most desir'd, because best like the best;
 Nor witty Lines, which are most copious, 15
 Within the Writings which thou hast addrest.
 Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my store,
 But swear thou thinkst I love thee, and no more.

⟨*Selfe Love.*⟩

HE that cannot chuse but love,
 And strives against it still,
 Never shall my fancy move;
 For he loves 'gaynst his will;
 Nor he which is all his own, 5
 And can att pleasure chuse,
 When I am caught he can be gone,
 And when he list refuse.
 Nor he that loves none but faire,
 For such by all are fought; 10
 Nor he that can for foul ones care,
 For his Judgement then is nought:

5 noe *B, O'F, P, S96*: nor 1650-69 9 simplicity; *Ed*: simplicity.
 1650-69 11 in 1650-69: with *B, O'F, S96* 12 hold; *Ed*: hold.
 1650-69 14 desir'd because . . . best; *B, O'F, S96*: desired 'cause 'tis
 like thee best; 1650-54: desired 'cause 'tis like the best; 1669, *Chambers*
 17 store, *B, O'F, P, S96*: score, 1650-69
 ⟨*Selfe Love.*⟩ title given by *Chambers*: no title, 1650-69 (in appendix),
JC, O'F 4 'gaynst *JC, O'F*: against 1650-69 6 And
 can . . . chuse, *JC*: And cannot pleasure chuse, 1650-69: And can all
 pleasures chuse, *O'F* 11 foul ones] fouleneſs *O'F*

Nor he that hath wit, for he
 Will make me his jest or slave ;
 Nor a fool, for when others . . . , 15
 He can neither
 Nor he that still his Mistresse payes,
 For she is thrall'd therefore :
 Nor he that payes not, for he fayer
 Within, shee's worth no more. 20
 Is there then no kinde of men
 Whom I may freely prove ?
 I will vent that humour then
 In mine own selfe love.

14 slave; 1719: slave 1650-69
 17 payes, *JC, O'F*: prays, 1650-69
 20 Within, *Ed*: Within 1650-69

15 fool, 1719: fool 1650-69
 19 payes not,] payes, not, 1650-69

The end of the Songs and Sonets.

EPIGRAMS.

Hero and Leander.

BOth rob'd of aire, we both lye in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

TWo, by themselves, each other, love and feare
Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

Niobe.

BY childrens births, and death, I am become
So dry, that I am now mine owne fad tombe.

A burnt ship.

OUt of a fired ship, which, by no way
But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Neere the foes ships, did by their shot decay;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship
drown'd.

Hero and Leander. 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

Pyramus and Thisbe. 1633-69, A18, Cy, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W

¹ feare] feare, *Chambers*, and *Grolier* (*which drops all the other commas*)

Niobe. 1633-69, A18, HN, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W ² mine owne
fad tombe. *1633-69: mine owne tombe. A18, N, TC: made mine owne*
tombe. HN, W

A burnt ship. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: Nave arfa. W: De
Nave arfa. O'F. See note

Fall

Fall of a wall.

VNder an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall
 A too-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall,
 Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envi'd,
 That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide.

A lame begger.

I Am unable, yonder begger cries,
 To stand, or move ; if he say true, hee *lies*.

Cales and Guyana.

IF you from spoyle of th'old worlds farthest end
 To the new world your kindled valors bend,
 What brave examples then do prove it trew
 That one things end doth still beginne a new.

Sir Iohn Wingefield.

BEyond th'old Pillers many have travailed
 Towards the Suns cradle, and his throne, and bed :
 A fitter Piller our Earle did bestow
 In that late Island ; for he well did know
 Farther then Wingefield no man dares to goe.

A selfe accuser.

YOur mistris, that you follow whores, still taxeth you :
 'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though't
 be true.

Fall of a wall. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: Cafo d'un muro. *O'F, W* 4 towne 1633 and *MSS.*: towre 1635-69 bones 1633-69, *A18, N, TC*: corpe *B, HN, O'F, W*

A lame begger. 1633-69, *A18, N, TC*: A beggar. *HN*: no title, *P*: Zoppo. *O'F, W*

Cales and Guyana. *O'F*: Calez &c. *W*: first printed in *Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne* (1899)

Sir Iohn Wingefield. *Ed*: Il Cavalliere Gio: Wingef: *W*: On Cavallero Wingfield. *O'F*: first printed in *Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne* (1899) 2 throne *W*: grave *O'F* 4 late *W*: Lady *O'F*

A selfe accuser. 1633-69: A Mistrisse. *HN*: no title, *B, O'F, W* 2 that] *om.* *HN, O'F, W* thus] *om.* *HN, O'F, W* it] *om.* *HN, O'F*
A licentious

A licentious person.

THy finnes and haire may no man equall call,
For, as thy finnes increafe, thy haire doe fall.

Antiquary.

IF in his Studie he hath so much care
To'hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

Disinherited.

THy father all from thee, by his last Will,
Gave to the poore; Thou hast good title still.

Phryne.

THy flattering picture, *Phryne*, is like thee,
Onely in this, that you both painted be.

An obscure writer.

PHilo, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev'd
To be understood; when will hee be beleev'd?

Klockius.

KLockius so deeply hath fworne, ne'r more to come
In bawdie house, that hee dares not goe home.

A licentious person. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: Whore. *HN*: no title, *O'F, RP3I, W* 1 Thy | His and so throughout, *RP3I*

Antiquary. 1633-69, *A18, N, P, TCC, TCD, W*: Hammon. *HN*: no title, *Bur, Cy, O'F*: Epigram. *S96* 1 he hath so much 1633-69: he have such *A18, N, TC*: Hamon hath such *B, Cy, HN* (have), *O'F, S96, W* 2 strange om. *B, HN, O'F* all om. *Bur*

Disinherited. 1633-69: One disinherited. *HN*: no title, *Cy, O'F, P, W* 1 Will, *Ed*: Will 1633-69

Phryne. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: no title, *O'F* 1 like thee, | like to thee, 1650-69

An obscure writer. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: no title, *O'F* 1 griev'd *Ed*: griev'd, 1633-69 2 To be *Ed*: To'be 1633-69 underflood; *Ed*: underflood, 1633-69 beleev'd? | beleev'd. 1633

Klockius. *HN*: no title, 1633-69, *Bur, O'F* 1 *Klockius*] Rawlings *Bur* 2 In bawdie] In a bawdie *HN*

Raderus.

Raderus.

WHy this man gelded *Martiall* I muse,
 Except himselfe alone his tricks would use,
 As *Katherine*, for the Courts fake, put downe Stewes.

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus.

LIKE *Efops* fellow-slaves, O *Mercury*,
 Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
 Like *Efops* selfe, which nothing; I confesse
 I should have had more faith, if thou hadst lesse;
 Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sinne to doe,
 In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
 To beleve all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but lyeft like a *Greeke*.

Ralphius.

COMPASSION in the world againe is bred:
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

The Lier.

THou in the fields walkst out thy supping howers,
 And yet thou swear'st thou hast supp'd like a king:
 Like *Nebuchadnezar* perchance with grafs and flowers,
 A fallet worfe then Spanish dieting.

Raderus. 1633-69, A18, N, TCD: Raderus. TCC: Martial: castratus.
W 1 *Martiall* I muse, 1633-54: *Martiall*, I amuse, 1669

Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus. 1633-69, A18, B, N, O'F, S, TCC, TCD, W
 8 but lyeft 1633-69: and lyeft *B, W*

Ralphius. HN: no title, 1633-69, O'F

The Lier. HN: no title, B, Bur, Cy, O'F, P, W 2 swear'st *HN, W:*
 say'st *B, Cy, O'F* 3 grafs] hearbes *Bur* supp'd like] supp'd and like *HN*

ELEGIES.

ELEGIE I.

Jealousie.

Fond woman, which would'ſt have thy husband die,
 And yet complain'ſt of his great jealousie;
 If ſwolne with poyſon, hee lay in'his laſt bed,
 His body with a fere-barke covered,
 Drawing his breath, as thick and ſhort, as can 5
 The nimbleſt crocheting Muſitian,
 Ready with loathſome vomiting to ſpue
 His Soule out of one hell, into a new,
 Made deafe with his poore kindreds howling cries,
 Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies, 10
 Thou would'ſt not weepe, but jolly, and frolicke bee,
 As a ſlave, which to morrow ſhould be free;
 Yet weep'ſt thou, when thou ſeeſt him hungerly
 Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousie.
 O give him many thanks, he'is courteous, 15
 That in ſuſpecting kindly warneth us.
 Wee muſt not, as wee us'd, flout openly,
 In ſcoffing ridles, his deformitie;
 Nor at his boord together being ſatt,
 With words, nor touch, ſcarce lookes adulterate. 20
 Nor when he ſwolne, and pamper'd with great fare,
 Sits downe, and ſnorts, cag'd in his basket chaire,
 Muſt wee uſurpe his owne bed any more,
 Nor kiſſe and play in his houſe, as before.

Elegie I. Jealousie. 1635-54: Elegie I. 1633 and 1669: no title or
 Elegie (numbered variously, according to scheme adopted) A18, A25, B, Cy,
 D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 1 woman,] woman
 1633 4 fere-barke 1633-54, B, Cy, H49, Lec, O'F, S, W: fere-cloth
 1669, D, P: ſore barke A18, A25, JC, N, TC 10 few] ſome few A18,
 N, TC 12 free; Ed: free, 1633-69: free. D 16 us.
 1633-35: us, 1639-69 21 great 1633-54, A18, A25, D, H49, JC, Lec,
 N, S, TC, W: high 1669, B, O'F, P, S96: his Cy fare, Ed: fare 1633-69
 Now

Now I see many dangers ; for that is 25
 His realme, his castle, and his dioceffe.
 But if, as envious men, which would revile
 Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themselves exile
 Into another countrie, and doe it there,
 Wee play' in another house, what should we feare? 30
 There we will scorne his household policies,
 His feely plots, and pensionary spies,
 As the inhabitants of Thames right side
 Do Londons Major ; or Germans, the Popes pride.

ELEGIE II.

The Anagram.

MARRY, and love thy *Flavia*, for, shee
 Hath all things, whereby others beautilous bee,
 For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great,
 Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat,
 Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough, 5
 And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough ;
 What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red,
 Give her thine, and she hath a maydenhead.
 These things are beauties elements, where these
 Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please. 10

25 Now . . . dangers ;] Now do I see my danger ; 1669 that all
 MSS. : it 1633-69 26 dioceffe] Diocys D: Diocis W 27-29
 (as envious . . . do it there,) 1669 30 another] others 1669
 We into some third place retired were B, O'F, P, S, 96 34 Major ;
 1650-54 : Major, 1633-39 : Mayor ; 1669

Eleg. II. The Anagram. 1635-54 : Elegie II. 1633, 1669 : Elegie.
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P,
 S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 4 they] theirs 1669, S96 teeth be 1633-69, D,
 H49, JC, Lec : teeth are A18, A25, B, Cy, L74, M, N, O'F, S, TC, W 6
 hair fall] hair's foul 1669 is rough 1633, 1669, A18, A25, B, D, H49,
 JC, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, TC, W : is tough 1635-54, O'F, Chambers

If red and white and each good quality
 Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lye.
 In buying things perfum'd, we aske; if there
 Be muske and amber in it, but not where.
 Though all her parts be not in th'usuall place, 15
 She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face.
 If we might put the letters but one way,
 In the leane dearth of words, what could wee say?
 When by the Gamut some Musitions make
 A perfect song, others will undertake, 20
 By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it.
 Things simply good, can never be unfit.
 She's faire as any, if all be like her,
 And if none bee, then she is singular.
 All love is wonder; if wee justly doe 25
 Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too?
 Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies,
 Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
 Women are all like Angels; the faire be
 Like those which fell to worse; but such as shee, 30
 Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire:
 'Tis lesse grieve to be foule, then to'have beene faire.
 For one nights revels, filke and gold we chuse,
 But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use.
 Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say, 35
 There is best land, where there is foulest way.
 Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee,
 If thy past sinnes have taught thee jealousy!
 Here needs no spies, nor eunuches; her commit
 Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmoset. 40
 When Belgiaes citties, the round countries drowne,
 That durty fouleneffe guards, and armes the towne:

16 an Anagram] the Anagrams 1669 18 the 1633: that 1635-69
 words 1633-69, *A25, B, L74, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC*: letters *D, Cy, H49, W*
 22 unfit. *D*: unfit; 1633-69 28 deformities.] deformities; 1633
 29 faire] fairer *S, S96* 35 say,] say 1633 37 bee,] bee 1633
 41-2 When Belgiaes . . . towne: 1633-54: Like Belgia's cities when the

So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee,
 Which, forc'd by businesse, absent oft must bee,
 Shee, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night, 45
 Who, mightier then the sea, makes Moores seem white,
 Who, though seaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid,
 A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid,
 And though in childbeds labour she did lie,
 Midwives would sweare, 'twere but a tympanie, 50
 Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit lesse
 Then witches, which impossibles confesse,
 Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, and her Velvet Glasse
 Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was:
 One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were, 55
 For, things in fashion every man will weare.

ELEGIE III.

Change.

Although thy hand and faith, and good workes too,
 Have seal'd thy love which nothing should undoe,
 Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie
 Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee.
 Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none, 5
 Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne.

Country is drown'd, That . . towns; 1669: Like Belgia's cities the round country drowns, That . . towns, *Chambers: MSS. agree with 1633-54, but before countries read variously round (A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, P, TC, W), lowe (B), foul (O'F, S, S96, which read country drowns . . towns) 49 childbeds 1633-54, Lec, W: childbirths 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, O'F, P, S, S96, TC 52 confesse, Ed: confesse. 1633-69 53-4 Whom . . . Joseph was: 1669 and all MSS [or a Velvet 1669]: om. 1633-54*

Eleg. III. Change. 1635-54: Elegie III. 1633, 1669: no title or Elegy (numbered variously) A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 1 workes] word 1669 4 Confirme] Confirms 1669, A25, L74, P 5 Women] Women, 1633 forc'd unto none] forbid to none B

If I have caught a bird, and let him flie,
 Another fouler using these meanes, as I,
 May catch the same bird; and, as these things bee,
 Women are made for men, not him, nor mee. 10
 Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please,
 Shall women, more hot, wily, wild then these,
 Be bound to one man, and did Nature then
 Idly make them apter to'endure then men?
 They're our clogges, not their owne; if a man bee 15
 Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free;
 Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corne there,
 And yet allowes his ground more corne should beare;
 Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
 The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po. 20
 By nature, which gave it, this liberty
 Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee?
 Likeness glue love: and if that thou so doe,
 To make us like and love, must I change too?
 More then thy hate, I hate't, rather let mee 25
 Allow her change, then change as oft as shee,
 And soe not teach, but force my'opinion
 To love not any one, nor every one.
 To live in one land, is captivitie,
 To runne all countries, a wild roguery; 30
 Waters stincke soone, if in one place they bide,
 And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd:
 But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this
 Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse,
 Then are they purest; Change's the nursery 35
 Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity.

8 these 1633-54, D, H49, Lec: those 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, JC, L74, N, P, TC, W 11 Foxes and goats; all beasts 1633-54: Foxes, goats and all beasts 1669 13 did] bid 1669 17 a plow-land] plow-lands P 18 corne] feed P 20 Rhene,] Rhine, 1669 Po. 1633: Po, 1635-69 21 liberty 1633: libertie. 1635-69 23 and ... doe,] then if so thou do, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W 24 like i.e. alike as in A18, N, TC 31 bide] abide 1669 32 more putrifi'd 1633-39: more purifi'd 1650-54: worfe purifi'd 1669: worfe putrifi'd A18, A25, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W: worst putrifi'd B, H49, JC

ELEGIE IV.

The Perfume.

ONce, and but once found in thy company,
 All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on mee;
 And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there
 By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare,
 So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd) 5
 By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd.
 Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes,
 As though he came to kill a Cockatrice,
 Though hee hath oft sworne, that hee would remove
 Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love, 10
 Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene,
 Yet close and secret, as our soules, we have beene.
 Though thy immortall mother which doth lye
 Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye,
 Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light, 15
 And watch thy entries, and returnes all night,
 And, when she takes thy hand, and would seeme kind,
 Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde,
 And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
 And fearing least thou'art swolne, doth thee embrace; 20
 To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates,
 And notes thy palenesse, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
 And politiquely will to thee confesse
 The finnes of her owne youths ranke luftinesse;
 Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move 25

Eleg. IV. The Perfume. 1635-54 : Elegie IV. 1633, 1669 : Elegie.
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, C, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96,
 TCC, TCD, W : Discovered by a Perfume. B : no title, Cy, HN 2 sup-
 pos'd escapes] supposed scapes 1669, P 4 By] For P 7-8 1635-69
 and MSS. generally : om. 1633, D, H49, Lec 9 hath] have A18, A25,
 L74, N, P, TC, W 15 Takes] Take A18, A25, N, P, TC, W 21
 To trie &c. 1633, D, H49, S (dost long) : And to trie &c. 1635-69, A18,
 A25, L74, N, O'F, S96 (longest), TC meates, 1635-69 : meates. 1633
 22 blushing 1633-54, A18, A25, JC, N, TC : blushes 1669 : blushings B, D,
 H49, HN, L74, Lec, O'F, P, W

Thee

Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love.
 Thy little brethren, which like Faiery Sprights
 Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,
 And kift, and ingled on thy fathers knee,
 Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see: 30
 The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,
 That oft names God in oathes, and onely than,
 He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide
 As the great Rhodian Coloffus stride,
 Which, if in hell no other paines there were, 35
 Makes mee feare hell, because he must be there:
 Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
 Could never witnesse any touch or kisse.
 But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee
 That, which betray'd mee to my enemie: 40
 A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed
 Even at thy fathers nose, so were wee spied.
 When, like a tyran King, that in his bed
 Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered.
 Had it beene some bad smell, he would have thought 45
 That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.
 But as wee in our Ile emprisoned,
 Where cattell onely, and diuerse dogs are bred,
 The pretious Vnicornes, strange monstres call,
 So thought he good, strange, that had none at all. 50
 I taught my filkes, their whistling to forbear,
 Even my opprest shoes, dumbe and speechlesse were,
 Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
 Next mee, mee traiterously hast betraid,
 And unsuspected hast invisibly 55
 At once fled unto him, and staid with mee.
 Base excrement of earth, which dost confound

29 ingled] dandled 1669 30 see: 1635-69 : see. 1633 31 grim
 eight-foot-high iron-bound *Ed.*: grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound 1633-69
 37 to 1633-69 : for *MSS.* 38 kisse.] kisse; 1633 40 my 1633 :
 mine 1635-69 44 Smelt] Smells 1669 shivered. *A18, D, H49, L74,*
N, TC, W: shivered; 1633-69 : shivered, *Chambers and Grolier.* See note
 46 that smell] the smell 1669 49 monstres *Ed.*: monstres, 1633-69
 50 good,] sweet 1669 53 bitter sweet, 1633-39: bitter-sweet, 1650-69
 Sense,

Sense, from distinguishing the sicke from sound;
 By thee the feely Amorous sucks his death
 By drawing in a leproous harlots breath; 60
 By thee, the greatestt staine to mans estate
 Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
 Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall,
 There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall;
 Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well, 65
 Because you were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell;
 You are loathsome all, being taken simply alone,
 Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one?
 If you were good, your good doth soone decay;
 And you are rare, that takes the good away. 70
 All my perfumes, I give most willingly
 To embalme thy fathers corse; What? will hee die?

ELEGIE V.

His Picture.

Here take my Picture; though I bid farewell,
 Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell.
 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more
 When wee are shadowes both, then'twas before.
 When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand, 5
 Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun beams tann'd,
 My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head
 With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread,

60 breath; 1650-69: breath, 1633-39 64 substantiall; *Ed*: sub-
 stantiall. 1633-69 66 you were] you'er 1669 smell; 1635-39:
 smell, 1633, 1669: smel 1650-54 71 All] And Chambers

Eleg. V. His Picture. 1635-54: Elegie V. 1633, 1669: Elegye.
 (numbered variously) A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCC,
 TCD, W: The Picture. P: Travelling he leaves his Picture with his
 mystris. B 1 Picture; . . . farewell, *Ed*: Picture, . . . farewell;
 1633: rest semicolon or colon after each 8 With cares rash sodaine
 stormes, being o'rspread, 1633, A18, N, TC: With cares rash, cruel, sudden
 storms o'erspread P: With cares rash-sudden cruel-storms o'erprest B:
 My

My body'a sack of bones, broken within,
 And powders blew stains scatter'd on my skinne; 10
 If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man,
 So foule, and course, as, Oh, I may seeme than,
 This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
 Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay?
 Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee 15
 Should now love lesse, what hee did love to see?
 That which in him was faire and delicate,
 Was but the milke, which in loves childifh state
 Did nurse it: who now is growne strong enough
 To feed on that, which to difused tafts seemes tough. 20

ELEGIE VI.

OH, let mee not serve so, as those men serve
 Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and sterve;
 Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes;
 Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes
 As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still 5
 Their Princes stiles, with many Realmes fulfill

With cares rash sudden storms o'erpressed *S, Sg6*: With cares rash sudden
 storms o'erspread *Cy, D, H49, Lec*: With cares rash sodaine horinefs o'er-
 spread *A25, JC, W*: With cares harsh sodaine horineffe o'rspredd, 1635-
 69, *O'F* 16 now love lesse, 1633-69, *A18, N, TC*: like and love
 less *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S, Sg6, W* 19 nurse] nourish
A18, N, P, S, TC strong] tough *P* 20 difused *Ed*: difus'd
 1633-39, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, Sg6, TC, W*: weake
 1650-69 tough.] rough. *P*

Eleg. VI. 1635-69: Elegie VII. 1633 (Elegie VI. being Sorrow who
 to this house &c. See Epicedes &c., p. 287): Elegie. (numbered vari-
 ously) *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, Sg6, TCC,*
TCd, W 2 fatten] flatter 1669, *A18, B, Cy, L74, N, TC* 3 or] and
A18, Cy, L74, N, P, TC 6 stiles, 1633-69, *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, JC,*
L74, Lec, N, P, Sg6, TC, W: style *A25, O'F, S, Chambers and Grosart* with
 all MSS., *Chambers and Grosart*: which (probably by confusion of w^{ch} and
 wth) 1633-69 Realmes] names 1669

Whence

Whence they no tribute have, and where no fway.
 Such services I offer as shall pay
 Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let mee
 Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee. 10
 When my Soule was in her owne body sheath'd,
 Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
 Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee,
 Thy heart seem'd waxe, and steele thy constancie:
 So, carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face, 15
 The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace,
 Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beamic eye
 Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie,
 Yet burnes his wings; and such the devill is,
 Scarce vifiting them, who are intirely his. 20
 When I behold a streame, which, from the spring,
 Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring,
 Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmly ride
 Her wedded channels bosome, and then chide
 And bend her browes, and swell if any bough 25
 Do but stoop downe, or kisse her upmost brow;
 Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne
 The traitorous banke to gape, and let her in,
 She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
 Her from her native, and her long-kept course, 30
 And rores, and braves it, and in gallant sorne,
 In flattering eddies promising retorne,
 She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie;
 Then say I; that is shee, and this am I.
 Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse beget 35
 Carelesse despaire in mee, for that will whet
 My minde to sorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine

7 where] bear 1669 14 constancie: 1635-69: constancie. 1633
 24 then 1633, B, D, H49, Lec, S, S96, W: there 1635-69, A18, A25, Cy, JC,
 N, O'F, P, TC, Chambers 26 upmost 1633 and most MSS: utmost
 1635-69, O'F, Chambers brow; Ed: brow: 1633-39: brow. 1650-69
 28 banke A18, D, H49, JC, N, S, TC, W: banks 1633-69, Lec, O'F 33
 the 1633, D, H49, Lec: her 1635-69, A18, N, TC who 1633, A18, A25,
 B, Cy, D, JC, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, S, S96, TC: which 1635-69, O'F 37
 Oh,] Ah, 1669

Was ne'r so wife, nor well arm'd as disdaine.
 Then with new eyes I shall survey thee, and spie
 Death in thy cheekes, and darknesse in thine eye. 40
 Though hope bred faith and love; thus taught, I shall
 As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.
 My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
 I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
 Am the Recufant, in that resolute state, 45
 What hurts it mee to be'excommunicate?

ELEGIE VII.

NAtures lay Ideot, I taught thee to love,
 And in that sophistrie, Oh, thou dost prove
 Too subtile: Foole, thou didst not understand
 The mystique language of the eye nor hand:
 Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire 5
 Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despaire:
 Nor by the'eyes water call a maladie
 Desperately hot, or changing feaverously.
 I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet
 Of flowers, how they devisefully being set 10
 And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie
 Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually.

39 thee,'] *om.* 1669 40 eye. *Ed*: eye; 1633-54: eye: 1669:
 eye, *Chambers* 41 Though . . . love; 1633: 'Thouh . . . breed . .
 love: 1635-39: Though . . . breed . . . love 1650-69 ('Through . . . 1669) 42
 fall. 1633-35: fall 1639-69 43 outgrow] o'ergrow *Cy, P*
 Elegie VII. 1635-69: Elegie VIII. 1633: Elegye. (*numbered variously*)
 A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD, W 2
 Oh, . . . prove] Oh, how . . . prove 1669 6 despaire: 1635-69: despaire.
 1633 7 call 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F (*cor-*
rected from know), P, TC, W: know 1635-69: cast S, *Chambers and Grosart*
 10 they devisefully being set] their devise in being set *Cy, P* 12 arrands
 1633: errands 1635-69: meet errands B

Remember since all thy words us'd to bee
 To every fuitor; *I, if my friends agree*;
 Since, household charmes, thy husbands name to teach, 15
 Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach;
 And since, an houres discourse could scarce have made
 One answer in thee, and that ill arraid
 In broken proverbs, and torne sentences.
 Thou art not by so many duties his, 20
 That from the worlds Common having fever'd thee,
 Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor see,
 As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
 Refin'd thee into a blif-full Paradise.
 Thy graces and good words my creatures bee; 25
 I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,
 Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas
 Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in Glasfe?
 Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts force
 And leave him then, beeing made a ready horfe? 30

ELEGIE VIII.

The Comparifon.

AS the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still,
 As that which from chaf'd muskats pores doth trill,
 As the Almighty Balme of th'early East,
 Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast,
 And on her (brow) her skin such lustre sets, 5
 They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets.

14 agree; *Ed: agree. 1633-69* 21-2 That . . . nor see,] in brackets
 1669 24 Paradise] paradise 1633 25 words 1633-54, *A25, B, Cy,*
JC, N, O'F, P, W: works 1669, *A18, D, H49, Lec, TC* bee; *Ed: bee,*
1633-69 26 thee, 1633: thee: 1635-69 28 Glasfe? *Ed: glasse.*
1633-69

Eleg. VIII. The Comparifon. 1635-54: Elegie VIII. 1669: Elegie.
 1633: Elegie. (numbered variously) *A18, A25, B, C, Cy, JC, L74, N, O'F, P,*
S, S96, TCC, TCD, W 2 muskats] muskets 1669 4 breast, 1635-69:
 breast. 1633 5 (brow) *Ed: necke 1633-69 and MSS.* See note 6
 coronets. 1633-69, *A18, B, Cy, I.74, M, N, O'F, S96, TC:* carcanets. *A25,*
C, JC, S, W: carolettes. *P*

Ranke sweaty froth thy Mistresse's brow defiles,
 Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boiles,
 Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law
 Enforc'd, Sanferra's starved men did draw 10
 From parboild shooes, and bootes, and all the rest
 Which were with any soveraigne fatnes blest,
 And like vile lying stones in saffronde tinne,
 Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne.
 Round as the world's her head, on every side, 15
 Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide,
 Or that whereof God had such jealousie,
 As, for the ravishing thereof we die.
 Thy *head* is like a rough-hewne statue of jeat,
 Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set; 20
 Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
 Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace.
 Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest,
 Or Joves best fortunes urne, is her faire brest.
 Thine's like worme eaten trunks, cloth'd in seals skin, 25
 Or grave, that's dust without, and stinke within.
 And like that slender stalke, at whose end stands
 The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands.
 Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the ruffet skin
 Of men late scurg'd for madnes, or for sinne, 30
 Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate,
 Such is thy tann'd skins lamentable state.
 And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
 The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand.
 Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire, 35
 Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inspire
 Into th'earths worthlesse durt a foule of gold,

8 boiles, *Ed.*: boiles. 1633-69: in *MSS.* generally spelt as pronounced,
 biles or byles 13 vile lying stones 1635-54 and *MSS.*: vile stones lying
 1633, 1669 14 they hang *A18, B, JC, L74, M, N, O'F* (altered to it), *S,*
TC, W: it hangs 1633-69 19 a] *om.* 1635-39 26 grave] grav'd 1669
 dust 1633-69, *W*: durt *A18, A25, JC, M, N, O'F, P, S, TC* 28 hands. *W*:
 hands, 1633-69 34 thy gouty hand. 1635-69, *A18, A25, B, L74, N, O'F,*
P, S96, TC, W (hand; 1635-69): her gouty hand; 1633, *JC, S*: thy
 mistres hand; 1669 37 durt 1635-69: part 1633, from next line

Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold.
 Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne,
 Or like hot liquid metall's newly runne 40
 Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna
 Where round about the graffe is burnt away.
 Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
 As a worme sucking an invenom'd fore?
 Doth not thy fearefull hand in feeling quake, 45
 As one which gath'ring flowers, still feares a snake?
 Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
 As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent?
 So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice
 Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice, 50
 And such in searching wounds the Surgeon is
 As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kisse.
 Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
 She, and comparifons are odious.

ELEGIE IX.

The Autumnall.

NO Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace,
 As I have seen in one *Autumnall* face.
 Yong *Beauties* force our love, and that's a *Rape*,
 This doth but *counsaile*, yet you cannot scape.

46 feares] fear'd *A18, L74, N, O'F, TC, W* 48 when 1635-69 and
MSS.: where 1633 50 Are Priests . . . sacrifice,] A Priest is in his
 handling Sacrifice, 1669 51 such *A18, A25, B, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S,*
S96, TC, W: nice 1633-69

Eleg. IX. The Autumnall. 1635-54: Elegie. The Autumnall. 1633:
 Elegie IX. 1669: Elegie. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: Elegie Autumnall. *D,*
H40, H49, JC, Lec: An autumnall face: On the Ladie Sr Edward Herbert
 mothers Ladie Danvers. *B*: On the Lady Herbert afterwards Danvers. *O'F*:
 Widdow. *M, P*: A Paradox of an ould Woman. *S*: Elegie Autumnall on
 the Lady Shandoys. *S96*: no title, *L74* 1 Summer 1633: *Summers*
 1635-69 2 face. *Ed*: face, 1633-69 3 our love, 1633, *D, H49,*
Lec, S: our Loves, 1669: your love, 1635-54, *A18, A25, B, H40, L74, M,*
N, O'F, P, S96, TC

If t'were a *shame* to love, here t'were no *shame*, 5
Affection here takes *Reverences* name.
 Were her first yeares the *Golden Age*; That's true,
 But now shee's *gold* oft tried, and ever new.,
 That was her torrid and inflaming time,
 This is her tolerable *Tropique clyme*. 10
 Faire eyes, who askes more heate then comes from hence,
 He in a fever wishes pestilence.
 Call not these wrinkles, *graves*; If *graves* they were,
 They were *Loves graves*; for else he is no where.
 Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth sit 15
 Vow'd to this trench, like an *Anachorit*.
 And here, till hers, which must be his *death*, come,
 He doth not digge a *Grave*, but build a *Tombe*.
 Here dwells he, though he sojourn ev'ry where,
 In *Progresse*, yet his standing house is here. 20
 Here, where still *Evening* is; not *noone*, nor *night*;
 Where no *voluptuousnesse*, yet all *delight*.
 In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
 You may at *Revels*, you at *Counsaile*, sit.
 This is loves timber, youth his under-wood; 25
 There he, as wine in *June*, enrages blood,
 Which then comes seasonabliest, when our tast
 And appetite to other things, is past,
Xerxes strange *Lydian* love, the *Platane* tree,
 Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee, 30
 Or else becaufe, being yong, nature did blesse
 Her youth with ages glory, *Barrennesse*.
 If we love things long sought, *Age* is a thing
 Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.

6 *Affection* . takes *A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, S96, TC*: *Affections* . take *1633-69, JC, O'F* 8 shee's *1635-69, A18, A25, B, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC*: they're *1633*
 10 tolerable *1633, D, H40, H49, Lec, S*: habitable *1635-69, A18, A25, L74, M, N, O'F, P, TC* 14 for *1633*: or *1635-69* 15 Love]
 love *1633* 22 Where] Where's *O'F, S* 23 unto all] to all her *P*
 24 *Counsaile*, *Ed*: *counsaile*, *1633-54*: *counsaile* *1669* 26 enrages]
 brings *D, H49*: breeds *Lec* 27 seasonabliest, *1633*: seasonabliest,
1635-69 28 past.] past; *1633* 30 large *1633*: old *1635-69*

If tranſitory things, which ſoone decay, 35
Age muſt be lovelyeſt at the lateſt day.
 But name not *Winter-faces*, whoſe ſkin's ſlacke;
 Lanke, as an unthrifts purſe; but a ſoules ſacke;
 Whoſe *Eyes* ſeeke light within, for all here's ſhade;
 Whoſe *mouthes* are holes, rather worne out, then made; 40
 Whoſe every tooth to a ſeverall place is gone,
 To vexee their ſoules at *Reſurreſtion*;
 Name not theſe living *Deaths-heads* unto mee,
 For theſe, not *Ancient*, but *Antique* be.
 I hate extreames; yet I had rather ſtay 45
 With *Tombs*, then *Cradles*, to weare out a day.
 Since ſuch loves naturall lation is, may ſtill
 My love deſcend, and journey downe the hill,
 Not panting after growing beauties, ſo,
 I ſhall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe. 50

37 not] noe ſeveral MSS. 38 ſoules ſacke; 1633, 1669, and MSS.:
 foolles ſack; 1635-54 40 made; Ed: made 1633-54: made, 1669
 42 their ſoules] the ſoul 1669 43 *Deaths-heads* 1633: *Death-heads*
 1635-69, *Chambers*: death-shades *H40* 44 *Ancient*, . . . *Antique* 1633,
 1669, *D*, *H49*, *Lec*: *Ancients*, . *Antiques* 1635-54, *B*, *O'F*, *S*: ancient .
 antiques *A18*, *A25*, *H40*, *L74*, *M*, *N*, *TC* be. Ed: be; 1633 46 a]
 the 1669, *M*, *P* 47 naturall lation *A18*, *A25*, *B*, *D*, *H40*, *H49*, *L74*, *M*,
N, *P*, *S*, *TC* (ſometimes thus, natural-lation): motion naturall 1633: naturall
 ſlation 1635-69, *Lec*, *O'F* 50 ebbe out 1633: ebbe on 1635-69, *A18*.
A25, *B*, *D*, *H40*, *H49*, *JC*, *L74*, *Lec*, *M*, *N*, *O'F*, *P*, *S*, *TC*

ELEGIE X.

The Dreame.

I Mage of her whom I love, more then she,
 Whose faire impressiō in my faithfull heart,
 Makes mee her *Medall*, and makes her love mee,
 As Kings do coynes, to which their stamps impart
 The value: goe, and take my heart from hence, 5
 Which now is growne too great and good for me:
Honours oppresse weake spirits, and our sense
 Strong objects dull; the more, the lesse wee see.
 When you are gone, and *Reason* gone with you,
 Then *Fantasie* is Queene and Soule, and all; 10
 She can present joyes meaner then you do;
 Convenient, and more proportionall.
 So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,
 For, all our joyes are but fantastickall.
 And so I scape the paine, for paine is true; 15
 And sleepe which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
 After a such fruition I shall wake,
 And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
 And shall to love more thankfull Sonnets make,
 Then if more *honour*, *teares*, and *paines* were spent. 20
 But dearest heart, and dearer image stay;
 Alas, true joyes at best are *dreame* enough;
 Though you stay here you passe too fast away:
 For even at first lifes *Taper* is a snuffe.
 Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown 25
 Mad with much *heart*, then *ideott* with none.

Eleg. X. The Dreame. 1635-54: Elegie X. 1669: Elegie. 1633:
 Picture. 896: Elegie. or no title, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F,
 P, S, 896, TCC, TCD 7 sense] sense, 1633 8 dull; 1635-69:
 dull, 1633 16 out] up B, P, S 17 a such 1633-54: such a 1669
 22 dreame] dreams 1669

ELEGIE XI.

The Bracelet.

*Vpon the losse of his Mistresses Chaine, for which
he made satisfaction.*

NOT that in colour it was like thy haire,
 For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare :
 Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist,
 For so it had that good, which oft I mist :
 Nor for that filly old moralitie, 5
 That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee :
 Mourne I that I thy seavenfold chaine have lost ;
 Nor for the luck sake ; but the bitter cost.
 O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet
 No leaven of vile soder did admit ; 10
 Nor yet by any way have straid or gone
 From the first state of their Creation ;
 Angels, which heaven commanded to provide
 All things to me, and be my faithfull guide ;
 To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies ; 15
 To comfort my soule, when I lie or rise ;
 Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
 Sentence (dread judge) my sins great burden beare ?
 Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne,
 And punish't for offences not their owne ? 20
 They save not me, they doe not ease my paines,
 When in that hell they're burnt and tyed in chains.

Elegie XI. &c. Ed.: Eleg. XII. The Bracelet. &c. 1635 (Eleg. XI.
being Death, for which see p. 284): Eleg. XII. Vpon &c. 1639-54 (Eleg.
 IV. 1650-54, a misprint): Elegie XII. 1669: Elegie (numbered variously).
 The Bracelett. or The Chaine. A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, M, N,
 O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W 2 For . . . weare:] Armelets of that thou maist
 still let me weare: 1669 6 were knit, 1635-69: are knit Cy: are tyde
 A25, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, R212, S, S96, TCD, W: were tyde L74 love]
 loves 1669 11 way 1635-69: taynt S96, O'F, W: taynts B: fault A25,
 Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, P, S, TCD 15 great] old 1669 16
 rise; Ed: rise. 1635-69 22 chains. Ed.: chains: 1635-69

Were

Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not,
 For, most of these, their naturall Countreys rot
 I think possesseth, they come here to us, 25
 So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous;
 And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be,
 Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Iewishly.
 Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling,
 That are become as Catholique as their King, 30
 Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
 That (more than Canon shot) availles or lets;
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke
 Like many angled figures, in the booke
 Of some great Conjuror that would enforce 35
 Nature, as these doe justice, from her course;
 Which, as the soule quickens head, feet and heart,
 As streames, like veines, run through th'earth's every part,
 Visitt all Countries, and have silyly made
 Gorgeous *France*, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd; 40
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
 And mangled seventeen-headed *Belgia*.
 Or were it such gold as that wherewithall
 Almighty *Chymiques* from each minerall,
 Having by subtile fire a soule out-pull'd; 45
 Are dirtely and desperately gull'd:
 I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
 For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin.
 But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall
 I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all? 50

24 these 1635-54: them 1669 their naturall Countreys *Cy, O'F*:
 their Countreys naturall 1635-54, *P*: their naturall Countrey 1669, and rest
 of *MSS*. 26 ruinous; *Ed*: ruinous. 1635-69 28 Iewishly. *Ed*:
 Iewishly; 1635-69 35 great] dread 1669 36 course; *Ed*: course.
 1635-69 38 streames, *Ed*: streames 1635-69 40 ruin'd, ragged
 and decay'd; 1669, and *MSS*., but end stop varies: ruin'd: ragged and
 decay'd 1635: ruin'd: ragged and decay'd, 1639-54 42 *Belgia*. *Ed*:
Belgia: 1635-69 45 soule] Mercury *B* 47 they're in, 1635-69:
 therein, *Cy, P*: they were in, rest of *MSS*.

Much hope which they should nourish will be dead,
 Much of my able youth, and lustyhead
 Will vanish; if thou love let them alone,
 For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone;
 And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer 55
 Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for hire,
 May like a devill roare through every street;
 And gall the finders conscience, if they meet.
 Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjurer,
 That with phantastique scheames fills full much paper; 60
 Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
 And with whores, theeves, and murderers stufte his rents,
 So full, that though hee passe them all in sinne,
 He leaves himselfe no roome to enter in.
 But if, when all his art and time is spent, 65
 Hee say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content;
 Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,
 Because he is the mouth of destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,
 Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine; 70
 So in the first false angels, resteth still
 Wisdome and knowledge; but, 'tis turn'd to ill:
 As these should doe good works; and should provide
 Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride.
 And they are still bad angels; Mine are none; 75
 For, forme gives being, and their forme is gone:
 Pity these Angels; yet their dignities
 Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities.

51 dead, *Ed*: dead. 1635-69 52 lustyhead *Ed*: lusty head 1635-69
 53 vanish; *Ed*: vanish, 1635-69 if thou love let them alone, 1635-39;
 if thou Love let them alone, 1650-69: if thou, Love, let them alone;
Grolier (conjecturing atone) 54-5 gone; And *Ed*: gone, And
 1635-69, *Cy*, *P*: gone. Oh, rest of *MSS*. 58 conscience, if they
 meet. 1669 and *MSS*.: conscience, if hee meet. 1635-54, *JC*, *L74*, *P*
 60 scheames *D*, *H49*, *JC*, *Lec*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W*: scenes 1635-69, *Cy*, *L74*, *P*,
TCD 63 passe | place 1669 65 new par. 1635-69 But 1635-69,
Cy, *P*: And rest of *MSS*. 66 yet 1635-69, *Cy*, *P*: Oh rest of *MSS*.
 67 that 1635-54, *Cy*, *P*: the 1669 and rest of *MSS*. 70 chaine; *Ed*:
 chaine, 1635-69 74 pride. *Ed*: pride, 1635-69 76 being, *Ed*:
 being: 1635-69 77 Angels; yet *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *N*, *P*, *S*, *TCD*: Angels
 yet; 1635-69, *W*

But, thou art resolute; Thy will be done!
 Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne 80
 The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
 Vnto the fire these Martyrs I betray.
 Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)
 Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)
 Destin'd you might have beene to such an one, 85
 As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:
 One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,
 Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse.
 But, I am guilty of your sad decay;
 May your few fellows longer with me stay. 90
 But ô thou wretched finder whom I hate
 So, that I almost pittie thy estate:
 Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
 May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
 Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains, 95
 First mayst thou bee; then chaid to hellish paines;
 Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray
 Thy Countrey, and faile both of that and thy pay.
 May the next thing thou stoop'ft to reach, containe
 Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine; 100
 Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
 Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
 Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
 Itching desire, and no abilitie.
 May all the evils that gold ever wrought; 105
 All mischiefes that all devils ever thought;
 Want after plenty; poore and gouty age;
 The plagues of travellers; love; marriage
 Afflict thee, and at thy lives last moment,

79 done! *Ed.*: done; 1635-39: done: 1650-54: done? 1669 90
 few fellows] few-fellowes 1635-69 92 So, that 1635-69, *Cy*, *P*: So
 much that *A25*, *D*, *H49*, *JC* (as), *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *S*, *S96* (as), *TCD*, *W* (as):
 So much *B* estate] state *D*, *H49*, &c. 93 metal amongst all,
 amongst metals all, 1669, *Cy* 95 Here] Her 1639 98 that
MSS.: it 1635-69 thy] om. 1669 104 Itching] Itchy *MSS.*
 105 evils that gold ever 1635-69, *P*: hurt that ever gold hath rest of *MSS.*
 106 mischiefes all *MSS.*: mischiefe 1635-69 108 love; marriage
 1635-54, *Cy*, *P*: love and marriage 1669, and rest of *MSS.* 109 at]
 that 1669

May thy fwolne finnes themselves to thee present. 110

But, I forgive; repent thee honest man:
Gold is Restorative, restore it then:
But if from it thou beest loath to depart,
Because 'tis cordiall, would twere at thy heart.

ELEGIE XII.

His parting from her.

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,
Environ me with darknes, whilst I write:
Shadow that hell unto me, which alone
I am to suffer when my Love is gone.
Alas the darkeſt Magick cannot do it, 5
Thou and greate Hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should *Cynthia* quit thee, *Venus*, and each ſtarre,
It would not forme one thought dark as mine are.
I could lend thee obſcureneſs now, and ſay,
Out of my ſelf, There ſhould be no more Day, 10
Such is already my felt want of ſight,
Did not the fires within me force a light.
Oh Love, that fire and darkneſs ſhould be mixt,
Or to thy Triumphs ſoe ſtrange torments fixt?
Is't becauſe thou thy ſelf art blind, that wee 15
Thy Martyrs muſt no more each other ſee?

110 thee] thou 1669 113 But if from it . . . depart, 1635-54, *Cy*,
P: But if that from it . . . part, 1669: Or if with it . . . depart *rest of MSS.*

Elegie. XII. &c. *Ed*: Eleg. XIII. &c. 1635-54 (Eleg. XIII.
being Come, Fates, &c., p. 407): Elegie XIII. 1669: At her De-
parture. *A25*: At his Miſtris departure. *B*: Elegie. *H40, O'F, P, S96*,
TCD (II) 1 Night, *Ed*: night 1635-69 4 Love] ſoule 1635-54
5-44 omit, 1635-54, *A25, B* 6 Thou and greate Hell *H40, O'F, P*,
S96: And that great Hell 1669 10 boot are 1669, *H40, O'F*: are nought
but *P, S96* 7 thee, *Ed*: thee 1669 9 thee *H40*: them 1669,
P, S96, TCD 10 Day, *Ed*: Day. 1669 11 felt want *H40, O'F*,
P, S96, TCD: ſelf-want 1669 ſight, *Ed*: ſight 1669 12 fires *H40*,
S96, TCD: fire 1669, *P* 14 Or] Are *S96*: And *TCD* ſoe *H40*,
O'F, P, S96, TCD: ſuch 1669

Or

Or tak'st thou pride to break us on the wheel,
 And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel?
 Or have we left undone some mutual Right,
 Through holy fear, that merits thy despight? 20
 No, no. The falt was mine, impute it to me,
 Or rather to conspiring destinie,
 Which (since I lov'd for forme before) decreed,
 That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed:
 And therefore now, fooner then I can say, 25
 I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away.
 Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast stream,
 And I left wealthy only in a dream.
 Yet Love, thou'rt blinder then thy self in this,
 To vex my Dove-like friend for my amifs: 30
 And, where my own sad truth may expiate
 Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate:
 So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall,
 Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all.
 Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires 35
 Into our bloods, inflaming our desires,
 And made'st us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn,
 And then thy self into our flame did'st turn?
 Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
 To paths in love so dark, so dangerous: 40
 And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
 And over all, thy husbands trowing eyes

17 the *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: thy 1669 20 Through holy fear,
 that merits (causes *S96*) thy despight (meriteth thy spight *P*) *H40, O'F, P,*
S96, TCD: That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spight? 1669 21
 was *H40, S96*: is 1669, *P, TCD* 23 Which . . . decreed, *H40, O'F,*
S96: Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed, 1669, *P, TCD*:
 Which, since I lov'd in jest before, decreed *H-K*, which *Chambers* follows
 25 now, sooner all the *MSS.*: sooner now 1669 rapt] wrapt 1669
 27 a vast *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: the vast 1669 29 thy self] myself
Chambers 31 my own *H40, O'F, P, S96*: one 1669 sad 1669: glad
H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD 32 fate: *Ed*: fate. 1669 33 blinded]
 blindest *H40* 34 followers *H40, P, TCD*: favourites 1669, *S96*
 37 glow *H40, S96, P, TCD*: blow 1669 38 flame *H40, S96, P, TCD*:
 flames 1669 40 so dangerous *H40, P, S96, TCD*: and dangerous
 1669 42 all, *Ed*: all 1669 trowing 1669, *TCD*: towred *O'F, P,*
S96: lowering *Grolier* the towred husbands eyes *H40*: the Loured,
 husbantes eyes *RP31*

That

That flam'd with oylie sweat of jealousie:
 Yet went we not still on with Constancie?
 Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie? 45
 Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
 Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
 Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
 Shadow'd with negligence our most respects?
 Varied our language through all dialects, 50
 Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
 Spoak dialogues with our feet far from our words?
 Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art,
 Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
 And, after all this passed Purgatory, 55
 Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
 First let our eyes be rivited quite through
 Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
 Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear
 Freeze us together, that we may stick here, 60
 Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed
 Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed:
 For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
 I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe.
 Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclaim, 65
 And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame.
 Do thy great worst, my friend and I have armes,

43 That flam'd with oylie *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: Inflam'd with
 th'ouglie 1669 jealousie: *Ed*: jealousie, 1669 44 with *H40, O'F, P,*
S96, TCD: in 1669 45 Have we not kept our guards, *H40, O'F,*
P, S96, TCD: Have we for this kept guards, 1669 on 1669: o'r
 1635-54 49 most 1635-69, *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: best 1669
 50 our] thy *RP31* 52 from our words? 1669: from words? 1635-54
 53 these secrets *MSS.*: the secrets 1635-69 our] thy *RP31* 54
 Yea . . . panting heart? 1635-69, *A25*: Yea thy pale colours inward as
 thy heart? *H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD* 56 sad] rude *P, TCD* 57-66
om. 1635-54, *A25, B* 58 brains] beams *P*: brain *Chambers* 61
 Fortune, *Ed*: fortune, 1669 would rive us, with *H40, O'F, S96, TCD*:
 would ruine us with 1669 62 her *H40*: his 1669 it] yet 1669
 bleed: *Ed*: bleed. 1669 65 Oh Fortune,] Oh fortune, 1669, *S96*:
 And Fortune *H40, P* 66 shame. *H40, O'F, P, S96*: name. 1669 67
 Do thy great worst &c. 1669: Fortune, doe thy worst &c. 1635-54 (after
 56 the vulgar story?) armes, 1635-69, *H40, O'F, P, S, TCD*: charmes
H-K (Grosart and Chambers)

Though

Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes.
 Rend us in funder, thou canst not divide
 Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd, 70
 And we can love by letters still and gifts,
 And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts.
 I will not look upon the quickning Sun,
 But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
 The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure; 75
 Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure.
 Time shall not lose our passages; the Spring
 How fresh our love was in the beginning;
 The Summer how it ripened in the eare;
 And Autumn, what our golden harvests were. 80
 The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
 But count it a lost season, so shall shee.
 And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night
 With hope of Day, burthens well born are light.
 Though cold and darkness longer hang somewhere, 85
 Yet *Phoebus* equally lights all the Sphere.
 And what he cannot in like Portions pay,
 The world enjoys in Mass, and so we may.
 Be then ever your self, and let no woe
 Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so 90
 Declare your self base fortunes Enemy,
 No less by your contempt then constancy:
 That I may grow enamoured on your mind,
 When my own thoughts I there reflected find.

69 Rend us in funder, 1669 and MSS.: Bend us, in funder 1635-54
 72 shifts. 1635: shifts, 1639-69 76 Water H40, P, TCD: Waters
 1635-69, A25, S96 sure. Ed: sure; 1635-69 77 Time] Times
 H40, TCD Spring Ed: spring 1635-69 79 ripened in the eare;
 B, H40, O'F, P, S96, TCD: ripened in the yeare; 1635: inripened the
 yeare; 1639-69 83-94 omit 1635-54, A25, B 85 Though H40,
 P, TCD: The 1669, S96 87 he . . . Portions Ed: he . . . portions
 H40: he . . . portion O'F, P, TCD: we . . . Portion 1669: he can't in
 like proportion H-K (Grosart) 88 enjoys] yet joys H40 89 ever
 your] your fayrest H40, TCD 92 by your contempt then con-
 stancy: H40, S96: be your contempt then constancy: O'F, H-K (Grosart),
 P, TCD: be your contempt then her inconstancy: 1669 94 there
 reflected H40, O'F, P, S, TCD: here neglected 1669: there neglected
 H-K (Grosart, probably wrongly)

For this to th'comfort of my Dear I vow, 95
 My Deeds shall still be what my words are now;
 The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;
 And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
 Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
 Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire: 100
 Much more I could, but many words have made
 That, oft, suspected which men would perswade;
 Take therefore all in this: I love so true,
 As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGIE XIII.

Iulia.

HArke newes, ô envy, thou shalt heare descry'd
 My *Iulia*; who as yet was ne'r envy'd.
 To vomit gall in slander, swell her vaines
 With calumny, that hell it selfe disdaines,
 Is her continuall practice; does her best, 5
 To teare opinion even out of the brest
 Of dearest friends, and (which is worfe than vilde)
 Sticks jealousie in wedlock; her owne childe
 Scapes not the showres of envie, To repeate
 The monstrous fashions, how, were, alive, to eate 10
 Deare reputation. Would to God she were
 But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare

95-104 *om. TCD* 95 For *H40, S96*: And *1635-69* 96 my
 words are now; *H40, P*: my deeds are now; *1635-69, O'F, S96*: my
 thoughts are now; *A25* 102 oft, *1633-54*: oft *1669* would
1635-54, A25, B, H40, O'F, S96: most *1669*
 Elegie XIII. &c. *Ed*: Eleg. XV. &c. *1635-54*: Elegie XV. *1669*:
Iulia. B: Elegy. *Iulia. O'F* 5 practice; *Ed*: practice, *1635-69*
 7 vilde) *Ed*: vile) *1635-69*: vilde is the regular spelling of this word in the
Donne MSS. 8 in wedlock;] in the sheets of wedlock; *B*
 10 how, *1635*: how; *1639-69*

My milde reproofe. Liv'd *Mantuan* now againe,
 That fœmall Maftix, to limme with his penne
 This ſhe *Chymera*, that hath eyes of fire, 15
 Burning with anger, anger feeds deſire,
 Tongued like the night-crow, whoſe ill boding cries
 Give out for nothing but new injuries,
 Her breath like to the juice in *Tenarus*
 That blaſts the ſprings, though ne'r ſo prosperous, 20
 Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to ſpill
 The food of others, then her ſelfe to fill.
 But oh her minde, that *Orcus*, which includes
 Legions of miſchiefs, countleſſe multitudes
 Of formleſſe curſes, projects unmade up, 25
 Abuſes yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
 Miſhapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
 Inevitable errours, ſelf-accuſing oaths:
 Theſe, like thoſe Atoms ſwarming in the Sunne,
 Throng in her boſome for creation. 30
 I bluſh to give her halfe her due; yet ſay,
 No poyſon's halfe ſo bad as *Iulia*.

ELEGIE XIV.

A Tale of a Citixen and his Wife.

I Sing no harme good ſooth to any wight,
 To Lord or foole, Cuckold, begger or knight,
 To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave
 Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave,

14 That fœmall Maſtix, 1635: 1639-69 and Chambers drop comma. But
 ſee note 18 injuries, 1635-39: injuries. 1650-69 20 prosperous. Ed:
 prosperous. 1635-69 24 miſchiefs O'F: miſchiefe, 1635-69 28
 oaths: B, H-K (Grosart): loathes: 1635-69, O'F 31 give but half B:
 give half her O'F yet ſay,] only this ſay, B: but this ſay O'F
 Elegie XIV. &c. Ed: Eleg. XVI. A Tale &c. 1635-54: Elegie
 XVI. 1669: Elegie XV. O'F: no title, B 2 or foole,] to fool, 1669
 Officer,

Officer, Iugler, or Iustice of peace, 5
 Iuror or Iudge; I touch no fat sowes greafe,
 I am no Libeller, nor will be any,
 But (like a true man) say there are too many.
 I feare not *ore tenuis*; for my tale,
 Nor Count nor Counsellour will redd or pale. 10
 A Citizen and his wife the other day
 Both riding on one horse, upon the way
 I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate,
 And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate.
 I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe 15
 His head, and on his wifes lip steale a smacke,
 Whence apprehending that the man was kinde,
 Riding before, to kisse his wife behinde,
 To get acquaintance with him I began
 To fort discourse fit for so fine a man: 20
 I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill,
 Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still,
 Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
 The traffique of the I(n)land seas had marr'd,
 Whether the Brittain *Burse* did fill apace, 25
 And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace;
 Of new-built *Algate*, and the *More-field* crossees,
 Of store of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses
 I urged him to speake; But he (as mute
 As an old Courtier worne to his last suite) 30
 Replies with onely yeas and naves; At last
 (To fit his element) my theame I cast
 On Tradefmens gaines; that fet his tongue agoing:
 Alas, good sir (quoth he) *There is no doing*
In Court nor City now; she smil'd and I, 35
 And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie

5 Iugler, 1635-39: Iudge, 1650-69 9 *tenuis*; *Ed: tenuis*, 1635-69
 10 will redd or pale. 1669, *B, O'F* (shall): will looke redd or pale. 1635-54
 14 feate. *Ed: feate*, 1635-69 16 steale] seale *O'F* 21 Plaguy 1669,
B, O'F: Plaguing 1635-54 22 Custome] custome 1635 24
 I(n)land *Ed: Iland* 1635-54: Midland 1669, *O'F*: the land, the seas *B*,
but later hand has inserted mid above the line: Island Chambers and Grolier
 27 *More-field*] Moorefields *B* 32 To fit] To hit *O'F* 33 agoing:
Ed: agoing, 1635-69 35 *In . . . now*; *Ed: roman* 1635-69

In one met thought: but he went on apace,
 And at the present time with such a face
 He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise,
 To any but my Lord of *Essex* dayes; 40
 Call'd those the age of action; true (quoth Hee)
 There's now as great an itch of bravery,
 And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe,
 For, put to push of pay, away they runne;
 Our onely City trades of hope now are 45
 Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener;
 The much of Privileg'd kingsmen, and the store
 Of fresh protections make the rest all poore;
 In the first state of their Creation,
 Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one 50
 A righteous pay-master. Thus ranne he on
 In a continued rage: so void of reason
 Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweate for feare of treason.
 And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer
 For the protection of the wise Lord Major, 55
 And his wife brethrens worships, when one prayeth,
 He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
 To get him off from what I glowed to heare,
 (In happy time) an Angel did appeare,
 The bright Signe of a lov'd and wel-try'd Inne, 60
 Where many Citizens with their wives have bin
 Well us'd and often; here I pray'd him stay,
 To take some due refreshment by the way.
 Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
 And at's returne found nothing but a Rope, 65

38 time 1669: times O'F 41 those... (quoth Hee) 1669, B, O'F:
 that... (quoth I) 1635-54 46 Bawd, ... Scrivener; B, O'F: Bawds,
 Tavernkeepers, Whores and Scriveners, 1635-54: Bawds, Tavernkeepers,
 Whore and Scrivener 1669 47 kingsmen, and the store 1669, B,
 O'F(kingfman): kinsmen, and store 1635-54 58 him off O'F: off
 him 1669: him 1635-54 61 have bin B, O'F: had beene, 1635-69
 64 the gold (his hope) his gold, his hope 1669 65 at's 1669: at
 1635-54

So he on me, refus'd and made away,
 Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
 I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell
 (To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
 He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine, 70
 But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

ELEGIE XV.

The Expostulation.

TO make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
 Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire,
 And must she needs be false because she's faire?
 Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth, 5
 Or your perfection, not to study truth?
 Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes?
 Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries?
 Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, 10
 And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath
 (Both hot and cold at once) make life and death?
 Who could have thought so many accents sweet
 Form'd into words, so many fighs should meete
 As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares 15
 Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares

66 on 1669, B: at 1635-54 me,] me: 1635-54 67 day: 1669,
 B, O'F: stay. 1635-39: stay: 1650-54 69 dwell; 1635: dwell
 1639-54: dwell, 1669

Elegie XV. Ed: Eleg. XVII. The Expostulation. 1635-54: Elegie
 XVII. 1669: Elegie. 1633, B, Cy, H40, HN, M, N, O'F, P, RP31, S, S96,
 TCD, Jonson's Underwoods 2 strong] full Und 3 purest] the
 purer Und 6 Or your 1633-69: Or of your H40 8 it hath,]
 she hath B, H40, M, N, P, S96 12 (Both hot and cold at once) RP31:
 Both . . . at once, Und: (Both . . . cold) at once 1633-69, S96: Both
 heate and coole at once M make] threat Und 14 Form'd into]
 Tun'd to our Und 15 As] Blowne Und 16-18 (all sweeter . . .
 the rest) 1633, B, Cy, M, N, O'F, P, RP31: (all sweetend &c. 1635, which
 does not complete the bracket: (all sweetend by our feares) &c. 1639-69,
 L74 (fweeter), P (fweeter), S96 (sweetned)

And

And the divine impreſſion of ſtolne kiſſes,
 That ſeal'd the reſt) ſhould now prove empty bliſſes?
 Did you draw bonds to forget? ſigne to breake?
 Or muſt we reade you quite from what you ſpeake, 20
 And finde the truth out the wrong way? or muſt
 Hee firſt deſire you falſe, would wiſh you juſt?
 O I prophane, though moſt of women be
 This kinde of beaſt, my thought ſhall except thee;
 My deareſt love, though froward jealousie, 25
 With circumſtance might urge thy'inconſtancie,
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will ceaſe to cheare
 The teeming earth, and *that* forget to beare,
 Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
 With ribs of Ice in June would bind his ſtreames, 30
 Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the world endures,
 Would change her courſe, before you alter yours.
 But O that treacherous breſt to whom weake you
 Did truſt our Counſells, and wee both may rue,
 Having his falſhood found too late, 'twas hee 35
 That made me *caſt* you guilty, and you me,
 Whilſt he, black wretch, betray'd each ſimple word
 Wee ſpake, unto the cunning of a third.
 Curſt may hee be, that ſo our love hath flaine,
 And wander on the earth, wretched as *Cain*, 40
 Wretched as hee, and not deſerve leaſt pittie;
 In plaguing him, let miſery be witty;
 Let all eyes ſhunne him, and hee ſhunne each eye,
 Till hee be noyſome as his infamie;
 May he without remorſe deny God thrice, 45
 And not be truſted more on his Soules price;

22 wiſh] have *P* 24 This kinde of beaſt,] The common Monſter,
Und my thought 1633: my thoughts 1635-69, *HN*, *S96* 25
 though froward] how ever *RP31*, *Und* 26 thy'inconſtancie,] the
 contrarie. *Und* 28 beare, 1633: beare: 1635-69 30 would 1633,
Und: will 1635-69 ſtreames, *Ed*: ſtreames; 1633-69 32 yours.]
 yours; 1633 34 truſt 1633-69: drift *Chambers* 37 wretch]
 wrech 1633 38 third. *Ed*: third; 1633-69 39 love] loves *RP31*
 40 wretched as *Cain*, 1633-69, *B*, *Cy*, *N*, *O'F*: as wretched *Cain*, *P*: as
 curſed *Cain*, *S*: wretched on the Earth, as *Cain*: *Und*

And after all felfe torment, when hee dyes,
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
 Swine eate his bowels, and his falſer tongue
 That utter'd all, be to ſome Raven flung, 50
 And let his carrion coarſe be a longer feaſt
 To the Kings dogges, then any other beaſt.
 Now have I curſt, let us our love revive;
 In mee the flame was never more alive;
 I could beginne againe to court and praife, 55
 And in that pleaſure lengthen the ſhort dayes
 Of my lifes leaſe; like Painters that do take
 Delight, not in made worke, but whiles they make;
 I could renew thoſe times, when firſt I ſaw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law 60
 To like what you lik'd; and at maskes and playes
 Commend the ſelfe ſame Actors, the ſame wayes;
 Aske how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent;
 All which were ſuch ſoft paſtimes, as in theſe 65
 Love was as ſubtilly catch'd, as a diſeaſe;
 But being got it is a treaſure ſweet,
 Which to defend is harder then to get:
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For though'tis got by *chance*, 'tis kept by *art*. 70

52 dogges, . . . beaſt.] dogges; . . . beaſt; 1633 53 have I] I have
 1669 revive] receive *Und* 58 worke, 1633-39, *moſt MSS.*: works,
 1650-69, 896, *Und* 61 and playes] or playes *Und* 64 be]
 grow *Und* 65 ſoft] loſt *Und*

ELEGIE XVI.

On his Mistris.

BY our first strange and fatall interview,
 By all desires which thereof did ensue,
 By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
 Which my words masculine perswasive force
 Begot in thee, and by the memory 5
 Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,
 I calmly beg: But by thy fathers wrath,
 By all paines, which want and divorcement hath,
 I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I
 And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy, 10
 Here I unswear, and overwear them thus,
 Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous.
 Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage,
 Be my true Mistris still, not my faign'd Page;
 I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde 15
 Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde,
 Thirst to come backe; ô if thou die before,
 My soule from other lands to thee shall soare.
 Thy (else Almighty) beautie cannot move
 Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love, 20
 Nor tame wilde Boreas harshnesse; Thou hast reade
 How roughly hee in peeces shivered
 Faire Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.

Elegie XVI. &c. Ed: Elegie on his Mistris. 1635-54 where, and in 1669, it appears among Funerall Elegies: Elegie. 1669: among Elegies with or without heading or number, A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD, W: B heads His wife would have gone as his page.
 1 interview, Ed: interview 1635-69 3 starving] striving 1669, B, P: starving A18, N, TC 7 beg: D: beg. 1635-69 fathers 1635-69, O'F: Parents A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, M, N, P, S, TC, W 11 Here I] I here 1669 12 wayes 1635-54, O'F: means 1669, and rest of MSS.
 14 still . . . faign'd] 1669 om. still and reads faigned 18 My soule . . . to thee] From other lands my soule towards thee A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, M(to), N, P, S, TC, W soare. Ed: soare, 1635-69 21 harshness] rashness P. Compare Elegy V, 8 23 Faire Orithea] The fair Orithea 1669

Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd
 Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery, 25
 That absent Lovers one in th'other be.
 Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
 Thy bodies habite, nor mindes; bee not strange
 To thy selfe onely; All will spie in thy face
 A blushing womanly discovering grace; 30
 Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone
 Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone.
 Men of France, changeable Camelions,
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Loves fuellers, and the rightest company 35
 Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be,
 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas!
 Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe
 His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page,
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage, 40
 As *Lots* faire guests were vext. But none of these
 Nor spungy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,
 If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee
 England is onely a worthy Gallerie,
 To walke in expectation, till from thence 45
 Our greatest King call thee to his prefence.
 When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,
 Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse,
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse
 Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse 50
 With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh
 Nurse, o my love is flaine, I saw him goe

26 Lovers | friends *P* 28 mindes; *A18, A25, B, JC, N, TC, W*:
 minde, *1635-69, D, H49, Lec, O'F, P* 29 onely; *A18, D, N, TC*:
 onely. *1635-69* 35 Loves fuellers,] Lyves fuellers, *1669, B, D, H49,*
JC, Lec, S96, P 37 Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas! *1635-54,*
O'F: Will too too quickly know thee; and alas, *1669*: Will quickly
 know thee, and know thee, and alas *A18, N, S* (omitting second and),
TC, D, W: Will quickly know thee, and thee, and alas *A25*: Will quickly
 know thee, and alas *D, H49, JC, Lec, P, S96, TCC* 39 Page, *Ed*: Page
1635-39 40 hunt *1635-69, O'F*: haunt most *MSS*. 42 hydroptique]
Aydroptique 1669 46 greatest *1635-69, B, O'F, P*: greates *A18, A25,*
D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC call] doe call *A18, N, TC* to] in to *A25,*
JC, S 49 me, nor blesse] me; Blesse *A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W*
 O'

O'r the white Alpes alone; I saw him I,
Affail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augure me better chance, except dread *Love* 55
Thinke it enough for me to'have had thy love.

ELEGIE XVII.

Variety.

THE heavens rejoyce in motion, why should I
Abjure my so much lov'd variety,
And not with many youth and love divide?
Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd:
The sun that sitting in the chaire of light 5
Sheds flame into what else so ever doth seem bright,
Is not contented at one Signe to Inne,
But ends his year and with a new beginnes.
All things doe willingly in change delight,
The fruitfull mother of our appetite: 10
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
Where their fair spreading streames run wide and farr;
And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts it self and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is faire, 15
And worthy all alone my love to share.
Nature in her hath done the liberall part
Of a kinde Mistresse, and imploy'd her art
To make her loveable, and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her: 20

Elegie XVII. *Variety.* *Ed:* printed for first time without title in appendix to 1650 and so in 1669 and 1719: An Elegie. *A10:* Elegie 17th. *JC* 1 motion, why *Ed:* motion why, 1650-69 3 love divide? *MSS.:* lov'd divide? 1650-69 4 diversifi'd: *Ed:* diversifi'd 1650-69 6 what else so ever doth seem 1650-69: what else is not so *A10* 12 fair-spreading 1650-69, *JC:* broad silver *A10* and farr; *A10, JC:* and cleare; 1650-69 14 it self and 1650-69: it self, kills *A10* 16 And only worthy to be past compare; *A10* 19 aver] ever 1650-69 20 would turn back from 1650-69: could not fancy *A10*

I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
 To doe her service. But followes it that I
 Muſt ſerve her onely, when I may have choice
 Of other beauties, and in change rejoyce?
 The law is hard, and ſhall not have my voice. 25
 The laſt I ſaw in all extreames is faire,
 And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire;
 Her nymph-like features ſuch agreements have
 That I could venture with her to the grave:
 Another's brown, I like her not the worſe, 30
 Her tongue is ſoft and takes me with diſcourſe.
 Others, for that they well deſcended are,
 Do in my love obtain as large a ſhare;
 And though they be not fair, 'tis much with mee
 To win their love onely for their degree. 35
 And though I faile of my required ends,
 The attempt is glorious and it ſelf commends.
 How happy were our Syres in ancient times,
 Who held plurality of loves no crime!
 With them it was accounted charity 40
 To ſtirre up race of all indifferently;
 Kindreds were not exempted from the bands:
 Which with the Perſian ſtill in uſage ſtands.
 Women were then no ſooner asked then won,
 And what they did was honeſt and well done. 45
 But ſince this title honour hath been uſ'd,
 Our weake credulity hath been abuſ'd;
 The golden laws of nature are repeald,
 Which our firſt Fathers in ſuch reverence held;
 Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone, 50
 And we're made ſervants to opinion,

24 Of other beauties, and in change rejoyce? *A10*: om. 1650-69 25-36
 omitted in *A10* 30 brown, *Ed*: brown 1650-69 32 are *JC*: were
 1650-69 39 crime! *Ed*: crime? 1650-69 43 Perſian 1650-54,
JC: Perſians 1669, *A10* 46 title *A10*, *JC*: little 1650-69 50
 liberty's *Ed*: liberty 1650-69, *JC* revers'd, our *A10*: revers'd and
 1650-69, *JC* 51 we're *A10*: we 1650-69, *JC*

A monster in no certain shape attir'd,
 And whose originall is much desir'd,
 Formlesse at first, but goeing on it fashions,
 And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations. 55
 Here love receiv'd immedicable harmes,
 And was dispoiled of his daring armes.
 A greater want then is his daring eyes,
 He lost those awfull wings with which he flies;
 His finewy bow, and those immortall darts 60
 Wherewith he's wont to bruise resisting hearts.
 Onely some few strong in themselves and free
 Retain the seeds of antient liberty,
 Following that part of Love although deprest,
 And make a throne for him within their breast, 65
 In spite of modern censures him avowing
 Their Sovereigne, all service him allowing.
 Amongst which troop although I am the least,
 Yet equall in perfection with the best,
 I glory in subjection of his hand, 70
 Nor ever did decline his least command:
 For in whatever forme the message came
 My heart did open and receive the same.
 But time will in his course a point discry
 When I this loved service must deny, 75
 For our allegiance temporary is,
 With firmer age returns our liberties,
 What time in years and judgement we repos'd,
 Shall not so easly be to change dispos'd,

53 whose originall 1650-69, *JC*: one whose origin *A10* 54 goeing
 on it fashions *A10*: growing on it fashions *JC*: growing on its fashions.
 1650-69 55 manners and laws to 1650-69, *JC*: Lawes, Manners
 unto *A10* 57 armes. *A10*: armes, 1650-69 58 is 1650 69: of
A10 61 bruise 1650-69: wound *A10* hearts. *Ed*: hearts;
 1650-69 63 seeds of antient 1650-69, *JC*: seed of pristine *A10*
 64 Love] love 1650-69 70 of his 1650-69: under's *A10* 71
 Nor . . . decline 1650-69: Never declining from *A10* 72-7 omitted
 in *A10* 73 same. *Ed*: same: 1650-69: flame *JC* 75 deny,
Ed: deny. 1650-69 79 dispos'd, *Ed*: dispos'd 1650-69

Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying; 80
 But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
 Which being found assembled in some one,
 ! Wee'l love her ever, and love her alone.

ELEGIE XVIII.

Loves Progress.

WHO ever loves, if he do not propofe
 The right true end of love, he's one that goes
 To fea for nothing but to make him fick:
 Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick
 Our love, and force it new ftrange fhapes to take, 5
 We erre, and of a lump a monfter make.
 Were not a Calf a monfter that were grown
 Face'd like a man, though better then his own?
 Perfection is in unitie: preferr
 One woman firft, and then one thing in her. 10
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductilnefs, the application,
 The wholfomnefs, the ingenuitie,
 From ruft, from foil, from fire ever free:
 But if I love it, 'tis becaufe 'tis made 15
 By our new nature (Ufe) the foul of trade.
 All thefe in women we might think upon
 (If women had them) and yet love but one.

80 obeying; *Ed:* obeying, 1650-69 81 feckurely 1650-69: un-
 partially *A10* 82 being 1650-69: having *A10* one, *Ed:* one
 1650-69 83 Wee'l love her ever, *Ed:* Wee'l leave her ever, 1650-69,
JC: Would love for ever, *A10*

Elegie XVIII. *Sc.* *Ed:* Elegie XVIII. 1669, where it is firft included
 among the Elegies. It had already been printed in Wit and Drollery. By
 Sir J. M., J. S., Sir W. D., J. D., and the moft refined Wits of the Age. 1661.
 It appears in *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC,* with title
 Loves Progreffs., or Elegie. on Loves Progreffe., or with no title 4
 Love is a 1669: And Love's a *MSS.* 5 ftrange 1661 and *MSS.*:
 ftrong 1669 11 I,] I 1669 14 ever 1669: for ever *O'F, S, S96*
 16 (our new nature) use, 1661 17 thefe 1669 and *MSS.*: this 1661,
Cy, P, Chambers

Can men more injure women then to fay
 They love them for that, by which they're not they? 20
 Makes virtue woman? must I cool my bloud
 Till I both be, and find one wife and good?
 May barren Angels love so. But if we
 Make love to woman; virtue is not she:
 As beauty's not nor wealth: He that strays thus 25
 From her to hers, is more adulterous,
 Then if he took her maid. Search every spheare
 And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there:
 He's an infernal god and under ground,
 With *Pluto* dwells, where gold and fire abound: 30
 Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles
 Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes.
 Although we see Celestial bodies move
 Above the earth, the earth we Till and love:
 So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart, 35
 And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.
 Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
 For love, then this, as infinite as it.
 But in attaining this desired place
 How much they erre; that set out at the face? 40
 The hair a Forest is of Ambushes,
 Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles:
 The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
 And when 'tis wrinkled, shipwracks us again.
 Smooth, 'tis a Paradiſe, where we would have 45
 Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave.
 The Nose (like to the first Meridian) runs
 Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns;
 It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere

20 them] *om.* 1661 25 beauty's not 1661 and MSS.: beauties
 no 1669 thus] thus: 1669 27 Then if he took] Then he that
 took 1661, B (takes), Cy, O'F, P, S spheare] sphear 1669 30
 abound: *Ed*: abound, 1669 32 in A18, B, D, H49, Lec, N, TC:
 on 1669, A25 holes.] holes: 1669 38 infinite] infinit 1669
 40 erre 1661-69, S, S96: stray A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, N, O'F, P, TC
 42 springes, H49 and some MSS.: springs, 1669 46 and 1661, A18,
 A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, P, S96, TC: but 1669 our 1661, MSS.: a
 1669 47 first Meridian 1661 and MSS.: sweet Meridian 1669.

On either side, and then directs us where 50
 Upon the Islands fortunate we fall,
 (Not faynte *Canaries*, but *Ambrosiall*)
 Her swelling lips; To which when wee are come,
 We anchor there, and think our selves at home,
 For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there 55
 Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear;
 There in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell,
 The Remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
 These, and the glorious Promontory, her Chin
 Ore past; and the streight *Hellepont* betweene 60
 The *Sestos* and *Abydos* of her breasts,
 (Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neasts)
 Succeeds a boundles fea, but yet thine eye
 Some Island moles may scattered there descry;
 And Sailing towards her *India*, in that way 65
 Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay;
 Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made,
 Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd,
 Thou shalt upon another Forest set,
 Where many Shipwrack, and no further get. 70
 When thou art there, consider what this chace
 Mispent by thy beginning at the face.
 Rather set out below; practice my Art,
 Some Symetry the foot hath with that part
 Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that 75

52-3 (Not . . . *Ambrosiall*) . . . lips &c. 1661 and MSS. (not always with
 brackets and sometimes with No for Not and Canary): Not . . . *Ambrosiall*.
 Unto her swelling lips when we are come, 1669 55 For they seem all:
 there 1669, *A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, TC*: For they sing all their
 1661, *Cy, P* 57 There 1661 and MSS.: Then 1669 swell, *Ed*:
 swell 1669 58 *Rhemora* 1669 59 the glorious Promon-
 tory,] brackets and no comma, 1669 60 Ore past; . . . betweene
 1661 and MSS.: Being past the Straits of *Hellepont* between 1669
 62 Loves] loves 1669 63 yet] that *D, H49, Lec, and other MSS*.
 65 Sailing] Sailing 1669 66 Navell] Naval 1669 67 thence
A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TC: there 1661-9, *N(?)*: hence
P thy all MSS.: the 1661-9 68 wouldst *A18, A25, B, Cy, H49,*
JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: shouldst 1669 70 many 1669: some
 doe *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P* 73 my 1669, *A25, B,*
Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD: thy *Chambers*: thine *A18, TCC*

Lovely

Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
 Least subject to disguise and change it is;
 Men say the Devil never can change his.
 It is the Emblem that hath figured
 Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed. 80
 Civilitie we see refin'd: the kifs
 Which at the face began, transplanted is,
 Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee,
 Now at the Papal foot delights to be:
 If Kings think that the nearer way, and do 85
 Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too;
 For as free Spheres move faster far then can
 Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man
 Which goes this empty and Ætherial way,
 Then if at beauties elements he stay. 90
 Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
 Two purses, and their mouths averfely laid:
 They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
 That way which that Exchequer looks, must go:
 He which doth not, his error is as great, 95
 As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat.

ELEGIE XIX.

Going to Bed.

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie,
 Until I labour, I in labour lie.
 The foe oft-times having the foe in fight,
 Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.

80 the] *bis* 1669 81-2 Civilitie, we see, refin'd the kisse Which at
 the face begonne, transplanted is *D, H49, Lec* 83 Imperial] imperial 1669
 86 too;] too. 1669. 90 elements 1661 and *MSS.*: enemies 1669 91
 hath] *Chambers omits* 93 owe,] owe 1669 96 Clyster gave
A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: glister gives 1669

Elegie XIX. &c. *Ed.* in 1669, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W* Appeared in 1669 edition after the *Elegies*,
 unnumbered but with the heading To his Mistris going to Bed. The *MSS.*
 include it among the *Elegies* either with no heading, or simply Elegye, or
 numbered according to the scheme adopted: *B* gives title which I have adopted
 as consistent with other titles 4 he 1669: they *A18, D, H49, JC,*
L74, Lec, N, TC

Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glittering, 5
 But a far fairer world incompaffing.
 Unpin that fpangled breafplate which you wear,
 That th'eyes of bufie fooles may be ftopt there.
 Unlace your felf, for that harmonious chyme,
 Tells me from you, that now it is bed time. 10
 Off with that happy bufk, which I envie,
 That ftill can be, and ftill can ftand fo nigh.
 Your gown going off, fuch beautious ftate reveals,
 As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow fteales.
 Off with that wyerie Coronet and fhew 15
 The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow:
 Now off with thofe fhooes, and then fafely tread
 In this loves hallow'd temple, this foft bed.
 In fuch white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be
 Receavd by men; Thou Angel bringft with thee 20
 A heaven like Mahomets Paradife; and though
 Ill fpirits walk in white, we eafly know,
 By this thefe Angels from an evil fprite,
 Thofe fet our hairs, but thefe our flefh upright.
 Licence my roaving hands, and let them go, 25
 Before, behind, between, above, below.
 O my America! my new-found-land,
 My kingdome, fafiefst when with one man man'd,
 My Myne of precious ftones, My Emperie,

5 glittering | gliftering *MSS.* 8 That I may fee my fhrine that
 fhines fo fair. *Cy, P* 10 it is 1669: 'tis your *MSS.* 11 which]
 whom *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, S, TC, W* 14 from *MSS.*: through
 1669 shadow | shadows 1669 16 Diademe . . . grow :
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC: Diadem which on your
 head doth grow: 1669: Diadems which on you do grow. *S, Chambers*
 17 Now . . . fhooes, 1669, *JC, W*: Off . . . fhoes *A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC*:
 Off with thofe hofe and fhoes *S* fafely *A18, A25, B, L74, N, O'F, S,*
S96, TC, W: foftly 1669, *Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P* 20 Receavd by
 men; Thou *all MSS.*: Reveal'd to men; thou 1669 21 Paradife; *Ed*:
 Paradice, 1669 22 Ill 1669, *A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S, S96,*
TC, W: All *B, O'F, P,* and *Chambers'* conjecture fpirits 1669, *A18, B, D,*
H49, N, S: angels *O'F, S96* white, *Ed*: white; 1669 26 below. *Ed*:
 below, 1669 28 kingdome, *MSS.*: Kingdom's 1669 fafiefst *A18,*
D, H49, Lec, N, TC: fafeft, 1669 man'd, *Ed*: man'd. 1669 29
 ftones, *Ed*: ftones: 1669

How blest am I in this discovering thee! 30
 To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
 Then where my hand is fet, my seal shall be.
 Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,
 As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
 To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use 35
 Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,
 That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,
 His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
 Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made
 For lay-men, are all women thus array'd; 40
 Themselves are mystic books, which only wee
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
 Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;
 As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew
 Thy self: cast all, yea, this white linnen hence, 45
 There is no pennance due to innocence.
 To teach thee, I am naked first; why than
 What needst thou have more covering then a man.

30 How blest am I *all MSS.*: How am I blest 1669 this *A18*,
B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC, W: thus 1669, *A25, L74, S* dif-
 covering] discovery *B, O'F* thee! *Ed*: thee? 1669 be. | be, 1669
 35 Gems] Jems 1669: and so 37 36 like 1669: as *MSS.* balls,
MSS.: ball: 1669 38 covet *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, TC*,
W: court 1669, *Cy, P, S, S96* theirs, *A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74*,
Lec, N, P, S96, TC, W: those *S*: that, 1669, *B, O'F* them.] them: 1669
 39 pictures, *Ed*: pictures 1669 made *Ed*: made, 1669 40 lay-men,
Ed: lay-men 1669 array'd; *Ed*: arrayed. 1669 41 Themselves . . . only
 wee *A18, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W*: Themselves
 are only mystic books, which we, 1669, *B* 43 see] be *A18, A25, D*,
H49, Lec, N, TC reveal'd] revealed 1669 44 a *all MSS.*:
 thy 1669 Midwife, *Ed*: Midwife 1669 45 hence, *Ed*: hence
 1669 46 pennance due to innocence. 1669, *B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, S*:
 pennance, much less innocence; *A18, A25, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, S96, W*
 47 thee, *Ed*: thee 1669 first; *Ed*: first, 1669

ELEGIE XX.

Loves Warre.

Till I have peace with thee, warr other men,
 And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
 All other Warrs are scrupulous; Only thou
 O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allowe
 To any one: In Flanders, who can tell 5
 Whether the Master presse; or men rebell?
 Only we know, that which all Ideots say,
 They beare most blows which come to part the fray.
 France in her lunatique giddines did hate
 Ever our men, yea and our God of late; 10
 Yet she relies upon our Angels well,
 Which nere returne; no more then they which fell.
 Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possesst
 Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest;
 Which time will cure: yet it must doe her good 15
 If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood.
 And Midas joyes our Spanissh journeys give,
 We touch all gold, but find no food to live.
 And I should be in the hott parching clyme,
 To dust and ashes turn'd before my time. 20
 To mew me in a Ship, is to intrhall
 Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall;
 Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell
 In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell.

Elegy XX &c. Ed: First published in F. G. Waldron's *A Collection of Miscellaneous Poetry*, 1802, from a MS. dated 1625; then by Sir J. Simeon in his *Philobiblon Society volume of 1856*. It is included among Donne's Elegies in *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD, W*. In *B* it has the title *Making of Men*. The present text is based on *W* 7 all *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TC, W*: most *JC, Chambers* 8 They beare most blows which (or that) *A18, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, S, S96, TC, W*: They must bear blows, which *Chambers* 9 giddines] guidings *Sim*: giddinge *Wald* 11 well,] well *W* 13 a strange] straying *Sim* 16 head] dead *Sim* 19 the *A18, B, Cy, D, H49, N, S, S96, TC, W*: that *Chambers, A25, JC, L74, O'F* 24 [swaggering] swaying *Chambers*

Long

Long voyages are long consumptions, 25
 And ships are carts for executions.
 Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye
 Into an other World, as t'is to dye?
 Here let mee warr; in these armes lett mee lye;
 Here lett mee parlee, batter, bleede, and dye. 30
 Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee;
 Thy hart thy ransome is; take myne for mee.
 Other men war that they their rest may gayne;
 But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne.
 Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienc'd love, 35
 There wee are alwayes under, here above.
 There Engins farr off breed a iust true feare,
 Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here.
 There lyes are wrongs; here safe uprightly lye;
 There men kill men, we'll make one by and by. 40
 Thou nothing; I not halfe so much shall do
 In these Warrs, as they may which from us two
 Shall spring. Thoufands wee see which travaile not
 To warrs; But stay swords, armes, and shott
 To make at home; And shall not I do then 45
 More glorious service, staying to make men?

25 consumptions,] consumptions *W*: line omitted, *Wald* 29 lye] spelt ly
W: and so 30 dy 33 gayne;] gayne *W* 37 There] These *Sim*
 and, that, with, which] contracted throughout, *W*

HEROICALL EPISTLE.

Sapho to Philænis.

WHere is that holy fire, which *Verse* is said
 To have ? is that inchanting force decaid?
Verse that drawes *Natures* workes, from *Natures* law,
 Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.
 Have my teares quench'd my old *Poetique* fire; 5
 Why quench'd they not as well, that of *desire*?
 Thoughts, my mindes creatures, often are with thee,
 But I, their maker, want their libertie.
 Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
 But that is waxe, and fires environ it. 10
 My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence;
 And I am rob'd of *Piecture*, *Heart*, and *Sense*.
 Dwells with me still mine irksome *Memory*,
 Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.
 That tells me how faire thou art: Thou art so faire, 15
 As, *gods*, when *gods* to thee I doe compare,
 Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men see,
 What things *gods* are, I say they are like to thee.
 For, if we justly call each silly *man*
 A *litle world*, What shall we call thee than? 20
 Thou art not soft, and cleare, and strait, and faire,
 As *Down*, as *Stars*, *Cedars*, and *Lillies* are,

Heroicall Epistle.] In 1633 Sapho to Philaenis follows Basse's Epitaph
 upon Shakespeare. and precedes The Annuntiation and Passion. In 1635
 it was placed with some other miscellaneous and dubious poems among the
 Letters to severall Personages, where it has appeared in all subsequent
 editions. I have transferred it to the neighbourhood of the Elegies and given
 it the title which seems to describe exactly the genre to which it belongs. In
 JC it is entitled Elegie 18th. The other MSS. are A18, A25, O'F, N, P,
 TCC, TCD. In A25, JC, and P, ll. 31-54 are omitted 2 have?
 1650-69: have, 1633-39 3 workes, 1633-39: worke, 1650-69, O'F
 8 maker, 1635-69: maker; 1633 17 thereby; And 1635-69: thereby.
 And 1633, some copies 22 As Down, 1633-69, A18, N, TC: As dowves
 P: As downs O'F. See note Cedars,] as Cedars, A18, N, O'F, TC
 But

But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
 Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
 Such was my *Phao* awhile, but shall be never, 25
 As thou, waft, art, and, oh, maift be ever.
 Here lovers sweare in their *Idolatrie*,
 That I am fuch; but *Griefe* discolors me.
 And yet I grieve the leffe, leaft *Griefe* remove
 My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love. 30
 Plaies some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
 A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it.
 His chinne, a thorny hairy unevenneffe
 Doth threaten, and some daily change poffeffe.
 Thy body is a naturall *Paradife*, 35
 In whose felfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
 Nor needs *perfection*; why shouldst thou than
 Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
 Men leave behinde them that which their fin showes,
 And are as theeves trac'd, which rob when it fnows. 40
 But of our dallyance no more signes there are,
 Then *fishes* leave in streames, or *Birds* in aire.
 And betweene us all sweetneffe may be had;
 All, all that *Nature* yields, or *Art* can adde.
 My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two, 45
 But fo, as thine from one another doe;
 And, oh, no more; the likenesse being fuch,
 Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
 Hand to strange hand, lippe to lippe none denies;
 Why should they breft to breft, or thighs to thighs? 50
 Likeneffe begets fuch strange felfe flatterie,
 That touching my felfe, all seemes done to thee.
 My felfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kiffe,
 And amorously thanke my felfe for this.
 Me, in my glaffe, I call thee; But alas, 55

26 maift be ever. 1633, A18, A25, N, TC: maift thou be ever. 1635-69,
 O'F: shalt be for ever. P: mayft thou be for ever. JC 33 thorny
 hairy 1633-69: thorney-hairy TCD: thorny, hairy modern edd. 40 are
 Ed: are, 1633-69

When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and glasse.
 O cure this loving madnesse, and restore
 Me to mee; thee, my *halfe*, my *all*, my *more*.
 So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet dye,
 And their white, whitenesse of the *Galaxy*, 60
 So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move
Envy'in all *women*, and in all *men*, *love*,
 And fo be *change*, and *sicknesse*, farre from thee,
 As thou by comming neere, keep'ft them from me.

58 me to mee; thee, 1635-69, *A18*, *A25*, *JC*, *N*, *P*, *TC* (generally mee, in *MSS.*): me to mee; thee, 1633: me to thee, thee *Chambers halfe*,] harte *A25*, *JC*, *P*

59-60 So may thy cheekes outweare all scarlet dye

May blisse and thee be one eternallye *P: om. JC*

61 mighty, amazing *Ed*: mighty amazing 1633-69: almighty amazing *P*

EPITHALAMIONS,

OR

MARRIAGE SONGS.

*An Epithalamion, Or mariage Song on the Lady Elizabeth,
and Count Palatine being married on St. Valentines day.*

I.

HAile Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers
And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every yeare 5
The Lirique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,
Thou mak'ft the black bird sped as soone,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon; 10
The husband cocke lookes out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully then ever shine,
This day, which might enflame thy self, Old Valentine.

II.

Till now, Thou warmd'ft with multiplying loves 15
Two larkes, two sparrowes, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phœnixes;
Thou mak'ft a Taper see
What the funne never saw, and what the Arke 20

Epithalamions, &c. 1635-69: no general title, 1633. An Epithalamion, &c. 1633-69, A25, B, C, D, H49, Lec, N, O' F, P, S96, TCD (most of the MSS. have the full title but with slight verbal variations) 13 shine, Ed: shine. 1633-69 14 enflame] enflâe 1633 18 Phœnixes; Ed: Phœnixes, 1633: Phœnixes. 1635-69

(Which

(Which was of fowles, and beafts, the cage, and park,)
 Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,
 Two Phœnixes, whose joynd beafts
 Are unto one another mutuall nefts,
 Where motion kindles fuch fires, as fhall give 25
 Yong Phœnixes, and yet the old fhall live.
 Whole love and courage never fhall decline,
 But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III.

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sunne,
 Thy felfe from thine affection 30
 Takeft warmth enough, and from thine eye
 All leffer birds will take their Jollitie.
 Up, up, faire Bride, and call,
 Thy ftarres, from out their feverall boxes, take
 Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make 35
 Thy felfe a conftellation, of them All,
 And by their blazing, fignifie,
 That a Great Princefs falls, but doth not die;
 Bee thou a new ftarre, that to us portends
 Ends of much wonder; And be Thou thofe ends. 40
 Since thou doft this day in new glory fhine,
 May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

IIII.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame
 Meeting Another, growes the fame,
 So meet thy Fredericke, and fo 45
 To an unfeperable union growe.
 Since feperation

21 fowles, 1633: fowle, 1635-69 22 Thee, 1633, 1650-69: Thee:
 1635-39 37 their blazing 1633-69, *D*, *Lec*: this blazing *A25*, *B*, *H49*,
JC, *N*, *O'F* (*altered to their*), *P*, *TCD* 40 ends. 1635-69: ends, 1633
 42 this thy 1633-54, *B*, *D*, *H49*, *Lec*, *N*, *O'F*, *P*, *S96*, *TCD*: this day 1669,
A25, *JC*, *Chambers* 46 growe. *A25*, *B*, *D*, *H49*, *JC*, *N*, *O'F*, *P*, *S96*,
TCD: goe, 1633-69, *Lec*

Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can disunite,
You're twice inseparable, great, and one; 50
Goe then to where the Bishop staies,
To make you one, his way, which divers waies
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that you're one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, your selves to'entwine, 55
Besides this Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine.

V.

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staies,
Longer to day, then other daies?
Staies he new light from these to get?
And finding here such store, is loth to set? 60
And why doe you two walke,
So slowly pac'd in this proceSSION?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle, and talke?
The feast, with gluttonous delaies, 65
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
The masquers come too late, and I thinke, will stay,
Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas, did not Antiquity assigne
A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine? 70

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet wee see
Formalities retarding thee.
What meane these Ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in peeces,) goe
So nicely about the Bride; 75

49 disunite, *Grolier*: disunite. 1633-69 and *Chambers* 56 Bishops
knot, or Bishop Valentine. *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P(our), S96,*
TC Bishops knot, O Bishop Valentine. 1633-54: Bishops knot of Bishop
Valentine. 1669: Bishops knot, of Bishop Valentine. *Chambers* 60
store. 1633, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, P, S96, TCD*: starres, 1635-69,
O'F, Chambers 67 come too late, 1633: come late, 1635-69
70 O Valentine? 1633-54, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD*:
old Valentine? 1669

A Bride, before a good night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes, into her bed,
As Soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd.

But now she is laid; What though shee bee?
Yet there are more delays, For, where is he? 80
He comes, and passes through Spheare after Spheare,
First her sheetes, then her Armes, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII.

Here lyes a shee Sunne, and a hee Moone here, 85
She gives the best light to his Spheare,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they doe, but are
So just and rich in that coyne which they pay, 90
That neither would, nor needs forbear, nor stay;
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall 95
No such occasion to be liberall.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Then all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII.

And by this act of these two Phenixes
Nature againe restored is, 100
For since these two are two no more,
Ther's but one Phenix still, as was before.
Rest now at last, and wee

81 passes 1633-39: passeth 1650-69 Spheare, *Ed*: Spheare. 1633:
Spheare: 1635-69 82 where. 1650-69: where, 1633-39 85 here,
1633-39, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TCD*: there, 1650-69, *O'F, P, S96*
91 stay;] stay, 1633 92 spare, 1633-54: spare. 1669 94 acquittances,
1635-69: acquittance, 1633 96 such] *om.* 1669

As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay
Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day, 105
Onely desir'd, because your face wee see;

Others neare you shall whispering speake,
And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,
And win by'observing, then, whose hand it is
That opens first a curtaine, hers or his; 110
This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECCLOGVE.

1613. December 26.

Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from court, at the marriage Of the Earle of Sommerfet, Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.

Allophanes.

VNseasonable man, statue of ice,
What could to countries solitude entice
Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?
Natures instinct drawes to the warmer clime
Even small birds, who by that courage dare, 5
In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the aire.
What delicacie can in fields appeare,
Whil't Flora'herselfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?
Whil't windes do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leafes, to furnish roddes enough to whip 10

104 As . . . uprise,] brackets 1650-69 105 day, | day. 1633
ECCLOGVE. &c. 1633-69: similarly, Ar8, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N,
O'F, S96, TCC, TCD his absence thence. 1633, Lec: his Actions there.
1635-69, Ar8, H49, N, O'F, TC: his absence then. D, S96 2 countries |
country Ar8, N, TC 4 clime 1633-39: clime: 1650-69: clime. D
5 small 1633, Ar8, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC: smaller 1635-69, Chambers

Thy madnesse from thee; and all springs by frost
 Have taken cold, and their sweet murmure loft;
 If thou thy faults or fortunes would'ft lament
 With iust solemnity, do it in Lent;
 At Court the spring already advanced is, 15
 The Sunne stayes longer up; and yet not his
 The glory is, farre other, other fires.
 Firft, zeale to Prince and State; then loves desires
 Burne in one brest, and like heavens two great lights,
 The first doth governe dayes, the other nights. 20
 And then that early light, which did appeare
 Before the Sunne and Moone created were,
 The Princes favour is defus'd o'r all,
 From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall;
 Then from those wombes of starres, the Brides bright
 eyes, 25
 At every glance, a constellation flies,
 And sowes the Court with starres, and doth prevent
 In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
 Firft her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
 Then from their beames their jewels lusters rise, 30
 And from their jewels torches do take fire,
 And all is warmth, and light, and good desire;
 Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
 Where in darke plotts, fire without light doth dwell:
 Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get 35
 Continuall, but artificiall heat;
 Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds digest,
 And make our Court an everlasting East.
 And can'ft thou be from thence ?

Idios.

No, I am there.

As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where, 40

12 Have 1633: Having 1635-69 murmure A18, A23, B, D, H49,
 N, O'F, TC: murmures 1633-69 22 were, Ed: were; 1633-69
 29 kindle] kindles 1633 34 plotts, 1635-69, A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F,
 S96, TC: places, 1633, 1669, Lec 37 digest, 1633-39: digest, 1650-69
 39 there. D: there 1633-69 40 where, 1633: where: 1635-69,
 owing to the dropping of stop in previous line

So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
 Not onely all their house, but all their State.
 Let no man thinke, because he is full, he hath all,
 Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall
 Not onely in fulnesse, but capacitie, 45
 Enlarging narrow men, to feele and fee,
 And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
 So, reclus'd hermits often times do know
 More of heavens glory, then a worldling can.
 As man is of the world, the heart of man, 50
 Is an epitome of Gods great booke
 Of creatures, and man need no farther looke;
 So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth,
 As their one common foule, give life to both,
 I am not then from Court.

Allophanes.

Dreamer, thou art. 55
 Think'ft thou fantastique that thou hast a part
 In the East-Indian fleet, because thou hast
 A little spice, or Amber in thy taste?
 Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?
 Seest thou all good because thou feest no harme? 60
 The earth doth in her inward bowels hold
 Stuffle well dispos'd, and which would faine be gold,
 But never shall, except it chance to lye,
 So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;
 As, for divine things, faith comes from above, 65
 So, for best civill use, all tinctures move
 From higher powers; From God religion springs,
 Wisdome, and honour from the use of Kings.
 Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with mee,
 That Angels, though on earth employd they bee, 70

42 State.] State, 1633 54 one 1633, *A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC*: own
 1635-69, *Lec* 55 I am . . . Court. 1633, *A18, B, D, H49, N, S96, TC*:
 And am I then from Court? 1635-69 art. 1650-69: art, 1633-39 57
 East-Indian *A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC*: Indian 1633-69
 61 inward *A18, A23, B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC*: inner 1633-69
 Are

Are still in heav'n, so is hee still at home
 That doth, abroad, to honest actions come.
 Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday
 Might'ft have read more then all thy books bewray;
 Haft thou a history, which doth present 75
 A Court, where all affections do assent
 Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?
 And where it is no levity to trust?
 Where there is no ambition, but to'obey,
 Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may; 80
 Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all
 Finde that the King therein is liberall
 To them, in him, because his favours bend
 To vertue, to the which they all pretend?
 Thou hast no such; yet here was this, and more, 85
 An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
 Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
 And is no more in his minority,
 Hee is admitted now into that brest
 Where the Kings Counsellors and his secrets rest. 90
 What hast thou lost, O ignorant man?

Idios.

I knew
 All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.
 To know and feele all this, and not to have
 Words to expresse it, makes a man a grave
 Of his owne thoughts; I would not therefore stay 95
 At a great feast, having no Grace to say.
 And yet I scap'd not here; for being come
 Full of the common joy, I utter'd some;
 Reade then this nuptiall song, which was not made
 Either the Court or mens hearts to invade, 100

75 present] represent *A18, N, TC* 78 trust? *Ed*: trust. 1633-39:
 trust, 1650-69 84 pretend? *Ed*: pretend. 1633-69 85 more, 1633:
 more. 1635-69 86 before. 1633-69: before, *Chambers*. See note
 92 withdrew.] withdrew 1633 96 say. 1635-69: say, 1633 98
 joy, . . . some; *Ed*: joy; . . . some, 1633: joy; . . . some. 1635-69

But

But since I'am dead, and buried, I could frame
 No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
 So much as this poore song, which testifies
 I did unto that day some sacrifice.

EPITHALAMION.

I.

The time of the Mariage.

THou art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die, 105
 Though thou upon thy death bed lye,
 And should'ft within five dayes expire,
 Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,
 Then thy old Soule, the Sunne,
 When he doth in his largest circle runne. 110
 The passage of the West or East would thaw,
 And open wide their easie liquid jawe
 To all our ships, could a Promethean art
 Either unto the Northerne Pole impart
 The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart. 115

II.

Equality of persons.

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
 In this new couple, dost thou prize,
 When his eye as inflaming is
 As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
 Be tryed by beauty, and than 120
 The bridegroome is a maid, and not a man.
 If by that manly courage they be tryed,
 Which scornes unjust opinion; then the bride

EPITHALAMION. *D*, *H49*, *Lec*, *O'F*, *S96*: *om.* 1633-69. See note
 107 expire,] expire 1633-39 108 by 1633: from 1635-69 121
 man. 1669, *D*: man, 1633-39: man; 1650-54

Becomes

Becomes a man. Should chance or envies Art
 Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part? 125
 Since both have both th'enflaming eyes, and both the
 loving heart.

III.

Rayfing of the Bridegroom.

Though it be some divorce to thinke of you
 Singly, so much one are you two,
 Yet let me here contemplate thee,
 First, cheerfull Bridegroom, and first let mee see, 130
 How thou prevent'ft the Sunne,
 And his red foming horses doft outrunne,
 How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest
 All busineses, from thence to reinvest
 Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art 135
 To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
 The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IIII.

Raifing of the Bride.

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong,
 To thinke thou wert in Bed so long,
 Since Soone thou lyeft downe first, tis fit 140
 Thou in first rising should'ft allow for it.
 Pouder thy Radiant haire,
 Which if without such ashes thou would'ft weare,

124 or] our 1669 126 both th'enflaming eyes, A18, B, D, H49,
 N, O'F, S96, TC: th'enflaming eye, 1633: the enflaming eye, 1635-69
 128 Singly, A18, A23, B, D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC: Single, 1633-69, Lcc
 129 Yet let A23, O'F: Let 1633-69 141 should'ft] should 1669
 it. 1635-69: it, 1633 *

Thou, which to all which come to looke upon,
 Art meant for Phœbus, would'ſt be Phaëton. 145
 For our eafe, give thine eyes th'unuſual part
 Of joy, a Teare ; ſo quencht, thou maiſt impart,
 To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving
 heart.

V.

Her Apparrelling.

Thus thou deſcend'ſt to our infirmitie,
 Who can the Sun in water ſee. 150
 Soe doſt thou, when in filke and gold,
 Thou cloudſt thy ſelfe ; ſince wee which doe behold,
 Are duſt, and wormes, 'tis juſt
 Our objects be the fruits of wormes and duſt ;
 Let every Jewell be a glorious ſtarre, 155
 Yet ſtarres are not ſo pure, as their ſpheares are.
 And though thou ſtoope, to'apppeare to us in part,
 Still in that Picture thou intirely art,
 Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving
 heart.

VI.

Going to the Chappell.

Now from your Eaſts you iſſue forth, and wee, 160
 As men which through a Cipres ſee
 The riſing ſun, doe thinke it two,
 Soe, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,

• 144 Thou, which *D*: Thou, which, 1633: Thou which, 1635-69 145
Art Ar8, B, S96, TCC: Are 1633, *D, H49, Lec, N, TCD*: Wert 1635-69,
O'F for] for, 1633 Phaëton. 1635-69: Phaëton, 1633 146 eafe,
 . . . eyes 1635-69: eafe, . . . eyes, 1633 150 ſee. 1633-69: ſee ;
Grolier. But ſee note 157 ſtoope, . . . us 1635-69: ſtoope, . . .
 us, 1633

But that vaile being gone,
 By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one. 165
 The Church Triumphant made this match before,
 And now the Militant doth strive no more;
 Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,
 Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart
 All blessings, which are seene, or thought, by Angels eye
 or heart. 170

VII.

The Benediction.

Blest payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring
 Daily new joyes, and never sing,
 Live, till all grounds of wishes faile,
 Till honor, yea till wisedome grow so stale,
 That, new great heights to trie, 175
 It must serve your ambition, to die;
 Raife heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live
 Heires from this King, to take thankses, you, to give,
 Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art.
 May never age, or error overthwart 180
 With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this
 heart.

VIII.

Feasts and Revells.

But you are over-blest. Plenty this day
 Injures; it causeth time to stay;
 The tables groane, as though this feast
 Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast. 185

167 more; *Ed:* more, 1633: more. 1635-69 170 or thought]
 Or thought 1633 172 sing, 1633: sing: 1635-69 178 you,]
 yours, *A23, B, D, O'F, S96* give, 1633: give. 1635-69 179
 Art. *Ed:* Art, 1633-69

And

And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revell goes.
They tread the ayre, and fal not where they rose.
Though six houres since, the Sunne to bed did part, 190
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

IX.

The Brides going to bed.

What mean'st thou Bride, this companie to keep?
To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleep?
Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so. 195
Thy selfe must to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertaine
And doe all this daies dances o'r againe.
Know that if Sun and Moone together doe
Rise in one point, they doe not set so too; 200
Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone, being gone; where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving
heart.

X.

The Bridegroomes comming.

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,
And findes a gellie in the place, 205
So doth the Bridegroome hast as much,
Being told this starre is false, and findes her such.

194 wouldst] would 1669 200 too; Ed: too. 1635-69: to. 1633
202 being gone; Ed: being gone, 1633-39: being gone 1650-69 207
such. 1635-69: such, 1633

And as friends may looke strange,
 By a new fashion, or apparrells change,
 Their soules, though long acquainted they had beene, 210
 These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seene;
 Therefore at first thee modestly might start,
 But must forthwith surrender every part,
 As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or heart.

XI.

The good-night.

Now, as in Tullias tombe, one lampe burnt cleare, 215
 Unchang'd for fifteene hundred yeare,
 May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
 In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.
 Fire ever doth aspire,
 And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire, 220
 But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,
 For none of these is fuell, but fire too.
 This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts
 Make of so noble individuall parts
 One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts. 225

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may doe
 A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too.

Allophanes.

No Sr. This paper I have justly got,
 For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not
 His only that presents it, but of all; 230
 What ever celebrates this Festivall

211 seene; *Ed*: seene. 1633-69 214 eye] hand 1650-69 215
 burnt] burn 1669 218 divine. 1635-69: divine; 1633 230 all;
 1635-69: all, 1633

Is common, since the joy thereof is so.

Nor may your selfe be Priest: But let me goe,
Backe to the Court, and I will lay'it upon
Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

235

Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne.

THE Sun-beames in the East are spred,
Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,
No more shall you returne to it alone,
It nourseth fadnesse, and your bodies print,
Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint; 5
You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth that warme balme-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets wil smother,
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh; 10
Come glad from thence, goe gladder then you came,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Daughters of London, you which bee
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasurie,
You which are Angels, yet still bring with you 15
Thousands of Angels on your mariage daies,
Help with your presence and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,
By you, fit place for every flower and jewell, 20
Make her for love fit fewell
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;
So may shee faire, rich, glad, and in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Epithalamion &c. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD Epithalamion on a
Citizen. A34, B, O'F, S, S96: do. of the La: Eliz: P: Epithalamion. W
4 bodies 1635-69 and MSS.: body 1633 8 smother, 1650-69:
smother 1633-39 17 presence Ed: presence, 1633-69. See note
22 faire, rich, glad, and in A18, N, TC, W: faire and rich, in 1633-69, B,
O'F, P, S96

And

And you frolique Patricians, 25
 Sonns of these Senators wealths deep oceans,
 Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits,
 Yee country men, who but your beafts love none,
 Yee of those fellowships whereof hee's one,
 Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits, 30
 Here shine; This Bridegroom to the Temple bring.
 Loe, in yon path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,
 The sober virgin paceth;
 Except my sight faile, 'tis no other thing;
 Weep not nor blush, here is no grieve nor shame, 35
To day put on perfection, and a womans name.
 Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
 And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,
 Till, mystically joyn'd, but one they bee;
 Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe 40
 Long time expect their bodies and their tombe,
 Long after their owne parents fatten thee.
 All elder claimes, and all cold barrennesse,
 All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,
 Which might these two dissever, 45
 All wayes all th'other may each one possesse;
 For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To day puts on perfection, and a womans name.
 Oh winter dayes bring much delight,
 Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night; 50
 Other sweets wait thee then these diverse meats,
 Other disports then dancing jollities,
 Other love tricks then glancing with the eyes,
 But that the Sun still in our halfe Spheare sweates;

25 Patricians,] Patricians 1633 26 Sonns of . . . deep oceans, *Ed*:
 Some of these Senators wealths deep oceans, 1633, *A18, N, TC*: Sonnes of
 these Senatours, wealths deep oceans *W*: Sonnes of those Senatours,
 wealths deepe oceans, 1635-69, *B, O'F, S96* (*but* Senators *O'F, S96*). *See*
note 29 those fellowships] that Fellowship *S96* 31 bring. *W*: bring
 1633-39: bring, 1650-69 32 straw'd] strow'd 1669 42 thee.
 1635-69: thee; 1633 46 All wayes *W*: Alwaies, 1633: Alwayes,
 1635-69 49 Oh winter dayes *A34, B, O'F, P, S96, W*: Winter dayes
 1633-69, *A18, N, TC* 53 eyes, 1635-69: eyes; 1633

Hee flies in winter, but he now stands still. 55
 Yet shadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain'd,
 His steeds nill bee restrain'd,
 But gallop lively downe the Westerne hill;
 Thou shalt, when he hath runne the worlds half frame,
 To night put on perfection, and a womans name. 60

The amorous evening starre is rose,
 Why then should not our amorous starre inclose
 Her selfe in her wish'd bed? Release your strings
 Musicians, and dancers take some truce
 With these your pleasing labours, for great use 65
 As much wearinesse as perfection brings;
 You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts
 Rest duly; at night all their toyles are dispensed;
 But in their beds commenced
 Are other labours, and more dainty feasts; 70
 She goes a maid, who, least she turne the fame,
 To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy virgins girdle now untie,
 And in thy nuptiall bed (loves altar) lye
 A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossesse 75
 Thee of these chaines and robes which were put on
 T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,
 Like vertue and truth, art best in nakednesse;
 This bed is onely to virginitie
 A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle; 80
 Till now thou wast but able
 To be what now thou art; then that by thee
 No more be said, *I may bee*, but, *I am*,
 To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

55 still. *W*: still, 1633-69

MSS.: *B* inserts not. See note

A34, B, S96, W: runne the Heavens halfe frame, 1633, *A18, N, TC*
 worlds half frame, 1633, *A18, N, TC*
 put 1669

73 Thy virgins girdle 1633-69, *W*: The Virgin Girdle
B, O'F, S96: Thy Virgin girdle *P*
 were] wee some copies of 1633, *Grolier*

57 nill *IV*: will 1633-69 and rest of

59 runne the worlds halfe frame, 1635-69, *O'F*: come the
 60 put] but 1633 72 puts]

74 [loves alter] 1633-69 76

78 art] are 1669

Even like a faithfull man content, 85
 That this life for a better should be spent,
 So, shee a mothers rich stile doth preferre,
 And at the Bridegroomes wish'd approach doth lye,
 Like an appointed lambe, when tenderly
 The priest comes on his knees t'embowell her; 90
 Now sleep or watch with more joy; and O light
 Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early;
 This Sun will love so dearely
 Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight;
 Wonders are wrought, for shee which had no maime, 95
To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

86 spent, *Ed*: spent; 1633: spent: 1635-69 95 maime, 1633, *W*:
 name, 1635-69, *A18, A34, B, N, P, S96, TC*

SATYRES.

Satyre I.

A Way thou fondling motley humorist,
 Leave mee, and in this standing wooden cheft,
 Conforted with theſe few bookes, let me lye
 In priſon, and here be coffin'd, when I dye;
 Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here 5
 Natures Secretary, the Philoſopher;
 And jolly Stateſmen, which teach how to tie
 The ſinewes of a cities miſtique bodie;
 Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them ſtand
 Giddie fantaſtique Poëts of each land. 10
 Shall I leave all this conſtant company,
 And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee?
 Firſt ſweare by thy beſt love in earneſt
 (If thou which lov'ſt all, canſt love any beſt)
 Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle ſtreet, 15
 Though ſome more ſpruce companion thou doſt meet,
 Not though a Captaine do come in thy way
 Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay,
 Not though a briſke perfum'd piert Courtier
 Deigne with a nod, thy courteſie to anſwer. 20

Satyre I. 1633-69, *D, H49, JC, Lec, P, Q, S, W*: Satyre the Second. or
 Satyre 2. *A25, B, O'F*: Satyre. or A Satyre of Mr. John Donnes. *Cy, L74,*
S96: no title (but placed firſt), *H51, N, TCD* 1 fondling 1633, *L74, Lec,*
N, S, TCD: changeling 1635-69, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q,*
S96, W 5 conduits, . . . Divines; 1650-69, *Q*: conduits; . . . Divines,
 1633-39 6 Is Natures Secretary, 1669, *S96* Philoſopher; *Ed*:
 Philoſopher. 1633-39: Philoſopher: 1659-69 7 jolly 1633, *A25,*
B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, N, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: wily 1635-69, *O'F*:
 with *P* 12 headlong, wild uncertaine thee? 1633: om. comma 1635-69
 and *Grolier* 13 love in earneſt 1633, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74,*
Lec, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: love, here, in earneſt 1635-69, *O'F* 16
 doſt meet,] doe meet. *H51, Q, W* 19 Not 1633-69, *A25, Lec, P, Q*: Nor
Cy, D, H49, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD, W piert] neat *Q*

Nor come a velvet Justice with a long
 Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong,
 Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare
 A speech to Court his beautious sonne and heire!
 For better or worfe take mee, or leave mee: 25
 To take, and leave mee is adultery.
 Oh monstros, superstitious puritan,
 Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man,
 That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
 Dost search, and like a needy broker prize 30
 The filke, and gold he weares, and to that rate
 So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat:
 That wilt consort none, untill thou have knowne
 What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne,
 As though all thy companions should make thee 35
 Jointures, and marry thy deare company.
 Why should'st thou (that dost not onely approve,
 But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love
 The nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy,
 Of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy) 40
 Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare?
 At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
 And till our Soules be unapparrelled
 Of bodies, they from blisse are banished.
 Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne 45
 Hee lost that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beasts skin,

23 Wilt 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: Shalt A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC,
 O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W 24 heire! Ed: heire? 1633-69 25 or worfe
 1633-69, Cy, D, L74, Lec, N, O'F, Q, TCD: and worfe A25, B, H49, H51,
 S96, W: or for worfe P: and for worfe JC 27 Oh monstrous,
 A (i.e. Ah) or O Monster, B, D, H49, H51, JC, W 29 eyes 1635-69:
 eyes; 1633 32 raise 1633-69, D, H49, H51, L74, Lec, N, TCD:
 vaile A25, B, Cy, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W hat:] hate: 1633 33 consort
 none,] consort with none, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96 untill] till 1669 37-40
 brackets 1650-69, Q: that . . . boy 1633: that . . . boy; 1635-39
 39 barenesse A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, W: barrenesse 1633-69,
 L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD 40 Of] of 1633: or 1633, 1669: om. 1635-54
 41 bare? 1635-69: bare, 1633 45 first blest 1633-69, Cy, D, H49, L74,
 Lec, N, TCD, W: first best A25, B, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S 46 yet 1633,
 A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD: om. 1635-69, Cy, O'F, P
 And

And in this courſe attire, which I now weare,
 With God, and with the Muſes I conferre.
 But ſince thou like a contrite penitent,
 Charitably warn'd of thy finnes, doſt repent 50
 Theſe vanities, and giddineſſes, loe
 I ſhut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe.
 But ſooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene
 Worne by as many ſeverall men in finne,
 As are black feathers, or muſk-colour hoſe, 55
 Name her childſ right true father, 'mongſt all thoſe:
 Sooner may one gueſſe, who ſhall beare away
 The Infanta of London, Heire to an India;
 And ſooner may a gulling weather Spie
 By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly 60
 What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or ſuits next yeare
 Our ſubtile-witted antique youths will weare;
 Then thou, when thou depart'ſt from mee, canſt ſhow
 Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldſt go.
 But how ſhall I be pardon'd my offence 65
 That thus have ſinn'd againſt my conſcience?
 Now we are in the ſtreet; He firſt of all
 Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall,
 And ſo imprifoned, and hem'd in by mee
 Sells for a little ſtate his libertie; 70
 Yet though he cannot ſkip forth now to greet

47 weare, 1650-69: weare 1633-39 50 warn'd] warm'd 1633
 52 goe. 1635-69: goe, 1633 54 Worne by] Worne out by 1650-69
 55 muſk-colour 1633-35, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W: muſk-coloured
 1639-69, A25, P, Q 58 The Infanta . . . India; Ed: The Infanta
 . . . India, A25, O'F, Q: The infant . . . India, 1633-54 and MSS.
 generally: The Infantry of London, hence to India: 1669 60
 Scheme 1635-69, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, Q: ſchemes L74, S: ſceames
 N: Sceanes 1633, Cy, Lec, TCD: ſcene P 62 ſubtile-witted D, H49:
 ſubtile witted 1633-54, L74, N, TCD: ſupple-witted A25, JC (altered to
 ſubtle), H51, O'F, P, Q, S, W: giddy-headed 1669 youths] youth 1669
 63 depart'ſt from mee] depart'ſt from hence Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F, S, W:
 departeſt hence A25, Q, S96 canſt JC, Q: can 1633-69 and many MSS.
 66 conſcience?] conſcience. 1633 70 ſtate] room H51 his 1635-69
 and all MSS.: high 1633, Chambers libertie;] libertie, 1633

Every fine filken painted foole we meet,
 He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
 And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
 As prentises, or schoole-boyes which doe know 75
 Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe.
 And as fidlers stop lowest, at highest sound,
 So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh't the ground.
 But to a grave man, he doth move no more
 Then the wise politique horse would heretofore, 80
 Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe,
 When any names the King of Spaine to you.
 Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, & cryes, Do you see
 Yonder well favoured youth? Which? Oh, 'tis hee
 That dances so divinely; Oh, said I, 85
 Stand still, must you dance here for company?
 Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell
 Th'Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well)
 Met us; they talk'd; I whispered, let'us goe,
 'T may be you smell him not, truely I doe; 90
 He heares not mee, but, on the other side
 A many-coloured Peacock having spide,
 Leaves him and mee; I for my lost sheep stay;
 He followes, overtakes, goes on the way,
 Saying, him whom I last left, all repute 95
 For his device, in handsome a sute,
 To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and plight,
 Of all the Court, to have the best conceit;
 Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe;

73 them] then 1633 78 stoops 1635-69, *A25, Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F, Q*: sloopeth *B, P*: sloopeth 1633, *L74, Lec, N, TCD* nigh't the
 ground.] nigheft ground. *D, H49, P, Q, W* 81-2 om. 1633 84
 youth? 1635-69: youth; 1633 Oh,] Yea, *A25, B, H51, JC, Q, W* 86
 here] so *H51* 89 us; *Ed*: us: 1635-69: us, 1633 whispered, let'us goe,
Ed: whispered, let us goe, 1633-54: whisperd, let us goe, 1669: whispered
 (letts goe) *Q*. See note 90 'T may be] May be *Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W*
 94 goes on the way,] goes, on the way *D, H49, Q(in), W(in)* 95 all repute 1635-69 and *MSS. generally*: s'all repute
 1633, *Lec* 97 print, cut, and plight (pleite, 1635-39: pleit, 1650-69),
 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD*: cut, print, or pleate (pleight &c.), *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, P, Q, S96, W*

But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so? 100
 Why? he hath travayld; Long? No; but to me
 (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be
 Perfect French, and Italian; I replied,
 So is the Poxe; He answered not, but spy'd
 More men of fort, of parts, and qualities; 105
 At last his Love he in a window spies,
 And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee
 Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
 Many were there, he could command no more;
 Hee quarrell'd fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore 110
 Directly came to mee hanging the head,
 And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

Satyre II.

Sir; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state
 In all ill things so excellently best,
 That hate, toward them, breeds pittie towards the rest.

100 stoop'st 1633, 1669, A25, B, D, H49, H51, JC, I.74, Lec, N, P, Q,
 TCD: stoop'st 1635-54, O'F 101 Why? he hath travayld; Long?
 No; but to me S96: Why: he hath travayld. Long? No: but to mee
 W: Why, hee hath travayld. Long? no. But to mee H49: Why he hath
 travayld; Long? Noe: but to mee JC: Why, he hath travailed (traveled
 1635-39) long? no, but to me 1633-39: Why hath he travelled long?
 no, but to me 1650-54, P: Why. He hath travelled long; no, but to me
 1669. See note 102 understand] understood 1669: brackets from Q.
 See note 105 and qualities;] of qualities; Lec, P, Q, S96 106
 a] om. 1669 108 lechery. 1635-69 and MSS: liberty; 1633 109
 were there, 1633-39: there were, 1650-69

Satyre II. 1633-69, D, H49, H51, HN (after C. B. copy in margin),
 JC, Lec, Q, S, W: Satyre 3rd. A25: Law Satyre. P: Satire. or no title,
 B, Cy, I.74, N, O'F, S96, TCD

there is one

2-3 All this towne perfectly yet in every state
 In all ill things so excellently best
 There are some found so villainously best, H51
 All this towne perfectly yet everie state
 Hath in't one found so villainously best S96

4 toward] towards 1669 and MSS. them,] that A25 toward] toward
 1653-54 rest.] rest; 1633

Though

Though Poëtry indeed be such a sinne 5
 As I thinke that brings dearths, and Spaniards in,
 Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men; and doth remove
 Never, till it be sterv'd out; yet their state
 Is poore, difarm'd, like Papifts, not worth hate. 10
 One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot reade,
 And faves his life) gives ideot actors meanes
 (Starving himfelfe) to live by his labor'd sceanes;
 As in some Organ, Puppits dance above 15
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts charms
 Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes:
 Rammes, and slings now are feely battery,
 Pistolets are the best Artillerie. 20
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doores for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That excuse for writing, and for writing ill;
 But hee is worst, who (beggary) doth chaw 25
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true,
 For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne
 The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne: 30

6 As I thinke that 1633: As I thinke That 1635-54: As, I think,
 that 1669: As I ame afraid brings *H51* dearths, *A25, H51, HN, L74,*
Lec, N, TCD, W: dearth, 1633-69, *D, H49* 7 and | or *A25, D, H49,*
H51, O'F, P, S96, W 8 Ridlingly it 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD:* 1t
 riddlinglie rest of *MSS.* 10 hate. *Ed:* hate: 1633-69 12 cannot
 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD:* could not rest of *MSS.* 14 sceanes;
Ed: sceanes. 1633-69 and *Chambers* 15 Organ 1633-54, *L74, Lec,*
N, TCD: Organs 1669 and rest of *MSS.* 16 move. 1633-69: move,
Chambers. See note 17 rithmes; 1633-69, *Lec, Q, TCD:* rimes;
A25, B, Cy (rime), *D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, W* 18
 harmes: *Ed:* harmes. 1633-69 19 Rammes, and slings] Rimes and
 fongs *P* 22 fingers at doores 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD:* Boyes
 fing at dore (or dores) *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, O'F* (corrected from
 fingers), *P, Q* (at a dore), *S, W:* fingers at mens dores *A25* 24
 excufe] scuse *MSS.*

But

But these do mee no harme, nor they which use
 To out-doe Dildoes, and out-ufure Jewes;
 To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the Letanie;
 Who with finnes all kindes as familiar bee
 As Confessors; and for whose finfull fake, 35
 Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make:
 Whose strange finnes, Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandements large receipt they dwell.
 But these punish themselves; the insolence
 Of Coscus onely breeds my just offence, 40
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe,
 And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe)
 Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late
 But a scarce Poët; jollier of this state,
 Then are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes 45
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, wherefoever he goes,
 His title of Barrister, on every wench,
 And wooes in language of the Pleas, and Bench:
 A motion, Lady; Speake Coscus; I have beene
 In love, ever since *tricefimo* of the Queene, 50
 Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got
 To stay my rivals suit, that hee should not
 Proceed; spare mee; In Hillary terme I went,
 You said, If I return'd next size in Lent,

32 To out-doe Dildoes, 1635-69, *B, H51, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD*: To
 out-doe ———; 1633: To out-swife dildoes *Cy, D, H49, HN, O'F, S,*
S96, W 33 Letanie; *Ed*: Letanie, 1669 and all *MSS.*: ———
 1633: simply omit, 1635-39: gallant, he 1650-54. See note 34 finnes
 all kindes 1635-69, *A25, B, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, I.74, N, O'F, Q, S, TCD,*
W: finnes of all kindes 1633, *Cy* (kind), *Lec, P* 35-6 fake, Schoolemen
 1669: fake Schoolemen, 1633-54 40 just 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD*:
 great *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W*: harts *JC* 43
 Lawyer, *Ed*: Lawyer; 1633-69 which was (alas) of late *Ed*: which
 was alas of late 1633: which, (alas) of late 1635-69 44 a scarce
A25, H49, H51, HN, JC (altered in margin), *L74, Q, S96, TCD, W*: scarce
 a 1633-69, *D, Lec, P* Poët; 1635-69: Poët, 1633 this 1633-69: that
A25, Cy, H51, Q: his *HN, JC, O'F, S* 49 Lady; *Ed*: Lady,
 1633: Lady. 1635-39: Lady; 1650-69 Coscus; 1633: Coscus. 1635-69
 53 Proceed; 1669: Proceed, 1633-54 54 return'd] Returne 1633
 next size 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, O'F, TCD*: this size rest of *MSS.*

I should be in remitter of your grace; 55
 In th'interim my letters should take place
 Of affidavits: words, words, which would teare
 The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,
 More, more, then ten Slavonians scolding, more
 Then when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore. 60
 When sicke with Poëtrie, and posselt with muse
 Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practise for meere gaine, bold soule, repute
 Worfe then imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke 65
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talke
 Idly, like prisioners, which whole months will sweare
 That onely suretiship hath brought them there,
 And to every sutor lye in every thing,
 Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King; 70
 Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre,
 Bearing-like Asses; and more shamelesse farre
 Then carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor
 Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives, 75
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as the sea) hee will compasse all our land;
 From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover strand.
 And spying heires melting with luxurie,
 Satan will not joy at their finnes, as hee. 80

58 soft maids eare, *Ed*: soft maids eare. 1633-54 and *MSS*.: Maids
 soft ear 1669 59 scolding] scolding's 1669 60 rore.] rore; 1633
 63 gaine, bold soule, repute *Ed*: gaine; bold soule repute 1633-69, *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, L74, P, W*: gayne (bold soule) repute: *Q*: gain, bold
 souls repute 1719 and *Chambers*: gayne, hold soule repute *A25, N, S, TCD*,
 and *Lowell's conjecture in Grolier*. See note 68 That] The *Chambers*
 69-70 These lines represented by dashes, 1633 70 yea *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W*: or 1635-69
 72 Bearing-like Asses; *Ed*: Bearing like Asses, 1633-69 and *MSS*.
 73 whores, 1633-69: whores; *Chambers and Grolier*. See note 74-5
 These lines represented by dashes, 1633 77 our land;] our land, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD, W*: the land;
 1633-69, *Q* 79 luxurie, 1633-69, *A25, JC, I.74, Lec, N, O'F (corr. fr. Gluttony), P, Q, TCD*: Gluttony *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, S, S96, W*
 80 will] would *A25, Q*

For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare
 (Relique-like kept) perchance buyes wedding geare;
 Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time 85
 Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime.
 In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes
 Assurances, bigge, as glofs'd civill lawes,
 So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse. 90
 These hee writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length; as in those first dayes
 When Luther was profest, He did desire
 Short *Pater nosters*, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his beads, but having left those lawes, 95
 Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory claufe.
 But when he sells or changes land, he'impaires
 His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
 As flily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sence; or in Divinity 100
 As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt.
 Where are those spred woods which cloth'd hertofore
 Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore.
 Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bachanalls 106

84 Relique-like *A25, B, D, H49, H51, I, 74, N, O'F, Q, S, S96, TCD, W*:
 Reliquely 1633-69, *Cy, JC, Lec, P* geare;] chear; 1669 (which brackets
 from 81 as to end of 84), *Cy* 86 men] Maids 1669 87 parchments
A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, W: parchment 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, O'F,*
P, S, S96, TCD his] the 1669 98 *ses* 1633-69, *B, L74, Lec, Q,* and
other MSS.: his *Cy, D, H49, H51, P* heires,] heires 1633 99 As]
 And 1669 by] by, 1633 102 doubt.] doubt: 1633 105 Where's
 &c. *Ed*: Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes, great hals? 1633, *Lec,*
N, TCD (but hals *MSS.*): Where the old landlords troops, and almes?
 In hals 1635-69, *L74, O'F*: Where the old landlords troopes and almes?
 In great halls *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, HN, P, Q, S, W* (but the punctuation
 is very irregular, and some have 's after Where). See note

Equally I hate; meanes bleſſe; in rich mens homes
 I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no Hecatombs,
 None ſtarve, none ſurfet ſo; But (Oh) we allow,
 Good workes as good, but out of faſhion now, 110
 Like old rich wardrops; but my words none drawes
 Within the vaſt reach of th'huge ſtatute lawes.

Satyre III.

KInde pittie chokes my ſpleene; brave ſcorn forbids
 Thoſe teares to iſſue which ſwell my eye-lids;
 I muſt not laugh, nor weepe finnes, and be wiſe,
 Can railing then cure theſe worne maladies?
 Is not our Miſtreſſe faire Religion, 5
 As worthy of all our Soules devotion,
 As vertue was to the firſt blinded age?
 Are not heavens joyes as valiant to aſſwage
 Luſts, as earths honour was to them? Alas,
 As wee do them in meanes, ſhall they ſurpaſſe . 10
 Us in the end, and ſhall thy fathers ſpirit
 Meete blinde Philoſophers in heaven, whoſe merit
 Of ſtrict life may be imputed faith, and heare
 Thee, whom hee taught ſo eaſie wayes and neare

107 Equally I hate;] Equallie hate, *Q* hate; *Ed*: hate, 1633: hate.
 1635-69 meanes bleſs; 1633, *A25*, *B*, *D*, *H49*, *H51*, *JC*, *L74*, *N*, *O'F*, *P*,
Q, *TCD*, *W*: Meane's bleſt. 1635-69, *Cy*, *S*, *S96* (altered to is bleſt). See note
 111 wardrops; 1633: wardrobes. 1635-69 112 ſtatute lawes. 1633-54
 and all MSS.: ſtatutes jawes. 1669, *Chambers*

Satyre III. 1633-69, *B*, *D*, *H49*, *H51* (with title Of Religion.), *JC*, *Lec*,
O'F, *Q*, *S*, *W*: Satire the 4th. *A25*, *Cy*: Satyre the Second. *P*: A Satire.
L74: no title, *N*, *TCD* 1 chokes] checks 1635-54: cheeks 1669
 eye-lids; *Ed*: eye-lids, 1633-39: eyelids. 1650-69 3 and] but 1669
 7 to 1635-69, *A25*, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *H51*, *JC*, *L74*, *O'F*, *P*, *Q*, *S*, *W*: in 1633,
Lec, *N*, *TCD* 9 honour was] honours were *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *S* 14 ſo
 eaſie wayes and neare 1633-69, *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *P*, *TCD*: wayes eaſie and neere
A25, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *H51*, *JC*, *Q*, *S*, *W*: wayes ſo eaſy and neere *O'F*

To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'ft, feare this; 15
 This feare great courage, and high valour is.
 Dar'ft thou ayd mutinous Dutch, and dar'ft thou lay
 Thee in ships woodden Sepulchers, a prey
 To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth?
 Dar'ft thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? 20
 Haft thou couragious fire to thaw the ice
 Of frozen North discoueries? and thrife
 Colder then Salamanders, like divine
 Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line,
 Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee, 25
 Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every hee
 Which cryes not, Goddesse, to thy Mistresse, draw,
 Or eate thy poysonous words? courage of straw!
 O desperate coward, wilt thou teeme bold, and
 To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand 30
 Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld,
 And for forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field?
 Know thy foes: The foule Devill (whom thou
 Strivest to please,) for hate, not love, would allow
 Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as 35
 The worlds all parts wither away and passe,

15 this;]this. 1633 16 is.]is; 1633 17 Dutch, and dar'ft 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: Dutch? dar'ft A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, S, W 22-3 discoueries? . . Salamanders, Ed: discoueries, . . Salamanders? 1633-69 28 words?] words, 1633 31 Sentinell 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: Souldier A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, Q, S, W his 1633-54: this 1669, A25, H51, P, Q 32 forbidden 1633 and most MSS. forbid 1635-69, H51

33-4 Know thy foes; the foule Devell whom thou
 Strivest to please &c.

H51, Q and generally (but with varying punctuation and sometimes foe), A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, P, W:

Know thy foe, the foule devill h'is, whom thou
 Strivest to please: for hate, not love, would allow

1633, L74(is), Lec, N(his), S(is), TCD(his):

Know thy foes: The foule devill, he, whom thou
 Striv'ft to please, for hate, not love, would allow

1635-69 (he, . . . please, bracketed, 1669)

35 quit 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD: ridd A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, O'F, Q, W

So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is
 In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this,
 Dost love a withered and worne strumpet; last,
 Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste, 40
 Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth
 Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath.
 Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus
 Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seekes her at Rome; there, because hee doth know 45
 That shee was there a thousand yeares agoe,
 He loves her ragges so, as wee here obey
 The statecloth where the Prince sate yesterday.
 Crantz to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd,
 But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd 50
 Religion, plaine, simple, fullen, yong,
 Contemptuous, yet unhanfome; As among
 Lecherous humors, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholsome, but course country drudges.
 Graius stayes still at home here, and because 55
 Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes
 Still new like fashions, bid him thinke that shee
 Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee
 Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will
 Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still 60
 Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or
 Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre
 All, because all cannot be good, as one
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
 Graccus loves all as one, and thinks that so 65
 As women do in divers countries goe

40 (it selfes death) 1635-69, A25, B, H51, L74, Lec, N, O' F, P, Q, TCD,
 W: (it selfe death) 1633, Cy, D, S 42 loath.] loath; 1633 44 here,]
 her, 1633 45 Rome; Ed: Rome, 1633-69 47 He 1633, 1669:
 And 1635-54 her D, H49, H51, Lec, O' F, P, S, W: the 1633-69, I.74,
 N, P, TCD 49 Crantz W: Crants 1633-54, A25, H51, JC, Lec, N, TCD:
 Grants or Grautes 1669, L74, O' F, P: Grant Cy, D, H49: Crates Q
 52 unhanfome; Ed: unhanfome. 1633-69 54 drudges.] drudges: 1633
 57 bid or bidd MSS.: bids 1633-69 62 Prigas H51: Phrygas W:
 Phrigias A25

In divers habits, yet are still one kinde,
 So doth, so is Religion; and this blind-
 nesse too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow; 70
 And the right; aske thy father which is shee,
 Let him aske his; though truth and falshood bee
 Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is;
 Be busie to seeke her, beleewe mee this,
 Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best. 75
 To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
 May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
 To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
 To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill,
 Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will 80
 Reach her, about must, and about must goe;
 And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so;
 Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight,
 Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night.
 To will, implyes delay, therefore now doe: 85
 Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge too
 The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries
 Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes.
 Keepe the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand
 In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand 90
 Sign'd Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,
 Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.

67 kinde, *Ed*: kinde; 1633-69 70 mull . . . but in reverse order *Q*
 73 is; 1633: is. 1635-69 74 her, 1633: her; 1635-69 77 wisely;
Ed: wisely, 1633-69 78 stray; 1633-69, *Cy*, *D*, *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *O'F*, *S*,
TCD, *W*: staye; *A25*, *B*, *H49*, *H51*, *JC*, *P*, *Q* 79 is. On] is: on 1633
 huge] high *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H51*, *O'F*, *Q*, *W* 80 Cragged, 1669, *L74*, *N*, *P*,
TCD: Cragg'd, 1633-54, *Lec*: Ragged *A25*, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *JC*, *O'F*, *S*, *W*;
 Rugged *H51*, *Q* 81 about mull goe; 1633-54, *O'F*: about it goe;
 1669: about goe *A25*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *H51*, *L74*, *N*, *P*, *Q*, *W* 84 Soule
 1633-69, *L74*, *N*, *P*, *TCD*: minde rest of *MSS*. that night. *Ed*: that
 night, 1633, 1669: the night. 1635-54 85 doe: *Ed*: doe 1633,
Chambers and *Grolier*: doe. 1635-69, *D*, *W*. See note 86 too *H51*,
S, *W*: spelt to 1633-69, many *MSS*.: to (*prep.*) *Chambers* 88 eyes.]
 eyes; 1633 90 In so ill (evil *H51*) case here, *A25*, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*,
H51, *JC*, *L74*, *O'F*, *P*, *Q*, *S*, *W*: here om. 1633-69, *N*, *TCD*

Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed
 To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed
 At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee 95
 To say a Philip, or a Gregory,
 A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this?
 Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
 Equally strong? cannot both sides say so?
 That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know; 100
 Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd; to be
 Then humble to her is idolatrie.
 As streames are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell
 At the rough streames calme head, thrive and do well,
 But having left their roots, and themselves given 105
 To the streames tyrannous rage, alas, are driven
 Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost
 Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
 So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust
 Power from God claym'd, then God himselfe to trust. 110

Satyre IIII.

WELL; I may now receive, and die; My finne
 Indeed is great, but I have beene in
 A Purgatorie, such as fear'd hell is
 A recreation to, and scarfe map of this.

94 mans 1633-69, *A25, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, TCD*: mens *B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, S, W* not om. 1635-54 95 Oh, will it then boot thee *Ed*: Will . . . boot thee 1633, *L74, N, P, TCD*: Or . . . boot thee 1635-69: Oh will it then serve thee *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, O'F(Or), Q, S, W* 97 thee] me 1669 99 strong? *Ed*: strong 1633: strong; 1635-69 101 is] are 1669 chang'd;] chang'd 1633 to be *Ed*: to be, 1633-69 102 idolatrie.] idolatrie; 1633 103 is;] is, 1633 104 do well 1633-69, *Lec, N, P, TCD*: prove well *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, H51, JC, L74, O'F, Q, S, W* 106 alas,] alas 1633 107 mills, and rockes, 1633, *L74, N, P, TCD*: Mills, rocks, 1635-69, and rest of *MSS*.

Satyre IIII. 1633-69, *B, D, H49, HN* (anno 1594 in margin), *JC, Lec, O'F, P, Q, S, W*: Mr. Dunns first Satire. *A25*: Another Satire by the same. *J*: *D*: *Cy* (where it is the third): Satyre. *S96*: no title, *L74, N, TCD* (in *L74* it is second, in *N, TCD* third in order) 2 but I 1633, *A25, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, W*: but yet I 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, S96* 4 A recreation to, and scarfe *Q*: A recreation, and scant 1633-69, and other *MSS*.

My

My minde, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been 5
 Poyson'd with love to see, or to bee seene,
 I had no fuit there, nor new suite to shew,
 Yet went to Court; But as Glaze which did goe
 To'a Masse in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse
 The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curfe; 10
 Before he scapt, So'it pleas'd my destinie
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to thinke me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, as lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vaine, as witlesse, and as false as they 15
 Which dwell at Court, for once going that way.
 Therefore I suffered this; Towards me did runne
 A thing more strange, then on Niles slime, the Sunne
 E'r bred; or all which into Noahs Arke came;
 A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name; 20
 Stranger then seaven Antiquaries studies,
 Then Africks Monsters, Guianaes rarities.
 Stranger then strangers; One, who for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure beene slaine,
 If he had liv'd then; And without helpe dies, 25
 When next the Prentises'gainst Strangers rise.
 One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by,
 One, to whom, the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are.
 His cloths were strange, though coarfe; and black, though
 bare; 30

5 neither 1633-69; nor some MSS. and Chambers, who wrongly attributes
 to 1633-39 8 Glaze 1633, D, H49, HN, Lec: Glare 1635-69, and rest
 of MSS. 9 To'a mafs A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, S, S96,
 TCD, W: To Masse 1633-69, Cy, Q, Lec 10-11 curfe; . . . scapt,
 1633-39: curfe, . . . scapt, 1650-69 12 of going, 1633, 1669, B, Cy,
 D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD, W: in going, 1635-54, A25, O'F 14
 as lustfull,] as om. 1635-69 and many MSS. 16 at Court, A25, B, Cy,
 D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: in Court, 1633-69,
 Lec 18 Niles] Nilus D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TCD 19 bred; W:
 bled, 1633-69 came; W: came: 1633-69 20 name; W: name, 1633:
 name: 1635-69 22 rarities. W: rarities, 1633-69 23 then
 strangers; 1633-69, A25, B, Cy, HN, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, TCD, W: then
 strangest. D, H49, JC (corr. from strangers), S

Sleevelesse his jerkin was, and it had beene
 Velvet, but'twas now (so much ground was seene)
 Become Tufftaffatie; and our children shall
 See it plaine Rashe awhile, then nought at all.
 This thing hath travail'd, and faith, speakes all tongues 35
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
 Made of th'Accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speakes no language; If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast,
 But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast, 40
 Mountebankes drugtongue, nor the termes of law
 Are strong enough preparatives, to draw
 Me to beare this: yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue, call'd complement:
 In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores, 45
 Make men speake treason, cosen subtilest whores,
 Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either
 Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
 He names mee, and comes to mee; I whisper, God!
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod, 50
 This fellow chufeth me? He faith, Sir,
 I love your judgement; Whom doe you prefer,
 For the best linguist? And I feelily
 Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie;
 Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir; Beza then, 55
 Some other Jesuites, and two reverend men
 Of our two Academies, I named; There
 He stopt mee, and said; Nay, your Apostles were

32 ground] the ground *HN* 35 This 1633: The 1635-69 faith,
 1633-54, *A25*, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *HN* (fayeth), *JC*, *L74*, *Lec*, *O'F*, *P*, *Q*, *S* (faith
 he), *TCD*, *W*: faith, 1669, *Chambers and Grolier*, without note 36 be-
 longs.] belongs, 1633 37 th'Accents,] the antient, *HN*: the ancients,
 (*prob. for* ancientest, but corrected to accents,) *L74* 38 no language;
A25, *Q*: one language; 1633-69, and *MSS.* generally 43 beare]
 hear 1669 this: *Q*: this, 1633-69 44 With his tongue, 1669, *Q*:
 With his tongue: 1633-54 47 or] and *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *HN*, *JC*, *O'F*, *Q*, *W*
 48 Surius,] Sleydon *O'F* (corrected to Surius), *Q*: Snodons, *A25*. See note
 51 chufeth] chafeth *P*, *Q* 55 Sir; *Ed*: Sir. 1633-69 56 Some
 other *HN*: Some 1633-69 and most *MSS.*: two other *S* 57 There
 1633 (*T faintly printed*): here 1635-69

Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was ;
 Yet a poore gentleman, all these may passe 60
 By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told
 That I was faine to say, If you'had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have beene Interpreter
 To Babells bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood. 65
 He adds, If of court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, not alone
 My loneness is, but Spartanes fashion,
 To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
 Now; Aretines pictures have made few chaste; 70
 No more can Princes courts, though there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue;
 He, like to a high stretcht lute string squeakt, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talke of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, The man that keepes the Abbey tombes, 75
 And for his price doth with who ever comes,
 Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke,
 From King to King and all their kin can walke:
 Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings; your eyes meet
 Kings only; The way to it, is Kingstreet. 80
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neate? Mine? as you see,
 I have but one Frenchman, looke, hee followes mee.

59 Good pretty 1633-69: Pretty good *Cy*, *O'F*, *Q*, *S*, *S96* Panurge
 1635-54: Panurge 1633: Panurgus 1669 (*omitting and*), *JC*, *O'F*, *Q* 60
 gentleman, all *Ed*: gentleman; All 1633-69 60-1 passe By travaile.
 1633-54: pass. But travaile 1669 62 prais'd *Ed*: praised 1633-69
 wonders 1635-69 and most *MSS.*: words 1633, *Lec*, *N*, *TCD* 67 lone-
 ness. 1635-69, *A25*, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *HN*, *JC*, *O'F*, *P*, *Q*, *W*: loneliness;
 1633, *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *TCD* 68 loneness 1635-69, *A25*, &c.: loneliness
 1633, *L74*, &c. fashion, 1633: fashion. 1635-69 69 last 1633, 1669,
D, *H49*, *HN*, *JC*, *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *P*, *TCD*, *W*: taste 1635-54, *O'F*, *Q* (tast), *S*,
S96 80 Kingstreet. 1633: Kingsstreet. 1635-39: Kings street. 1650-69
 83 Mine? 1635-54 and *MSS.*: Fine, 1633: Mine, 1669 84 French-
 man, *Ed*: frenchman, 1633 and most *MSS.*: Sir, 1635-69, *Q*: here, *Cy*

Certes they are neatly cloth'd; I, of this minde am, 85
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not flie; I chaff'd him; But as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worfe: So, I (foole) found, 90
 Crossing hurt mee; To fit my fullennesse,
 He to another key, his stile doth addresse,
 And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes.
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which staies
 A Sembriefe, 'twixt each drop, he nigardly, 95
 As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lye.
 More then ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes,
 Of triviall household trash he knowes; He knowes
 When the Queene frown'd, or smil'd, and he knowes what
 A fubtle States-man may gather of that; 100
 He knowes who loves; whom; and who by poyson
 Haft to an Offices reverfion;
 He knowes who'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, bootes, shooes, and egge-
 fhels to transport; Shortly boyes shall not play 105
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but they pay
 Toll to some Courtier; And wiser then all us,
 He knowes what Ladie is not painted; Thus

85-6 cloth'd; I, . . . Grogaram. *Ed:* cloth'd. I, . . . Grogaram; 1633: cloth'd. I, . . . Grogaram. 1635-69 86 your Grogaram 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, TCD:* this Grogaram A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W: the Grogaram P 89 ground *Ed:* grown'd 1633: grownd 1635-69 90 (foole)] no bracket 1633 92 addresse, *N, TCD:* addresse. 1633: dresse. 1635-39, D, W: dresse; 1650-69 96 lye. D, H49, W: lie, 1633-69 98 trash he knowes; He knowes D, H49, W: trash; He knowes; He knowes 1633: trash. He knowes; He knowes 1635-39: trash, He knowes; He knowes 1650-69 101 loves; whom; 1633: loves; whom, 1635-54: loves, whom; 1669: loves whom; *Chambers and Grolier* 104 and 1633-69, L74, *Lec, N, S96, TCD:* or A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, W 106 At blow-point or span-counter A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, S96, W they pay Cy, D, H49, HN, *Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W:* shall pay 1633-69, JC 108 what 1633-69, Cy, L74, *Lec, N, TCD:* which A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, S, W

He

He with home-meats tries me; I belch, spue, spit,
 Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient; Yet 110
 He thrusts on more; And as if he'd undertooke
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke
 Speakes of all States, and deeds, that have been since
 The Spaniards came, to the losse of Amyens.
 Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meat, 115
 Readie to travaile: So I sigh, and sweat
 To heare this Makeron talke: In vaine; for yet,
 Either my humour, or his owne to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, Libells now'gainst each great man. 120
 He names a price for every office paid;
 He faith, our warres thrive ill, because delai'd;
 That offices are entail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as farre
 As the last day; And that great officers, 125
 Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
 Who wafts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
 Who loves whores, who boyes, and who goats.
 I more amas'd then Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then 130
 Becomming Traytor, and mee thought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
 To sucke me in; for hearing him, I found
 That as burnt venome Leachers do grow found
 By giving others their soares, I might growe 135
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew

109 tries 1633, A25, D, H49, HN, L74, N, Q, TCD, W: cloyes 1635-69,
 O'F, S: tyres Cy, JC, P 111 thrusts on more; 1633-69, O'F: thrusts
 more; A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, W: thrusts me more; L74, Lec,
 N, S, TCD: thrusts me P as if he'd undertooke most MSS.: as if
 he'undertooke 1633, N, TCD: as he'had undertooke 1635-69 113
 have] hath 1633, Lec 117 this] his B, I.74, O'F, TCD, W talke:
 In vaine; for D, W, and other MSS.: talke in vaine: For 1633, Q: talke,
 in vaine: For 1635-69 123 entail'd, and that there 1633: entailed, and
 there 1635-54: intailed and that there 1669 128 whores, Ed: Whores,
 1633-69 132 Statutes] Statues 1639 133 in; for hearing him,
 1669, N, P, TCD: in, for hearing him, 1650-54: in, for hearing him.
 1633-39, A25, D, H49, L74, O'F, S, W 134-6 (That . . . free :) represented
 by dashes in 1633 134 venome 1635-54: venomous 1669: venomd many
 MSS.

All signes of loathing; But since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sinne
 To the last farthing; Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I beare this crosse; But the'houre 140
 Of mercy now was come; He tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing,
 And saies, Sir, can you spare me; I said, willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crowne? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as Ransome; But as filders, still, 145
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jigge upon you: so did hee
 With his long complementall thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my Crowne: Scant 150
 His thanks were ended, when I, (which did see
 All the court fill'd with more strange things then hee)
 Ran from thence with such or more hast, then one
 Who feares more actions, doth make from prison.
 At home in wholesome solitarinesse 155
 My precious soule began, the wretchednesse
 Of suiters at court to mourne, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 It selfe on mee, Such men as he saw there,
 I saw at court, and worse, and more; Low feare 160
 Becomes the guiltie, not the accuser; Then,
 Shall I, nones slave, of high borne, or raif'd men
 Feare frownes? And, my Mistresse Truth, betray thee
 To th'huffing braggart, puffed Nobility?
 No, no, Thou which since yesterday hast beene 165
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seene,

141 mercy now 1633-69: my redemption *Cy, P*: redemption now *Q, S*
 145 Gave] Give *Cy, D, H49* 146 Though] Thou 1635 152
 more . . then] such . . as 1669 154 make *B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC,*
L74, O'F, P, Q, S96, W: haste 1633-69, *Lec, N, S, TCD* (from previous line):
om. A25 prison.] prison; 1633 156 precious 1633, *L74, Lec, N, TCD*:
 piteous 1635-69 and rest of *MSS.* 159 on 1633, *Cy, L74, Lec, N, O'F,*
P, S, TCD: o'r 1635-69, *A25, B, D, H49, Q, S96, W* 162 nones] none
 1669 164 th'huffing braggart, 1669, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC,*
I74, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W (but no commas in *MSS.*): huffing, braggart,
 1633-54, *Lec, N, TCD* th'huffing, braggart, 1719 Nobility?]
 Nobility. 1633

O Sunne, in all thy journey, Vanitie,
 Such as fwells the bladder of our court? I
 Thinke he which made your waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy to stand 170
 With us, at London, flouts our Prefence, for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sappe, nor
 Taft have in them, ours are ; And naturall
 Some of the stocks are, their fruits, bastard all.
 'Tis ten a clock and past ; All whom the Mues, 175
 Baloune, Tennis, Dyet, or the stewes,
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks, are found
 In the Prefence, and I, (God pardon mee.)
 As fresh, and sweet their Apparrells be, as bee 180
 The fields they sold to buy them ; For a King
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers ; And bring
 Them next weeke to the Theatre to sell ;
 Wants reach all states ; Me seemes they doe as well
 At stage, as court ; All are players ; who e'r lookes 185
 (For themselves dare not goe) o'r Cheapside books,
 Shall finde their wardrops Inventory. Now,
 The Ladies come ; As Pirats, which doe know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchannel,
 The men board them ; and praise, as they thinke, well, 190

169 your 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, TCD: yon A25, B, JC, O'F, Q, W: the
 Cy, D, H49, P, S, S96 170 Transported 1633-69, L74, Lec, N, P, Q,
 TCD: Transplanted B, Cy, D, H49, JC, O'F, S, S96, W to stand] to
 Strand L74 (stand being struck through), S 171 our Prefence, 1633,
 L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: our Court here, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Q, S,
 W: our Courtiers, 1635-69, O'F 173 are ;] are, 1633 178 are found
 1633, 1669: were found 1635-54 179 I, (God pardon mee.) 1633:
 I. (God pardon mee.) 1635: I. (God pardon me) 1639-69: aye—God
 pardon me—Chambers 180 their Apparrells] th'apparells B, Cy, D,
 H49, L74, W 182 cry the flatterers ; 1633: cry his flatterers ; 1635-54,
 P: cryes his flatterers ; Cy, D, H49, JC, Q, S, W: cryes the flatterer ; 1669,
 L74 (flatterers is changed to flatterer), Lec (flatterers) 185 players ;]
 players, 1633 187 wardrops 1633: wardrobes 1635-69 Inventory.]
 Inventory ; 1633 188 doe know 1633-69, Lec, N, Q, TCD: did know
 Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, S, S96, W 190 (as they think) 1669

Their beauties; they the mens wits; Both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'r weare scarlet gownes, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all reds which scarlets die.
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net; 195
 She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loofe fet.
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine,
 From hat to shooe, himselfe at doore refine,
 As if the Prefence were a Moschite, and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, 200
 Making them confesse not only mortall
 Great stains and holes in them; but veniall
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by *Durers* rules surway the state
 Of his each limbe, and with strings the odds trye 205
 Of his neck to his legge, and waite to thighe.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symetrie
 Perfect as circles, with such nicetie
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes 210
 Him not so much as good will, he arrefts,
 And unto her protests protests protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne
 Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition;
 And whisperd by Jesu, so often, that A 215
 Purfevant would have ravish'd him away

194 [scarlets] scarlett *D, H49, Lec, O'F, P, Q, W* 195 call'd] calls
A25, HN, O'F, P, Q 195-6 net; . . . fet.] net. . . . fet; 1633 198
 hat] hat, 1633-54 199 As if the Prefence . . . Moschite, 1633-69,
Lec (colon 1635-69): As the Prefence . . . Moschite, (or Meschite,) *A25, B,*
Cy, HN, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W: As the Queenes Prefence . . . Meschite,
D, H49: As if the Queenes Prefence . . . meschite, *S* 203 fornicate:]
 fornicate. 1633 204 surway 1633-69, *N, O'F, P, Q, TCD:* surwayes *B,*
Cy, D, H49, JC, S, W 205 trye *Ed:* tryes 1633-69 and *MSS.* 206
 to thighe. *Ed:* to thiges. 1633-69 and *MSS.*: to his thighs. *Q* 211
 he arrefts, 1633-69, *L74, Lec, N, TCD:* straight arrefts, *A25, Cy, D, H49,*
HN, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, W 215 whisperd 1633, *D, H49, L74, N, TCD, W:*
 whispers 1635-69 216 Topcliffe would have ravish'd him quite away
JC, O'F, Q (JC and O'F alter to Purfevant)

For saying of our Ladies pfalter; But'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
 Who, in the other extreme, only doth 220
 Call a rough carelesfenesse, good fashion;
 Whose cloak his spurres teare; whom he spits on
 He cares not, His ill words doe no harme
 To him; he rusheth in, as if arme, arme,
 He meant to crie; And though his face be as ill 225
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to looke worse, he keepes all in awe;
 Jeasts like a licenc'd foole, commands like law.
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd fo
 As men which from gaoles to'execution goe, 230
 Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the feaven deadly finnes?). Being among
 Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know
 No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine 235
 Living, barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine;
 I shooke like a spyed Spie. Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drowne the finnes of this place, for, for mee
 Which am but a scarce brooke, it enough shall bee 240

217 of om. Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, P, Q, S, W 222 whom 1633, A25, B, D, H49, L74, N, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: or whom 1635-69, O'F 223 He cares not, His 1633 and MSS.: He cares not hee. His 1635-69 224 rusheth] rushes 1639-69 226 still 1635-69, Q, and other MSS.: yet still 1633, L74, N, TCD 229 I leave] Ile leave B, Cy, D, H49, W 230 men which from A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, S96, TCD, W: men from 1633-69 232 finnes?). Being Ed: finnes) being 1633-39: finnes?) being 1650-69: all the editions and some MSS. close the sentence at 236 wine. 236 Living barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine. 1633-54: Living, barrels of beef, and flaggons of wine. 1669 237 Spie.] Spie; 1633 238 Seas of Wit and Arts, B, Cy, L74, N, P, Q, TCD: Seas of Wits and Arts, 1633, D, H49, JC, Lec, S: Seas of witt and art, A25, HN: Great seas of witt and art, O'F, S96: Seas of all Wits and Arts, conj. Lowell 239 Drowne] To drowne O'F, S96 240 Which] Who MSS. am but a scarce brooke, 1633, L74, Lec, N, TCD: am but a scant brooke, 1635-69: am a scant brooke, B, HN, JC, O'F, P, Q, W: am a shallow brooke, Cy, D, H49, S, S96

To wash the stains away; Although I yet
 With *Macchabees* modestie, the knowne merit
 Of my worke lessen: yet some wise man shall,
 I hope, esteeme my writs Canonically.

Satyre V.

THou shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they
 Whom any pittie warmes; He which did lay
 Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood
 May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?)
 Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme 5
 Are wretched or wicked: of these two a theme
 Charity and liberty give me. What is hee
 Who Officers rage, and Suiters misery
 Can write, and jest? If all things be in all,
 As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall 10
 Bee, be made of the same elements:
 Each thing, each thing implyes or represents.
 Then man is a world; in which, Officers
 Are the vast ravishing seas; and Suiters,
 Springs; now full, now shallow, now drye; which, to 15
 That which drownes them, run: These selfe reasons do
 Prove the world a man, in which, officers
 Are the devouring stomacke, and Suiters
 The excrements, which they voyd. All men are dust;
 How much worse are Suiters, who to mens lust 20

241 the 1633-69: their *A25, B, Cy, D, HN, JC, O'F, Q, S, W*: these *L74, N, TCD* Although] though 1633 and MSS. 242 the knowne merit 1633-69, *JC, Lec, N, O'F, Q, TCD*: known om. *B, Cy, D, H49, HN, L74, P, S, W* 243 wife man] wife men 1650-69, *B, HN, L74, P, TCD, W*
 Satyre V. 1633-69, *A25, B, D, JC, Lec, O'F, Q, S, W*: Satyre the third. *P*: no title, *L74, N, TCD* (in *L74* it is third, in *N, TCD* fourth in order) 1 shalt] shal 1669 9 and] in 1669 12 implyes 1635-69: *spelt* employes 1633 and some MSS. represents. 1635-69: represents, 1633 13 Officers] Officers, 1633-69 14 ravishing 1633-69: ravenous *Q*: ravening *P, S* 19 voyd. All 1669: voyd; all 1633-54 dust; *W*: dust, 1633-69

Are made preyes? O worſe then duſt, or wormes meat,
 For they do eate you now, whoſe felves wormes ſhall eate.
 They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are
 The winde which drives them; and a waſtfull warre
 Is fought againſt you, and you fight it; they 25
 Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way
 Like wittals; th'iſſue your owne ruine is.
 Greateſt and faireſt Empreſſe, know you this?
 Alas, no more then Thames calme head doth know
 Whoſe meades her armes drowne, or whoſe corne o'rflow: 30
 You Sir, whoſe righteouſnes ſhe loves, whom I
 By having leave to ſerve, am moſt richly
 For ſervice paid, authoriz'd, now beginne
 To know and weed out this enormous ſinne.
 O Age of ruſty iron! Some better wit 35
 Call it ſome worſe name, if ought equall it;
 The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was ſold; now
 Injuſtice is ſold dearer farre. Allow
 All demands, fees, and duties, gamſters, anon
 The mony which you ſweat, and ſweare for, is gon 40
 Into other hands: So controverted lands
 Scape, like Angelica, the ſtrivers hands.
 If Law be in the Judges heart, and hee
 Have no heart to reſiſt letter, or fee,
 Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below 45
 Flow from the firſt maine head, and theſe can throw

21 preyes? 1669: preyes. 1633-54 26 their 1633, *D*, *L* 74, *Lec*, *N*,
S, *TCD*, *W*: the 1635-69, *O'F*, *P*, *Q* 27 wittals; *W*: wittals, 1633-69
is.] is; 1633 33 authoriz'd, 1635-54: authorized, 1633: authoriz'd. 1669
35-6 Some . . . equall it;] *in brackets* 1635-54

37-9 The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was ſold, now

Injuſtice is ſold deerer farre; allow

All demands, fees, and duties; gamſters, anon 1633, *D*, *JC* (All
 claym'd fees), *Lec*, *N*, *Q* (All claym'd fees), *TCD*, *W* (All
 claym'd fees):

The iron Age *that* was, when juſtice was ſold (now

Injuſtice is ſold dearer) did allow

All claim'd fees and duties. Gamſters, anon 1635-54, *B*, *O'F*, *P* (*the*
laſt two omit that was), *Chambers* (*no italics*):

The iron Age was, when juſtice was ſold, now

Injuſtice is ſold dearer far, allow

All claim'd fees and duties, Gamſters, anon 1669

46 Flow] Flows *O'F*, *Chambers*. See note

Thee,

Thee, if they fucke thee in, to misery,
 To fetters, halters; But if the injury
 Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'st
 Against the stream, when upwards: when thou art most 50
 Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
 'Gainst whom thou should'st complaine, will in the way
 Become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt bee
 Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
 That all thy gold was drown'd in them before; 55
 All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
 Judges are Gods; he who made and said them so,
 Meant not that men should be forc'd to them to goe,
 By meanes of Angels; When supplications
 We send to God, to Dominations, 60
 Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if wee
 Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be
 Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger
 A Stoicke, a coward, yea a Martyr,
 To see a Purfivant come in, and call 65
 All his cloathes, Copes; Bookes, Primers; and all
 His Plate, Challices; and mistake them away,
 And aske a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may
 Faire lawes white reverend name be strumpeted,
 To warrant thefts: she is established 70
 Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and shee
 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us who must bee
 Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles:
 Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nailes,

49 complaine,] complaine; 1633 go'st] goest 1633-39 50 when
 upwards: 1633-54, *A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W*: up-
 wards, 1669, *Chambers* 52 the 1633: thy 1635-69 56 only who have]
 only, who have, 1633 more.] more 1633 57 he . . . fo, 1633-54:
 and he who made them so, 1669: he . . . and cal'd (*changed to stil'd*) them so,
O'F 58 that] *om.* 1669 59 supplications] supplication 1635-54
 61 Courts, 1635-69, *B, JC, L74, O'F, P, Q, W*: Court, 1633, *D, Lec, N,*
S, TCD 63 'tis. Would 1669: 'tis, would 1633: 'tis; Would 1635-54
 68 aske 1669, *A25, B, D, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, W*: lack 1633-54, *Lec*
 comming?] comming; 1633 72 Speakes Fates words, and but tells us
&c. Q, W, Chambers: Speakes Fates words, and tells who must bee 1633-69

With which she scracheth Suiters; In bodies 75
 Of men, so in law, nailes are th'extremities,
 So Officers stretch to more then Law can doe,
 As our nailes reach what no else part comes to.
 Why barest thou to yon Officer? Foole, Hath hee
 Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee? 80
 Foole, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now hungerly
 Beg'ft right; But that dole comes not till these dye.
 Thou had'st much, and lawes Urim and Thummim trie
 Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
 Enough to cloath all the great Carricks Pepper. 85
 Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,
 Then Haman, when he sold his Antiquities.
 O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
 Esops fables, and make tales, prophecies.
 Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cofened, 90
 And div'ft, neare drowning, for what's vanished.

76 men,] men; 1633 th'extremities, A25, B, D, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W: extremities, 1633: extremities. 1635-69 78 comes to.] can come to. Q 80 which erst men bar'd 1635-69, B, O'F, Q, S, W: which men bared 1633, D, Lec, N, TCD: which men erst bar'd A25, L74, P 85 great] om. Q Carricks 1633-35: Charricks 1639-69 87 Haman, 1633: Hammon, 1635-69, P: MSS. generally vary between Haman and Hammond when 1633, 1669, D, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD: if 1635-54, A25, B, JC, O'F, Q, S 90 Thou'art Ed: Thou art 1633-69 cofened,] cozeneth, 1669 91 And 1633: Which 1635-69: Whoe Q div'ft, 1633-54, N, P, S, TCD: div'ft 1669: div'dft D, L74, Lec (altered from div'ft), W: div'd A25, B, JC, O'F, S (Grosart), Q what's vanished. N: what vanished. 1633-54 and rest of MSS.: what vanisheth. 1669

Vpon Mr. Thomas Coryats Crudities.

OH to what height will love of greatnesse drive
 Thy leavened spirit, *Sesqui-superlative*?
 Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, and would seek than
 Some vaster thing, and found't a Curtizan.
 That inland Sea having discovered well, 5
 A Cellar gulfe, where one might faile to hell
 From Heydelberg, thou longd'st to see: And thou
 This Booke, greater then all, producest now.
 Infinite worke, which doth so far extend,
 That none can study it to any end. 10
 'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor roote;
 Nor poorely limited with head or foot.
 If man be therefore man, because he can
 Reason, and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man.
 One halfe being made, thy modestie was such, 15
 That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch.
 When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique?
 Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
 A prosperous nose-borne wenne, which sometimes growes
 To be farre greater then the Mother-nose? 20
 Goe then; and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did Townes, and *Gesner* Authors show,
 Mount now to *Gallo-belgicus*; appear
 As deepe a States-man, as a Gazettier.
 Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back, 25
 Talke of *Will. Conquerour*, and *Prestor Iack*.
 Go bashfull man, lest here thou blush to looke
 Vpon the progresse of thy glorious booke,
 To which both Indies sacrifices send;
 The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend, 30

Vpon Mr. &c. 1649, where it was placed with The Token (p. 72),
 at the end of the Funerall Elegies: appeared originally in Coryats Crudities
 (1611: see note) with heading Incipit Joannes Donne. 2 leavened
 1611: learned 1649-69 and mod. edd. 7 longd'st 1611: long'st
 1649-69 19 sometimes] sometime 1611 24 Gazettier. 1611:
 Garretteir 1649-69 28 booke,] booke. 1611

(Meaning

(Meaning to see't no more) upon the presse.
 The East sends hither her delicioufnesse;
 And thy leaves must imbrace what comes from thence,
 The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense.
 This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoope 35
 To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoope
 Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
 Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
 If for vast Tons of Currans, and of Figs,
 Of Medicinall and Aromatique twigs, 40
 Thy leaves a better method do provide,
 Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;
 If they stoope lower yet, and vent our wares,
 Home-manufactures, to thick popular Faïres,
 If *omni-prægnant* there, upon warme stalls, 45
 They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls;
 Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
 That they all kinde of matter comprehend.
 Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took,
 A Pandect makest, and Vniversall Booke. 50
 The bravest Heroes, for publike good,
 Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood.
 Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
 Do publike good, cut in Anatomies;
 So will thy booke in peeces; for a Lord 55
 Which casts at Portescues, and all the board,
 Provide whole books; each leafe enough will be
 For friends to passe time, and keep company.
 Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
 Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit: 60
 Some shall wrap pils, and save a friends life so,
 Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
 Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age
 So much, at once their hunger to assuage:
 Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye 65
 All in one bottome, in one Librarie.

Some Leaves may paffe strings there in other books,
 And so one may, which on another looks,
 Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you;
 But hardly* much; and yet I think this true; * I meane 70
 As *Sibyls* was, your booke is mysticall, from one
 For every peece is as much worth as all. page which
 Therefore mine impotency I confesse, shall paffe
 The healths which my braine bears must be far lesse: strings in a
 Thy Gyant-wit'orethrowes me, I am gone; booke.¹ 75
 And rather then read all, I would reade none.

I. D.

In eundem Macaronicon.

Quot, dos haec, Linguists perfetti, Disticha fairont,
Tot cuerdos States-men, hic livre fara tuus.
Es sat a my l'honneur estre hic inteso; Car I leave
L'honra, de personne nestre creduto, tibi.

Expliciu Joannes Donne.

¹ I meane &c. side-note in 1611
 In eundem &c. 1611, concluding the above



JOHN DONNE, 1613

From the engraving prefixed to his son's edition of the *Letters to Several Persons of Honour* 1651; 1654

LETTERS

TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES.

THE STORME.

To Mr. *Christopher Brooke.*

THou which art I, ('tis nothing to be foe)
 Thou which art still thy selfe, by these shalt know
 Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye
 By *Hilliard* drawne, is worth an history,
 By a worse painter made; and (without pride) 5
 When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd,
 My lines are such: 'Tis the preheminance
 Of friendship onely to'impute excellence.
 England to whom we'owe, what we be, and have,
 Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave 10
 (For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothsay,
 Honour and misery have one face and way.)
 From out her pregnant intrailes sigh'd a winde
 Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde
 Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw 15
 Downeward againe; and so when it did view
 How in the port, our fleet deare time did leese,
 Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees,
 Mildly it kist our sailes, and, fresh and sweet,
 As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete, 20
 Meate comes, it came; and swole our sailes, when wee
 So joyd, as *Sara*'her swelling joy'd to see.

The Storme. To Mr. Christopher Brooke. 1633 (1635-69 add from
 the Iland voyage with the Earle of Essex): The Storme, A Storme or
 Storme; *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W:*
some add To Mr. C: B: or a longer note to the same effect as 1635-69: to
Sr Basil Brooke JC, S 2 these 1633 and most MSS.: this 1635-69,
O'F, S 4 an 1633: a 1635-69 7 such: *Ed:* such. 1633-69 11
 soothsay, 1650-54: spelt Southsay 1633-39: gainstay 1669 12 and
 way. 1633, 1669: one way. 1635-54 18 lye] laie Q 19
 fresh *W:* fresh, 1633-69 20 As *W:* As, 1633-69

But

But 'twas but so kinde, as our councitimen,
 Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then.
 Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre 25
 Afunder, meet againſt a third to warre,
 The South and Weſt winds joyn'd, and, as they blew,
 Waves like a rowling trench before them threw.
 Sooner then you read this line, did the gale,
 Like ſhot, not fear'd till felt, our ſailes aſſaile; 30
 And what at firſt was call'd a guſt, the ſame
 Hath now a ſtormes, anon a tempeſts name.
Jonas, I pittie thee, and curſe thoſe men,
 Who when the ſtorm rag'd moſt, did wake thee then;
 Sleepe is paines eaſieſt ſalue, and doth fullfill 35
 All offices of death, except to kill.
 But when I wakt, I ſaw, that I ſaw not;
 I, and the Sunne, which ſhould teach mee'had forgot
 Eaſt, Weſt, Day, Night, and I could onely ſay,
 If'the world had laſted, now it had beene day. 40
 Thouſands our noyſes were, yet wee'mongſt all
 Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
 Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
 Then if the Sunne had drunke the ſea before.
 Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye,'equally 45
 Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet muſt dye;
 And as ſin-burd'ned ſoules from graves will creepe,
 At the laſt day, ſome forth their cabbins peepe:
 And tremblingly'aske what newes, and doe heare ſo,
 Like jealous huſbands, what they would not know. 50

23 'twas 1650-69: 'twas, 1633-39 30 fear'd] fear'd, 1633 37
 not; *Ed*: not. 1633-69 38 I, and the Sunne, 1633-69 and most *MSS.*:
 yea, and the Sunne, *Q* 39 Day, Night, *D, W*: day, night, 1633-69
 could onely ſay 1633-69: could but ſay *Cy, HN, JC, L74, Q, N, S, TCD, W*:
 could then but ſay *O'F*: could ſay *H49, Lec*: ſhould ſay *D* 40 laſted,
 now 1633, 1669: laſted, yet 1635-54: Laſted yet, *O'F* 42 his] this 1669
 44 before.] before; 1633 46 dye; *Ed*: dye. 1633-69 47 graves 1669,
A25, B, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCD, W: grave 1633-54, *Cy*
 49 tremblingly 1633, *A25, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD, W*: trembling
 1635-69, *Cy, JC, O'F, P, S* 50 Like 1633, *D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec,*
N, TCD, W: As 1635-69

Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there,
 With hideous gazing to feare away feare.
 Then note they the ships sicknesse, the Mast
 Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Waft
 With a salt dropfie clog'd, and all our tacklings 55
 Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings.
 And from our totter'd failes, ragges drop downe to,
 As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe.
 Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,
 Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence. 60
 Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine?
 Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe;
 Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers; and if they
 Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say.
 Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme, 65
 Hell somewhat lightsome, and the'Bermuda calme.
 Darknesse, lights elder brother, his birth-right
 Claims o'r this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light.
 All things are one, and that one none can be,
 Since all formes, uniforme deformity 70
 Doth cover, so that wee, except God say
 Another *Fiat*, shall have no more day.
 So violent, yet long these furies bee,
 That though thine absence serve me, I wish not thee.

53 Then] There 1669 54 this] an 1635-69 56 too-high-stretched 1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD, W (MS. spelling generally to and stretcht): too-too-high-stretch'd 1635-54: to too-high-stretch'd 1669, B, O'F 59 Even our Ordinance 1633 and MSS.: Yea even our Ordinance 1635-69 60 Strive 1633, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, S, TCD, W: Strives 1635-69, Chambers: Striv'd A25, B, Cy 66 Hell] Hell's S lightsome] light B, Cy and the'Bermuda 1633, D, H49, I74, Lec, N, TCD, W: and the Bermudas B, Cy, HN, P, S, Q: the Bermudas 1635-54 O'F: the Bermuda's 1669 67 elder A25, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD, W: eldest 1633-69, B, Lec 68 Claims 1635-69 and MSS.: Claim'd 1633 this 1633, D, H49, HN, L74, Lec, N, TCD: the 1635-69, A25, B, Cy, O'F, P, Q, S

THE CALME.

OUr storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage,
 A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage.
 The fable is inverted, and farre more
 A blocke afflicts, now, then a storke before.
 Stormes chafe, and foone weare out themselves, or us; 5
 In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
 As steady'as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
 Smooth as thy mistresse glasse, or what shines there,
 The sea is now. And, as the Iles which wee
 Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee. 10
 As water did in stormes, now pitch runs out:
 As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout.
 And all our beauty, and our trimme, decayes,
 Like courts removing, or like ended playes.
 The fighting place now seamens ragges supply; 15
 And all the tackling is a frippery.
 No use of lanthornes; and in one place lay
 Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
 Earths hollowneses, which the worlds lungs are,
 Have no more winde then the upper valt of aire. 20
 We can nor lost friends, nor fought foes recover,
 But meteorlike, save that wee move not, hover.
 Onely the Calenture together draws
 Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jawes:
 And on the hatches as on Altars lyes 25
 Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice.
 Who live, that miracle do multiply

The Calme. 1633-69: similarly, *A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, Q, S, TCD* 4 storke] stroke 1639 7 can wish, that my
 1633, *A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD*: could wish that my
 Q: could wish my 1635-69, *Chambers*, who makes no note of 1633 reading
 9 the Iles 1633-69: these illes *D, H49, Lec, Chambers* (no note): those
 Iles *B, Cy, HN, JC, L74, N, P, Q, TCD* 11 out: 1635-69: out 1633
 14 ended] ending 1669 15 ragges] rage 1669 17 No] Now 1669
 21 lost] lefte *Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, P, TCD* 24 jawes: 1633, *A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, Q, S, TCD*: mawes, 1635-69, *O'F, P, Chambers*

Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye.
 If in despite of these, wee swimme, that hath
 No more refreshing, then our brimstone Bath, 30
 But from the sea, into the ship we turne,
 Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne.
 Like *Bajazet* encag'd, the shepheards scoffe,
 Or like slacke finew'd *Sampson*, his haire off,
 Languish our ships. Now, as a Miriade 35
 Of Ants, durst th'Emperours lov'd snake invade,
 The crawling Gallies, Sea-goales, finny chips,
 Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-ridde ships.
 Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine,
 Or to disuse mee from the queasie paine 40
 Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirst
 Of honour, or faire death, out pusht mee first,
 I lose my end: for here as well as I
 A desperate may live, and a coward die.
 Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies, 45
 Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes.
 Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
 A scourge, gainst which wee all forget to pray,
 He that at sea prayes for more winde, as well
 Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell. 50
 What are wee then? How little more alas
 Is man now, then before he was? he was

29 these, | this, *L74, Q, TCD* 30 our *1633, B, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, N, S, TCD*: a *1635-69, A25, P* 33 shepheards *1650-69*: sheepheards *1633-39* 37 Sea-goales, (or gayles &c.) *1633, 1669, Cy, D, H49, HN, I74, Lec, N, P, S, TCD*: Sea-gulls, *1635-54, O'F. Chambers*: Sea-fnayles. *B, JC* 38 our Pinnaces, now *1635-54, B, O'F*: our venices, now *1633, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, Q, S, TCD*: with *Vinice's*, our *1669*
 40 Or] Or, *1633-69* 44 and a coward *1633, MSS.*: and coward *1635-69*: a coward *P, S* 45 and all] and each *B, Q, S* 48 forget *1633-54, D, H49, Lec, P, S*: forgot *1669, A25, HN, JC, L74, N, Q, TCD*
 50 poles | pole *JC, Q* 52-3 he was? he was Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; *1633, N, P, S, TCD* (but *MSS. have no stop after Nothing*): he was, he was? Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; *1635-54*: he was, he was? Nothing for us, we are for nothing fit; *1669, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, L74, Lec, O'F, Q*: but the *MSS. have not all got a mark of interrogation or other stop after second* he was. See note

Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit;
 Chance, or our selves still disproportion it.
 Wee have no power, no will, no sence; I lye,
 I should not then thus feele this miserie.

To S^r Henry Wotton.

Sir, more then kisses, letters mingle Soules;
 For, thus friends absent speake. This ease controules
 The tediousnesse of my life: But for these
 I could ideate nothing, which could please,
 But I should wither in one day, and passe
 To'a bottle'of Hay, that am a locke of Grasse. 5
 Life is a voyage, and in our lifes wayes
 Countries, Courts, Towns are Rockes, or Remoraes;
 They breake or stop all ships, yet our state's such,
 That though then pitch they staine worfe, wee must touch. 10
 If in the furnace of the even line,
 Or under th'adverse icy poles thou pine,
 Thou know'ft two temperate Regions girded in,
 Dwell there: But Oh, what refuge canst thou winne
 Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen? 15
 Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen?
 Can dung and garlike be'a perfume? or can
 A Scorpion and Torpedo cure a man?

To S^r Henry Wotton. 1633-69 (Sir 1669): same or no title, A18, A25, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: To Mr H. W. B, W (B adds J. D.). See note 4 I could invent nothing at all to please, 1669 6 bottle] bottle 1633 To a lock of hay, that am a Bottle of grafs. 1669 7 lifes 1633: lifes 1635-69 10 though . . . worfe, in brackets 1650-69 11 even 1669, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC, W: raging 1633-54: other P: over S 12 poles A25, B, Cy, D, H49, JC, Lec, P, O'F, S, W: pole 1633-69, A18, HN, N, TC 16 cities, . . . extremes, Ed: cities . . . extremes 1633-69 17 dung and garlike 1633, A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W (dung, 1633): dung, or garlike 1635-69, A25, Cy, O'F, P, S a perfume] a om. 1635-54, Chambers 18 Scorpion Ed: Scorpion, 1633-69 and Torpedo A18, D, H49, N, TC, W: or Torpedo 1633-69, A25, B, Cy, JC, Lec, O'F, P, S. See note

Letters to Severall Personages. 181

Cities are worst of all three; of all three
(O knottie riddle) each is worst equally. 20
Cities are Sepulchers; they who dwell there
Are carcases, as if no such there were.
And Courts are Theaters, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, all to one end, and of one clay.
The Country is a desert, where no good, 25
Gain'd (as habits, not borne,) is understood.
There men become beasts, and prone to more evils;
In cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devills.
As in the first Chaos confusedly
Each elements qualities were in the other three; 30
So pride, lust, covetize, being severall
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue incestuous.
Falshood is denizon'd. Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there, Virtues flintie wall 35
Shall locke vice in mee, I'll do none, but know all.
Men are sponges, which to poure out, receive,
Who know false play, rather then lose, deceive.
For in best understandings, sinne beganne,
Angels sinn'd first, then Devills, and then man. 40

19 of all three 1633: of all three? 1635-69 22 no such 1633, *A18*,
A25, *B*, *D*, *H49*, *JC*, *N*, *S*, *TC*, *W*: none such 1635-69, *O'F*, *P* there were.
1635-69, *A25*, *B*, *D*, *H49*, *JC*, *O'F*, *P*, *S*, *W*: they were. 1633, *Lec*: then
were *A18*, *N*, *TC* 24 and of one clay. 1633 and *MSS*. generally: of one
clay. 1635-39: of one day. 1650-54: and at one day. *A25*: Princes, some
slaves, and all end in one day. 1669

25-6 The Country is a desert, where no good,
Gain'd, as habits, not borne, is understood. 1633, 1669, *A18*. *B*, *Cy*,
D, *H49*, *HN*, *JC*, *Lec*, *N*, *Sg6*, *TC*, *W*

The Country is a desert, where the good,
Gain'd inhabits not, borne, is not understood. 1635-54, *O'F*, *P*, *S*

The Country is a desert, where noe good

Gain'd doth inhabit, nor born's understood. *A25*

27 more 1633, *A25*, *W*: meere *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *JC*, *Lec*, *Sg6*: men (a slip for
mere) *A18*, *N*, *TC*: all 1635-69. See note 33 issue incestuous. 1633,
A18, *D*, *H49*, *JC*, *Lec*, *N*, *TC*, *W*: issue is incestuous. 1635-69, *P*, *S*: issues
monstrous. *A25* 35 there] then *Lec*

Onely

Onely perchance beafts finne not; wretched wee
 Are beafts in all, but white integritie.
 I thinke if men, which in these places live
 Durst looke for themselves, and themselves retriue,
 They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing than 45
 Utopian youth, growne old Italian.

Be thou thine owne home, and in thy selfe dwell;
 Inne any where, continuance maketh hell.
 And seeing the fnaile, which every where doth rome,
 Carrying his owne house still, still is at home, 50
 Follow (for he is easie pac'd) this fnaile,
 Bee thine owne Palace, or the world's thy gaile.
 And in the worlds fea, do not like corke sleepe
 Upon the waters face; nor in the deepe
 Sinke like a lead without a line: but as 55
 Fishes glide, leaving no print where they passe,
 Nor making sound; so closely thy course goe,
 Let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no.
 Onely'in this one thing, be no Galenist: To make
 Courts hot ambitions wholesome, do not take 60
 A dramme of Countries dulnesse; do not adde
 Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad.
 But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather doe
 Say o'er those lessons, which I learn'd of you:
 Whom, free from German schismes, and lightnesse 65
 Of France, and faire Italies faithlesnesse,
 Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
 And brought home that faith, which you carried forth,
 I throughly love. But if my selfe, I have wonne
 To know my rules, I have, and you have 70

DONNE:

44 for themselves, *Ar8, A25, B, D, H49, HN, JC, Lec, N, S, S96, TC, W*: in themselves, 1633-69: into themselves, themselves retriue, *Cy, O'F, P*
 45 than] then 1633 45-6 than . . . Italian.] that . . . Italianate. *Cy, P*
 47 Be thou 1633. *Lec*: Be then 1635-69 and *MSS*. 50 home, *Ed*: home.
 1633: home: 1635-69 52 gaile. 1635-69: goale; 1633 57 fo
D, W: fo, 1633-69 58-9 breathe,] breath, 1633 or no. Onely'in this
 one thing, be no Galenist: *Ed*: or no: Onely . . . Galenist. 1633, *Ar8, B, D,*
H49, JC, Lec, N, TC, W: or no: Onely in this be no Galenist. 1635-69,
Cy, O'F, S 64 you:] you. 1633 65 German 1633 and all *MSS*.:
 Germanies 1635-69, *Grosart and Chambers* (without note)

To S^r Henry Goodyere.

WHO makes the Past, a patterne for next yeare,
Turnes no new leafe, but still the same things reads,
Seene things, he sees againe, heard things doth heare,
And makes his life, but like a paire of beads.

A Palace, when'tis that, which it should be, 5
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But hee which dwels there, is not so; for hee
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise;

So had your body'her morning, hath her noone,
And shall not better; her next change is night: 10
But her faire larger guesst, to'whom Sun and Moone
Are sparkes, and short liv'd, claimes another right.

The noble Soule by age growes lustier,
Her appetite, and her digestion mend,
Wee must not sterue, nor hope to pamper her 15
With womens milke, and pappe unto the end.

Provide you manlyer dyet; you have seene
All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts;
But aske your Garners if you have not beene
In harvests, too indulgent to your sports. 20

Would you redeeme it? then your selfe transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Beares no more wit, then ours, but yet more scant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To Sir Henry Goodyere. 1633-69: so with Goodyere variously spelt
A25, B, C, Cy, D, H49, Lec: To S^r Henry Goodyere (H: G: A18, N, TC)
moving him to travell. A18, N, O'F, TC 1 Past, 1633-54, A18, A25,
B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TC: Last 1669, Chambers 2 reads,] read,
1650-54 6 decays, 1633 16 womens] womans 1669
17 dyet; Ed: dyet, 1633 (with a larger interval than is usually given to
a comma), 1669: dyet. 1635-54 20 harvests, 1633-54, A18, B, D,
H49, Lec, TC: harvest, 1669, A25, C, Cy, N, O'F, Chambers

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To be a stranger hath that benefit, 25
 Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke.
 Goe; whither? Hence; you get, if you forget;
 New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoake.
 Our foule, whose country's heaven, and God her father,
 Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent, 30
 Yet, so much in her travaile she doth gather,
 That she returnes home, wiser then she went;
 It payes you well, if it teach you to spare,
 And make you, 'as ham'd, to make your hawks praise,
 yours,
 Which when herselfe she lessens in the aire, 35
 You then first say, that high enough she toures.
 However, keepe the lively taft you hold
 Of God, love him as now, but feare him more,
 And in your afternoones thinke what you told
 And promis'd him, at morning prayer before. 40
 Let falshood like a discord anger you,
 Else be not froward. But why doe I touch
 Things, of which none is in your practise new,
 And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much;
 But thus I make you keepe your promise Sir, 45
 Riding I had you, though you still staid there,
 And in these thoughts, although you never stirre,
 You came with mee to Micham, and are here.

27 Goe; *A18, B, TC*: Goe, 1633-69 Hence; *A18, TC*: hence;
 1633: hence 1635-54: Hence. 1669 28 in us, 1633, *A18, A25, C,*
Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: to us, 1635-69, *B, O'F* 34 you, 'as ham'd, *Ed*:
 you 'as ham'd, 1633-69: you asham'd *Chambers and Grolier*. See note
 37 However, 1633-39: However 1650-69: Howsoever *A18, B, D, N, O'F,*
TC 38 as] *om.* 1639-69 42 froward.] froward; 1633 44
 Tables 1633-54, *Lec*: Fables 1669, *A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H49, N, O'F, TC*
 45 make] made *A18, N, TC* 48 with mee to] to mee at *A18, N, TC*

To M^r Rowland Woodward.

LIke one who'in her third widdowhood doth professe
Her selfe a Nunne, tyed to retirednesse,
So'affects my muse now, a chaste fallownesse;

Since thee to few, yet to too many'hath showne
How love-song weeds, and Satyrique thornes are growne 5
Where seeds of better Arts, were early sown.

Though to use, and love Poëtrie, to mee,
Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no'adulterie;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds bee.

For though to us it seeme,' and be light and thinne, 10
Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throwes in
Mens workes, vanity weighs as much as sinne.

If our Soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee
May cloth them with faith, and deare honestie,
Which God imputes, as native puritie. 15

There is no Vertue, but Religion:
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

To M^r Rowland Woodward. 1633-69: similarly or without heading, A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCC, TCD: A Letter of Doctor Dunne to one that desired some of his papers. B: To M^r R. W. W 1 professe] professe, 1633 2 retirednesse, 1633-69, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, O'F, P, S: a retirednesse, A18, L74, N, TC, W 3 fallownesse; Ed: fallownesse. 1633-54: fallownesse, 1669: holiness Cy, P, S96 4 too] so W showne 1633, 1669: shone, 1635-54 5 How love-song weeds, 1633: How long loves weeds, 1635-54, O'F: How Love-song weeds, 1669 6 sown. 1633, 1669: sown? 1635-54: sown; Chambers, who retains the full-stop after fallownesse 10 to us it] to use it, Cy, P, S96 seeme,' and be light 1633, A18, B, D, H40, H49, L74, N, S, S96, TC, W: seem but light 1635-69, Cy, OF, P. and Chambers, who attributes to 1633 the reading seem and be but light 13 white] whites Cy, O'F, P 14 honestie] integritie Cy, P, S, S96 15 puritie.] puritie, 1633 16 Religion: 1669: Religion, 1633: Religion. 1635-54

Seeke

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Seeke wee then our felves in our felves; for as
Men force the Sunne with much more force to passe, 20
By gathering his beames with a chriftall glaffe;

So wee, If wee into our felves will turne,
Blowing our sparkes of vertue, may outburne
The straw, which doth about our hearts sojourne.

You know, Phyfitians, when they would infuse 25
Into any'oye, the Soules of Simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warme, to chuse.

So workes retirednesse in us; To rome
Giddily, and be every where, but at home,
Such freedome doth a banishment become. 30

Wee are but farmers of our felves, yet may,
If we can stocke our felves, and thrive, uplay
Much, much deare treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thy felfe then, to thy felfe be'approv'd,
And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd, 35
But to know, that I love thee and would be lov'd.

23 our] the *A18, L74, N, TC* sparkes 1633-54, *B, Cy, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TC, W*: spak 1669, *A18, H40, S, Chambers*
25 infuse] infuse 1633 26 Soules 1633-69, *Cy, P*: soule *B, D, H40 JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W* 28 To 1635-69: to 1633 29
Giddily, 1669: Giddily 1633-54 31 farmers 1635-69, and all MSS.,
where it is generally spelt farmers: farmers 1633 33 deare 1633, and
most MSS.: good 1635-69, *Cy, O'F, P, S96* 34 approv'd 1633-54,
A18, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC, W: improv'd
1669, *B, Chambers* 36 lov'd. 1633-69: belov'd. *A18, L74, N, P, S, S96, TC*

To S^r Henry Wootton.

Here's no more newes, then vertue, I may as well
Tell you *Cales*, or S^t *Michaels* tale for newes, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to get stomachs, we walke up and downe,
And toyle to sweeten rest, so, may God frowne, 5
If, but to loth both, I haunt Court, or Towne.

For here no one is from the extremitie
Of vice, by any other reason free,
But that the next to him, still, is worfe then hee.

In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate, 10
(Gods Commiffary,) doth so thoroughly hate,
As in the Courts Squadron to marshall their state:

If they stand arm'd with feely honesty,
With wifhing prayers, and neat integritie,
Like Indians gainst Spanifh hosts they bee. 15

Suspitious boldnesse to this place belongs,
And to have as many eares as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

To S^r Henry Wootton. 1633-69: *do.* or A Letter to &c B, Cy, D, H49, I, 74, I, ec, S, S96 (of these Cy and S add From Court and From y^e Court): From Court. P: To M^r H. W. 20 Jul. 1598 at Court. HN: To M^r H. W. 20 July 1598 (*sic*) At Court. W: Jo: D: to M^r H: W: A18, N, TC: Another Letter. JC 1 newes] rew 1669 2 Tell you *Cales*, (*Calis*, 1633) or S^t *Michaels* tale for newes, as tell 1633, A18, B (tales), Cy (and S^t *Michaels* tales), D, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F (tales), P, S, S96 (tales), TC, W (MSS. *waver in spelling—but Cales Cy, HN, P*): Tell you *Calis*, or Saint *Michaels* tales, as tell 1635-54, Chambers (*Calais*): Tell *Calis*, or Saint *Michaels* Mount, as tell 1669: Tell you *Calais*, or Saint *Michaels* Mount as tell 1719: All modern editions read *Calais* 6 or] and 1669 9 to him, still, 1633: to him, still, 1635-69: to him is still A18, L74, N, O'F, TC 12 state: 1635-69: state 1633 14 wifhing prayers, 1633, A18, D, H49, JC, L74, L, ec, N, S, S96, TC, W: wifhing, prayers, 1669, HN: wifhes, prayers, 1635-54, B, Cy, O'F, P, Chambers

Beleeve

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Beleeve mee Sir, in my youths giddieft dayes,
When to be like the Court, was a playes praise, 20
Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts are like playes.

Then let us at these mimicke antiques jeaft,
Whose deepest projects, and egregious gefts
Are but dull Moralls of a game at Chefts.

But now'tis incongruity to smile, 25
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while,
At Court; though *From Court*, were the better stile.

H: W: in Hiber: belligeranti.

WEnt you to conquer? and have so much loft
Yourself, that what in you was best and most,
Respective friendship, should so quickly dye?
In publique gaine my share is not such that I
Would lose your love for Ireland: better cheap 5
I pardon death (who though he do not reap
Yet gleanes hee many of our frends away)
Then that your waking mind should bee a prey
To lethargies. Lett shott, and boggs, and skeines
With bodies deale, as fate bids and restreynes; 10
Ere sicknesses attack, yong death is best,
Who payes before his death doth scape arrest.

20 playes] players 1639-69 21 are like 1633, A18, D, H49, L74,
I.ec, N, S, S96 (are now like), *TC, W:* are om. (*metri causa*) 1635-69, *B. Cy,*
JC, O'F

23-4

are egregious gefts,

And but dull Morals at a game of Chefts. 1669

25 now'tis] 'tis an 1669 27 *At Court*; though, *From Court*, &c. *W:*
At Court, though from Court, &c. 1633-69

H: W: &c. *Burley MS.* (JD in margin) i.e. Henrico Wottoni in Hibernia
belligeranti 2 that] y^t *Bur*, and similarly y^e (the), y^r (your), w^{ch}
(which), wth (with) *throughout* 2-3 most, Respective friendship,] no
commas, Bur 4 share is] share is *Bur* 9 lethargies.] letargies. *Bur*
10 restreynes;] restreynes *Bur* 11 attack,] attack *Bur* best,] best *Bur*
Lett

Lett not your foule (at first with graces fill'd,
 And since, and thorough crooked lymbecks, still'd
 In many schools and courts, which quicken it,) 15
 It self unto the Irish negligence submit.
 I aske not labored letters which should weare
 Long papers out: nor letters which should feare
 Dishonest carriage: or a feers art:
 Nor such as from the brayne come, but the hart. 20

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

REason is our Soules left hand, Faith her right,
 By these wee reach divinity, that's you;
 Their loves, who have the blessings of your light,
 Grew from their reason, mine from faire faith grew.
 But as, although a squint lefthandednesse 5
 Be'ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand,
 So would I, not to encrease, but to expresse
 My faith, as I beleewe, so understand.
 Therefore I study you first in your Saints,
 Those friends, whom your election glorifies, 10
 Then in your deeds, accesses, and restraints,
 And what you reade, and what your selfe devise.
 But soone, the reasons why you're lov'd by all,
 Grow infinite, and so passe reasons reach,
 Then backe againe to'implicite faith I fall, 15
 And rest on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

13 (at first] *Bur* closes bracket after first and again after 15 quicken it,
 14 since,] since *Bur* 19 art:] art *Bur*
 To the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-69: *do.* or To the Countesse of B.
B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, M, N, O'F, RP31, S, S96, TCD 3 blessings
 1633, *D, H49, Lec:* blessing 1635-69, *B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD*
 light, 1633-69: fight, *B, Cy, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, RP31, S, TCD*
 4 faire 1633-69, *L74, N, TCD:* farr *B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, M, O'F, RP31, S,*
S96 16 what] that *Chambers* voice 1635-69, *B, Cy, D, H49, L74,*
Lec, M, N, O'F, S96, TCD: faith 1633, *RP31, S*

That

That you are good: and not one Heretique
 Denies it: if he did, yet you are so.
 For, rockes, which high top'd and deep rooted sticke,
 Waves wafh, not undermine, nor overthrow. 20

In every thing there naturally growes
 A *Balsamum* to keepe it fresh, and new,
 If'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blowes ;
 Your birth and beauty are this Balme in you.

But you of learning and religion, 25
 And vertue, and such ingredients, have made
 A methridate, whose operation
 Keepest off, or cures what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your physicke, but your food,
 A dyet fit for you ; for you are here 30
 The first good Angell, since the worlds frame stood,
 That ever did in womans shape appeare.

Since you are then Gods masterpeece, and so
 His Factor for our loves ; do as you doe,
 Make your returne home gracious ; and bestow 35
 This life on that ; so make one life of two.

For so God helpe mee, I would not misse you there
 For all the good which you can do me here.

19 high top'd and deep rooted 1633, *N*, *TCD*: high to sense deepe-rooted 1635-54, *O'F*, *Chambers* (who has overlooked 1633 reading): high to sense and deepe-rooted 596: high to sun and deepe-rooted *L74*, *RP31*, *S*: high do seem, deep-rooted 1669, *Cy* (but *MS.* with and): high to some, and deepe-rooted *D*, *H49*, *Lec*: high to seeme, and deepe-rooted *B*. See note 25
 But *Ed*: But, 1633-69 36 This 1635-69, *B*, *Cy*, *D*, *H49*, *L74*, *Lec*, *N*, *O'F*, *RP31*, *S*, *TCD*, *Grosart* and *Chambers*: Thy 1633, *Grolier*. See note

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

YOU have refin'd mee, and to worthyest things
(Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune,) now I see
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee.

Two ills can ne're perplexe us, sinne to'excuse; 5
But of two good things, we may leave and chuse.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
(Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)
Makes her not be, or not show) all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee; 10
For, as darke texts need notes: there some must bee
To usher vertue, and say, *This is shee.*

So in the country's beauty; to this place
You are the season (Madame) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face 15
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'enshrines;
As China, when the Sunne at Brasill dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night,
And falsifies both computations so; 20
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
We your new creatures, by new reckonings goe.
This shoves that you from nature lothly stray,
That suffer not an artificiall day.

To the Countesse of Bedford. 1633-69: similarly or with no title, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD 2 (Vertue, . . . Fortune,)] brackets Ed: Fortune, 1633: Fortune; 1635-69, Grolier: Fortune. Chambers. See note 5 ne're] nere 1633 6 and] or 1669 8-9 1633 begins to bracket (Where . . . not show) but does not finish, putting a colon after show: the others drop the larger brackets, retaining the smaller (as . . . mee) 9 be] see 1669 show] show: 1633-54: show. 1669 11 notes: there some 1633-54: notes some: there 1669 17 enshrines; 1719: enshrines 1633-69 20 computations so; 1633-69: computations; so, Chambers

In

192 *Letters to Severall Personages.*

In this you've made the Court the Antipodes, 25
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sunne,
To doe profane autumnall offices,

Whilft here to you, wee sacrificers runne;
And whether Priests, or Organs, you wee'obey,
We found your influence, and your Dictates fay. 30

Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,
Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice;
These are *Petitions*, and not *Hymnes*; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.

In all Religions as much care hath bin 35
Of Temples frames, and beauty,'as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby
Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse, and curiosity,
With that which doth religion but invest, 40
And shunne th'entangling laborinths of Schooles,
And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you're vertues temple, not as shee,
What walls of tender christall her enfold, 45
What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars bee;
And after this survey, oppose to all
Bablers of Chappels, you th'Escuriall.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely'as faire,
On these I cast a lay and country eye. 50
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I finde you all record, and prophetic.
Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

42 fooles:] fooles. 1633 48 Bablers 1633: Babblers 1635-54:
Builders 1669 49 faire, Ed: faire; 1633-69 50 eye.] eye, 1633
52 and prophetic] all prophetic B, D, H49, Lec, N, O' F, TGD pro-
phetic.] prophetic, 1633 some copies

Letters to Severall Personages. 193

If good and lovely were not one, of both 55
 You were the transcript, and originall,
 The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth,
 And every peece of you, is both their All:
 So'intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
 Must do the same thinge still; you cannot two. 60

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinity
 Serves heresie to furdre or repress)
 Taft of Poëtique rage, or flattery,
 And need not, where all hearts one truth professe;
 Oft from new proofes, and new phraze, new doubts grow,
 As strange attire aliens the men wee know. 66

Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale
 To higher Courts, senses decree is true,
 The Mine, the Magazine, the Commonweale,
 The story of beauty, 'in Twicknam is, and you. 70
 Who hath seene one, would both; As, who had bin
 In Paradise, would seeke the Cherubin.

To S^r Edward Herbert. at Iulyers.

MAN is a lumpe, where all beafts kneaded bee,
 Wisdome makes him an Arke where all agree;
 The foole, in whom these beafts do live at jarre,
 Is sport to others, and a Theater;

57 Parent] Parents 1669 Growth, 1669: Growth 1633-54 58 both
 1633 and MSS.: worth 1635-69, O'F All: Ed: All, 1633-69 60
 thinge B, Cy, D, H40, H49, N, O'F: things 1633-69, Lec 61 nice thinne
 1633-54: nicest 1669 66 aliens 1633, 1669 and MSS.: alters 1635-54,
 O'F 67 and] end 1669, not lend as in Chambers' note appeale
 Ed: appeale, 1633-69 68 true, 1633: true. 1635-69 71 had bin
 1633-35: hath bin 1639-69. See note

To S^r Edward &c. 1633, D, H49, Lec, O'F: A Letter to S^r Edward
 Herbert (or Harbert). B, Cy (which adds Incerti Authoris), 596: To Sir
 E. H. A18, N, TC: no title, P: Elegia Vicesima Tertia. S: To S^r Edward
 Herbert, now (since 1669) Lord Herbert of Cherbury, being at the siege of
 Iulyers. 1635-69 4 Theater; Ed: Theater, 1633-69: Theater. D

Nor scapes hee so, but is himselfe their prey, 5
 All which was man in him, is eate away,
 And now his beafts on one another feed,
 Yet couple'in anger, and new monsters breed.
 How happy'is hee, which hath due place assign'd
 To'his beafts, and disaforested his minde! 10
 Empail'd himselfe to keepe them out, not in;
 Can fow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin;
 Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beaft,
 And is not Ass he himselfe to all the rest.
 Else, man not onely is the heard of swine, 15
 But he's those devills too, which did incline
 Them to a headlong rage, and made them worie:
 For man can adde weight to heavens heaviest curie.
 As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in
 The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne, 20
 So, to the punishments which God doth fling,
 Our apprehension contributes the sting.
 To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
 Hemlocke, and wee as men, his hemlocke taste;
 We do infuse to what he meant for meat, 25
 Corrosivenesse, or intense cold or heat.
 For, God no such specifique poyson hath
 As kills we know not how; his fiercest wrath
 Hath no antipathy, but may be good
 At left for physicke, if not for our food. 30
 Thus man, that might be'his pleasure, is his rod,
 And is his devill, that might be his God.
 Since then our businesse is, to rectifie
 Nature, to what she was, wee'are led awry
 By them, who man to us in little show; 35
 Greater then due, no forme we can bestow

5 prey, *Ed:* prey; 1633-69 8 breed.] breed; 1633 10 minde!
Ed: minde? 1633-69 17 a headlong] a om. 1669: an headlong 1635-54
 24 taste; *Ed:* taste. 1633-69 28 we know 1633 and MSS.: men know
 1635-69, O'F 35 show; 1669: show, 1633-54, Chambers 36
 due, 1633-69: due; Chambers. See note

On him ; for Man into himselfe can draw
 All ; All his faith can swallow, or reason chaw.
 All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
 All the round world, to man is but a pill, 40
 In all it workes not, but it is in all
 Poysonous, or purgative, or cordiall,
 For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some,
 And is to others icy *Opium*.
 As brave as true, is that profession than 45
 Which you doe use to make ; that you know man.
 This makes it credible ; you have dwelt upon
 All worthy bookes, and now are such an one.
 Actions are authors, and of those in you
 Your friends finde every day a mart of new. 50

To the Countesse of Bedford.

T'Have written then, when you writ, seem'd to mee
 Worst of spirituall vices, Simony,
 And not t'have written then, seemes little lesse
 Then worst of civill vices, thanklessefesse.
 In this, my debt I seem'd loath to confesse, 5
 In that, I seem'd to shunne beholdingnesse.
 But 'tis not foe ; *nothings*, as I am, may
 Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
 Such borrow in their payments, and owe more
 By having leave to write so, then before. 10
 Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are showned,
 May not I yeeld (not gold) but coale or stone?

38 All; All 1669: All: All 1635-54: All, All 1633 chaw. 1633:
 chaw, 1635-69, *Grolier* 39 fill, 1633-54: fill 1669: fill; *Grolier*
 44 icy] jcy 1633 47-8 credible; . . . bookes, *Ed*: credible, . . .
 bookes; 1633-69: credible . . . bookes *Grolier*

To the *Ed*. 1633-69: To the Countesse of B. N, O'F, TCD 5 debt
 1669, N, O'F, TCD: doubt 1633-54 7 foe; *Ed*: foe, 1633-54: foe.
 1669 *nothings*, 1635-54: *nothing*, 1633, N, TCD: *Nothing* 1669 may]
 may, 1633

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Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane :
 Here *Peter loves*, there *Paul* hath *Dian's* Fane.
 So whether my hymnes you admit or chuse, 15
 In me you have hallowed a Pagan Muse,
 And denizend a stranger, who mistaught
 By blamers of the times they mard, hath fought
 Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe
 Shine in the worlds best part, or all It ; You. 20
 I have beene told, that vertue in Courtiers hearts
 Suffers an Ostracisme, and departs.
 Profit, ease, fitnesse, plenty, bid it goe,
 But whither, only knowing you, I know ;
 Your (or you) vertue two vast uses serves, 25
 It ransomes one sex, and one Court preserves.
 There's nothing but your worth, which being true,
 Is knowne to any other, not to you :
 And you can never know it ; To admit
 No knowledge of your worth, is some of it. 30
 But since to you, your praises discords bee,
 Stoop, others ills to meditate with mee.
 Oh ! to confesse wee know not what we should,
 Is halfe excuse ; wee know not what we would :
 Lightnesse depressoeth us, emptinesse fills, 35
 We sweate and faint, yet still goe downe the hills.
 As new Philosophy arrefts the Sunne,
 And bids the passive earth about it runne,
 So wee have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends ;
 Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends ; 40
 As dead low earth ecclipses and controules

14 hath] have 1633 : om. N, TCD (have inserted) *Dian's* 1635-54 :
Dian's 1633 : *Diana's* 1669 20 or all It ; You. 1635-54 : or
 all it, you. 1669, N, O'F, TCD : or all, in you. 1633 (you, some copies)
 25 Your (or you) vertue O'F : Your, or you vertue, 1633-54 : You, or
 you vertue, 1669 26 preserves. Ed: preserves ; 1633-69 28
 you :] you. 1633-39 30 is some] it some 1633 32 Stoop, others
 ills] Stoop (Stop 1633) others ills, 1633-54 : Stoop others ills 1669
 34 excuse ; Ed: excuse, 1633-69, Grosart (who transposes should and
 would), Chambers: excuse Grolier. See note would : Ed: would]
 1633-69 36 the hills. Ed: the hills ; 1633-69 37 Philosophy.
 Philosophy 1633 some copies, 1669

The

The quick high Moone: so doth the body, Soules.
 In none but us, are such mixt engines found,
 As hands of double office: For, the ground
 We till with them; and them to heav'n wee raise; 45
 Who prayer-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes,
 Doth but one halfe, that's none; He which said, *Plough*
And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.
 Good feed degenerates, and oft obeyes
 The soyles disease, and into cockle strays; 50
 Let the minds thoughts be but transplanted so,
 Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
 What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
 Wee (but no forraine tyrants could) remove
 These not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities, 55
 Caskets of soules; Temples, and Palaces:
 For, bodies shall from death redeemed bee,
 Soules but preserv'd, not naturally free.
 As men to'our prisons, new soules to us are lent,
 Which learne vice there, and come in innocent. 60
 First seeds of every creature are in us,
 What ere the world hath bad, or pretious,
 Mans body can produce, hence hath it beene
 That stones, wormes, frogges, and snakes in man are
 seene:
 But who ere saw, though nature can worke foe, 65
 That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?
 We've added to the world Virginia, and sent
 Two new starres lately to the firmament;

45 raise;] raise 1633 46 this,] these 1669 50 strays; *Ed*:
 strays. 1633-69 51 Let] Let but 1669 54 Wee (but no forraine
 tyrants could) remove *Ed*: Wee but no forraine tyrants could, remove *O'F*:
 Wee but no forraigne tyrants could remove, 1633-54 (tyrans 1633):
 We, but no forrain tyrants, could remove 1669, *Chambers and Grolier*. See
note 55 dignities, *Ed*: dignities 1633-69 56 Palaces: 1633-35
 Palaces. 1639-69 58 not naturally free. *Ed*: not naturally free; 1633,
N, TCD: borne naturally free; 1635-69, *O'F* 59 prisons, new soules
 1633: prisons now, soules 1635-69, *O'F*: prisons, now soules *N, TCD*
 60 vice 1635-69, *O'F*: it 1633, *N, TCD* 66 That] That, 1633 grow?
 1639-69: grow. 1633-35

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Why grudge wee us (not heaven) the dignity
T^hincrease with ours, those faire foules company. 70
But I must end this letter, though it doe
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Vertue hath some perverseness; For she will
Neither beleve her good, nor others ill.
Even in you, vertues best paradise, 75
Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many vertues, or too much of one
Begets in you unjust suspition;
And ignorance of vice, makes vertue lesse,
Quenching compassion of our wretchednesse. 80
But these are riddles; Some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statemen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad:
For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill 85
And make her do much good against her will,
But in your Commonwealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.
Take then no vitious purge, but be content
With cordiall vertue, your knowne nourishment. 90

To the Countesse of Bedford.

On New-yeares day.

THIS twilight of two yeares, not past nor next,
Some embleme is of mee, or I of this,
Who Meteor-like, of stufte and forme perplexed,
Whose *what*, and *where*, in disputation is,
If I should call mee *any thing*, should misse. 5

74 ill.] ill, 1633-35 75 you, 1669: you 1635-54: your 1633
78 suspition; *Ed*: suspition. 1633-69 79 makes] make 1635-39 87
Commonwealth, . . . you,] *no commas* 1633
To the &c. 1633-69: To the Countesse of B. at New-yeares *vide. N*,
O'F, TCD 3-4 (Meteor-like, . . . disputation is,) 1635-69
I summe

I summe the yeares, and mee, and finde mee not
 Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,
 That cannot say, My thanks I have forgot,
 Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true
 This bravery is, since these times shew'd mee you. 10

In recompence I would show future times
 What you were, and teach them to'urge towards such.
 Verse embalms vertue; and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,
 Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much
 As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch. 15

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
 Creates in them, but dissipates as fast,
 New spirits: for, strong agents with the same
 Force that doth warme and cherish, us doe waft;
 Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last: 20

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want
 Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base,
 And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
 Will vanish soone, and so possesse no place,
 And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace. 25

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse
 All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,
 One corne of one low anthills dust, and lesse,
 Should name, know, or expresse a thing so high,
 And not an inch, measure infinity. 30

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,
 But leave, left truth b'endanger'd by my praise,
 And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,

9 true *Ed:* true, 1633: true. 1635-69 10 is, *Ed:* is 1633-69 (*in*
1633 the interval shows that a comma was intended) times] time 1633
 12 such. *Ed:* such, 1633-69 16 short-liv'd] short liv'd 1633 17
 fast,] fast 1633 18 spirits: *Ed:* spirit: 1633: spirits; 1635-69 19
 cherish, us doe 1633: cherish us, doe 1635-69 27 I, *Ed:* I 1633-69
 28 (One corne . . . and lesse,) 1635-69 29 name, know,] no commas
 1633-69 30 And not an inch, 1633: And (not an inch) 1635-69
 infinity.] infinite. 1669

- And ufeth oft, when fuch a heart mif-fayes,
To make it good, for, fuch a praiser prayes. 35
- Hee will beft teach you, how you fhould lay out
His ftock of *beauty, learning, favour, blood*;
He will perplex fecurity with doubt,
And cleare thofe doubts; hide from you, and fhew you
good,
And fo increafe your appetite and food; 40
- Hee will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloyfters, and in Court;
Indifferent there the greateft fpace hath got;
Some pittie's not good there, fome vaine difport,
On this fide finne, with that place may comport. 45
- Yet he, as hee bounds feaſ, will fixe your houres,
Which pleaſure, and delight may not ingreſſe,
And though what none elſe loſt, be trulieſt yours,
Hee will make you, what you did not, poſſeſſe,
By uſing others, not vice, but weakenefſe. 50
- He will make you ſpeake truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt, that others doe not ſo:
Hee will provide you keyes, and locks, to ſpie,
And ſcape ſpies, to good ends, and hee will ſhow
What you may not acknowledge, what not know. 55
- For your owne conſcience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a diſcreet warineſſe,
And though to ſcape, then to revenge offence
Be better, he ſhowes both, and to repreſſe
Ioy, when your ſtate ſwells, *ſadneſſe* when'tis leſſe. 60

35 praiser prayes. 1635-69, O'F: prayer prayes. 1633: prayer praife. N,
TCD 37 blood;] blood, 1633 39 doubts;] doubts, 1633 42
Court; Ed: Court, 1633-69 43 got; Ed: got, 1633-69 44 pittie'
1633-69: piety James Russell Lowell, in Grolier note. See note 45 On
this fide finne, Ed (from Chambers): On this fide, finne; 1633: On this
fide, fin, 1635-69. See note 46 he, Ed: he 1633-69 47 Which]
With 1633 55 may] will 1669 58-9 (though to ſcape . . . Be
better,) 1635-69

From need of teares he will defend your foule,
 Or make a rebaptizing of one teare;
 Hee cannot, (that's, he will not) dif-inroule
 Your name; and when with active joy we heare
 This private Ghospell, then'tis our New Year. 65

To the Countesse of Huntingdon.

MADAME,
MAN to Gods image; *Eve*, to mans was made,
 Nor finde wee that God breath'd a foule in her,
 Canons will not Church functions you invade,
 Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.
 Who vagrant transitory Comets sees, 5
 Wonders, because they're rare; But a new starre
 Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
 Is miracle; for, there no new things are;
 In woman so perchance milde innocence
 A feldome comet is, but active good 10
 A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense;
 For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.
 As such a starre, the *Magi* led to view
 The manger-cradled infant, God below:
 By vertues beames by fame deriv'd from you, 15
 May apt foules, and the worst may, vertue know.
 If the worlds age, and death be argued well
 By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
 Then we might feare that vertue, since she fell
 So low as woman, should be neare her end. 20

65 New Year.] new yeare, 1633
 To the &c. 1633-69, O'F: To the C. of H. N, TCD 1 image;]
 image, 1633 mans] man 1650-69 9 woman] women 1669 13
 the] which 1633 *Magi*] *Magis* N, O'F, TCD: compare p. 243, l. 390
 14 below: Ed: below. 1633-69 15 beames by . . . you, 1633: beames
 (by . . . you) 1635-69 16 may, Ed: may 1633-69

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But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
 She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you;
 She was in all men, thinly scatter'd then,
 But now amafs'd, contracted in a few.

She guilded us: But you are gold, and Shee; 25
 Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you;
 Soft dispositions which ductile bee,
 Elixarlike, she makes not cleane, but new.

Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,
 'Tis not as woman, for all are not foe, 30
 But vertue having made you vertue, 'is faine
 T'adhere in these names, her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, wee should neither see;
 As, water being into ayre rarify'd,
 Neither appeare, till in one cloud they bee, 35
 So, for our fakes you do low names abide;

Taught by great constellations, which being fram'd,
 Of the most starres, take low names, *Crab*, and *Bull*,
 When single planets by the *Gods* are nam'd,
 You covet not great names, of great things full. 40

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
 And in the vaile of kindred others see;
 To some ye are reveal'd, as in a friend,
 And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to mee.

To whom, because from you all vertues flow, 45
 And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you,
 I, which doe so, as your true subject owe
 Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.

22 you; *Ed*: you, 1633-69 24 amafs'd, 1633, *O'F*: a masse 1635-69,
N, TCD 25-6 But you are gold, and Shee; . . . transubstantiates
 you; *Ed*: But you are gold, and Shee, . . . transubstantiates you, 1633:
 but you are gold; and she,

Informed us, but transubstantiates you, 1635-69, *Chambers* (but no comma
 after and she and colon or full stop after you 1650-69, *Chambers*) 33 see;
Ed: see, 1633-69 37-9 (which being . . . are nam'd) 1635-69 42
 vaile] vale 1669 43 ye 1633: you 1635-69 47 doe so, 1635-69,
O'F: doe *N, TCD*: to you 1633 48 due.] due, 1633

Who have before or shall write after thee, 5
 Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
 Like infancie or age to mans firme stay,
 Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be
 Which be envyed then pittied: therefore I, 10
 Because I wish thee best, doe thee envie:
 O wouldst thou, by like reason, pittie mee!
 But care not for mee: I, that ever was
 In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,
 (Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole 15
 A monster and a begger,) am now a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late borne modesty
 Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts,
 That men may not themselves, their owne good parts
 Extoll, without suspect of surquedrie, 20
 For, but thy selfe, no subject can be found
 Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
 Thy worth but thine: how good it were to see
 A Poem in thy praise, and writ by thee.

Now if this song be too'harsh for rime, yet, as 25
 The Painters bad god made a good devill,

11 thee . . thee] the . . the 1669 12 mee! *Ed:* mee. *W:* mee,
 1633-69 13 mee: *Ed:* mee, 1633-69 ever was] never was *B, P, S, 96*

14-16 In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, alas,

(Before . . . and a begger,) *Ed:*

In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, (alas,

Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)

A monster and a begger, 1633 (*some copies: others read 15 Before*
 by thy grace &c., *which is also the Grolier conjecture*), *A18, Cy, N, P, S,*
TC, W (*but W and some of the other MSS. have no brackets*):

In Natures, and in fortunes gifts, alas,

(But for thy grace got in the Muses Schoole)

A Monster and a beggar, 1635-69, *O'F, Chambers*

In fortunes, nor (or *S96*) in natures gifts alas,

But by thy grace, &c. *B, S96. See note*

16 am now a foole. *Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W:* am a foole. 1633-69, *A18, B,*
N, TC 23 worth 1669, *B, Cy, O'F, P, S, S96, W:* worke 1633-54,
A18, N, TC

'Twill

'Twill be good profe, although the verfe be evill,
 If thou forget the rime as thou doft paffe.
 Then write, that I may follow, and fo bee
 Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee. 30
 I fhall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,
 All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape. 31

To M T. W.

H Aft thee harfh verfe, as faft as thy lame meafure
 Will give thee leave, to him, my pain and pleasure.
 I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
 Feete, and a reasoning foule and tongue to fpeake.
 Plead for me, and fo by thine and my labour 5
 I am thy Creator, thou my Saviour.
 Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
 Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended ;
 And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation
 Of him, at leaft in this earths habitation : 10
 And 'tis where I am, where in every ftreet
 Infections follow, overtake, and meete :
 Live I or die, by you my love is fent,
 And you're my pawnes, or elfe my Testament.

27 evill, *W*: evill. 1633-69, *Chambers* 28 paffe. *W*: paffe,
 1633-69, *Chambers* 29 that I 1669, *B, Cy, N, O'F, P, S, W*: then I
 1633-54, *A18, N, TC* 30 Thy debter, thy'eccho 1633-54: Thy
 eccho, thy debtor 1669 thy zanee.] and thy Zanee. *A18, N, TC*
 31 if . . . shape] *brackets* 1635-69
 To M^r T. W. *O'F, W*: To M. T. W. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*
 1 verfe, 1669: verfe 1633-54 2 to him, my pain and pleasure. *W*,
 and *Chambers* (without comma): to him; My pain, and pleasure 1633-69:
 to him. My pain and pleasure, *Grolier* 4 Feete, . . . foule *W*: no
 comma 1633: Feete . . . foule, 1635-69 5-6 These lines only in *W*
 9 our] that *W* 14 And you're 1633, *A18, N, TC, W*: You are
 1635-69, *O'F* pawnes] *om. with space, W*

To M^r T. W.

PRegnant again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare,
 Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where
 Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;
 As in our streets fly beggers narrowly
 Watch motions of the givers hand and eye, 5
 And evermore conceive some hope thereby.
 And now thy Almes is given, thy letter's read,
 The body risen againe, the which was dead,
 And thy poore starveling bountifully fed.
 After this banquet my Soule doth say grace, 10
 And praise thee for't, and zealously imbrace
 Thy love; though I thinke thy love in this case
 To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat,
 They love that best of which they most do eat.

To M^r T. W.

A T once, from hence, my lines and I depart,
 I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart;
 I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art;
 Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter
 Perish, doth stand: As an Embassadour 5
 Lyes safe, how e'r his king be in danger:
 So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy,
 My verse, the strict Map of my misery,
 Shall live to see that, for whose want I dye.

To M^r T. W. *O'F, W:* To M. T. W. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*
 5 Watch] Marke *W* and eye, *A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W:* or eye,
 1633-69 12 love; *Ed:* love, 1633-69
 To M^r T. W. *W:* An Old Letter. *D, H49:* A Letter. *S96:* Letter.
O'F: no heading, and following the preceding without any interval, 1633, *A18,*
N, TC: Incerto. 1635-69 5 As *W:* as 1633-69 7 Melancholy]
 Malancholy 1633

Therefore

Therefore I envie them, and doe repent, 10
That from unhappy mee, things happy'are sent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on mee.

To M^r R. W.

ZEalously my Muse doth salute all thee,
Enquiring of that mistique trinitee
Whereof thou, and all to whom heavens do infuse
Like fyre, are made; thy body, mind, and Muse.
Dost thou recover sicknes, or prevent? 5
Or is thy Mind travail'd with discontent?
Or art thou parted from the world and mee,
In a good skorn of the worlds vanitee?
Or is thy devout Muse retyr'd to sing
Vpon her tender Elegiaque string? 10
Our Minds part not, joyne then thy Muse with myne,
For myne is barren thus devorc'd from thyne.

To M^r R. W.

MVse not that by thy mind thy body is led:
For by thy mind, my mind's distempered.
So thy Care lives long, for I bearing part
It eates not only thyne, but my swolne hart.
And when it gives us intermission 5
We take new harts for it to feede upon.
But as a Lay Mans Genius doth controule
Body and mind; the Muse beeing the Soules Soule

14 of love,] of love 1633
To M^r R. W. *A23, W*: first printed in Gosse's *Life and Letters of*
John Donne, &c., 1899 1 thee,] thee *W*
To M^r R. W. *A23, W*: printed here for the first time

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Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,
Although our bodies wither and minds languish. 10
Wright then, that my griefes which thine got may bee
Cured by thy charming soveraigne melodee.

To M^r C. B.

THy friend, whom thy deferts to thee enchainē,
Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
And let the love I beare to both sustaine 5
No blott nor maimē by this division,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love purfu'd with amorous paine;
But though besides thy selfe I leave behind
Heavens liberall, and earths thrice-fairer Sunne, 10
Going to where sterne winter aye doth wonne,
Yet, loves hot fires, which martyr my sad minde,
Doe send forth scalding fighes, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

To M^r E. G.

EVen as lame things thirst their perfection, so
The slimy rimes bred in our vale below,
Bearing with them much of my love and hart,
Fly unto that Parnassus, where thou art.

To M^r C. B. *A23, W:* To M. C. B. *1633-69, A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD* 9 thy self] my self *1669* 10 liberall,] liberall *1633* earths *1633, 1669, A18, A23, N, O'F, TC, W:* the *1635-54, Chambers* thrice fairer *A23, W:* thrice-faire *1633-69, A18, N, TC* 11 sterne *1633, A18, A23, N, TC, W:* steru'd *1635-69, O'F* 13 forth] out. *A18, N, TC*

To M^r E. G. *W:* first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne, &c. 1899

There

There thou oreseest London : Here I have beene, 5
 By staying in London, too much overseene.
 Now pleasures dearth our City doth posses,
 Our Theaters are fill'd with emptines;
 As lancke and thin is every street and way ✓
 As a woman deliver'd yesterday. 10
 Nothing whereat to laugh my spleen espyes
 But bearbaitings or Law exercise.
 Therefore I'll leave it, and in the Country strive
 Pleasure, now fled from London, to retrieve.
 Do thou so too: and fill not like a Bee 15
 Thy thighs with hony, but as plenteously
 As Russian Marchants, thy selves whole vessell load,
 And then at Winter retaile it here abroad.
 Blessè us with Suffolks sweets; and as it is
 Thy garden, make thy hive and warehouse this. 20

To M^r R. W.

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
 Seeme, when thou read'st these lines, to dreame of me,
 Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare
 Shapes foe like those Shapes, whom they would appeare,
 As this my letter is like me, for it 5
 Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and wit;
 It is my deed of gift of mee to thee,
 It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie.
 So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,
 Bred in thee by a wife melancholy, 10
 That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,
 Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,

5-6 beene, . . . London,] *no commas, W* 6 staying] *staying W*
 7 dearth] *dirt W* 7-8 posses, . . . emptines;] *posses . . . emptines. W*
 To M^r R. W. *A18, A23, N, O'F, TCC, TCD, W:* To M. R. W.
1633-69: no breaks, W: two stanzas of fourteen lines and a quatrain, 1633:
twenty-eight lines continuous and a quatrain, 1635-69 3 brother 1633-69,
A18, N, O'F, TC: brethren W 6 hand,] hands O'F, TC

As kindly'as any enamored Patient

His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.

All newes I thinke fooner reach thee then mee; 15

Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Gospell, and sterne threatnings bring;

Guyanaes harvest is nip'd in the spring,
I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so
As with the Jewes guide God did; he did show 20

Him the rich land, but bar'd his entry in:

Oh, slownes is our punishment and sinne.
Perchance, these Spanish businesse being done,
Which as the Earth betweene the Moone and Sun

Eclipse the light which Guyana would give, 25

Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve:
But if (as all th'All must) hopes smoake away,
Is not Almightie Vertue'an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one 30

Some thing to answere in some proportion
All the worlds riches: And in good men, this,
Vertue, our formes forme and our soules soule, is.

To M^r R. W.

KIndly I envy thy songs perfection
Built of all th'elements as our bodies are:
That Little of earth that is in it, is a faire
Delicious garden where all sweetes are towne.

21 in: 1650-69, *W*: in, 1633-39 22 Oh, *A23, N, O'F, TC*: Ah, *W*:
Our 1633-69 sinne. *W*: sinne; 1633-69 23 businesse 1633, *A18*,
N, TC: businesse *W*: businesse 1635-69 done] donne *W* 27 all
th'All *W*: All th'All 1633-69 31 men, this, *Ed*: men, this 1633-69
32 soules soule, is. *Chambers*: foules soule is. 1633-69
To M^r R. W. *W*: published here for the first time

In it is cherishing fyre which dryes in mee 5
 Griefe which did drowne me: and halfe quench'd by it
 Are fatirique fyres which urg'd me to have writt
 In skorne of all: for now I admyre thee.
 And as Ayre doth fullfill the hollownes
 Of rotten walls; so it myne emptines, 10
 Where toft and mov'd it did beget this found
 Which as a lame Eccho of thyne doth rebound.
 Oh, I was dead; but since thy song new Life did give,
 I recreated, even by thy creature, live.

To M^r S. B.

O Thou which to searck out the secret parts
 Of the India, or rather Paradise
 Of knowledge, haft with courage and advise
 Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
 Disdaine not in thy constant travailing 5
 To doe as other Voyagers, and make
 Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wisely take
 Fresh water at the Heliconian spring;
 I sing not, Siren like, to tempt; for I
 Am harsh; nor as those Scismatiques with you, 10
 Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
 But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
 I, though I brought no fuell, had desire
 With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

6 which] w^{ch} *W*, and so always 10 emptines,] emptines. *W*
 13-14 Oh, . . . give, . . . recreated, . . . creature,] no commas, *W*
 To M^r S. B. O'F: To M. S. B. 1633-69, *Ar8, N, TCC, TCD, W*
 10 harsh; 1650-69: harsh, 1633-39 12 seeing] feing 1633: seene
TCD, W: seeme *TCC* 13 I, though] I thought 1650-54 had]
 but 1650-54

To M^r I. L.

OF that short Roll of friends writ in my heart
Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
Whether in the English Provinces they be,
Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
There's none that sometimes greets us not, and yet 5
Your Trent is Lethe; that past, us you forget.
You doe not duties of Societies,
If from the'embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,
View your fat Beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,
Eate, play, ryde, take all joyes which all day yeelds, 10
And then againe to your embracements goe :
Some houres on us your frends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse, else both wee shall repent,
I that my love, she that her guifts on you are spent.

To M^r B. B.

IS not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfy'd? Is not thy braines rich hive
Fulfil'd with hony which thou dost derive
From the Arts spirits and their Quintessence?
Then weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdraw 5
From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
Th'imense vast volumes of our common law;
And begin soone, lest my griefe grieve thee too,
Which is, that that which I should have begun 10

To M^r I. L. *W*: To M. I. L. 1633-69: To M. I. L. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: To M^r T. L. *O'F* 5 sometimes] sometime 1635-39, *Chambers*
6 Lethe; *W*: Lethe', 1633-69 forget. 1639-69, *W*: forget, 1633-35
13 your] thy *W* 14 you] thee *W* spent.] spent 1633
To M^r B. B. *O'F, W*: To M. B. B. 1633-69, *A18, N, TCC, TCD*

In

In my youthes morning, now late must be done;
 And I as Giddy Travellers must doe,
 Which stray or sleepe all day, and having loft
 Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride post.
 If thou unto thy Muse be marryed, 15
 Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
 Be far from me that strange Adulterie
 To tempt thee and procure her widowed.
 My Muse, (for I had one,) because I'am cold,
 Divorc'd her selfe: the cause being in me, 20
 That I can take no new in Bigamye,
 Not my will only but power doth withhold.
 Hence comes it, that these Rymes which never had
 Mother, want matter, and they only have
 A little forme, the which their Father gave; 25
 They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
 To be counted Children of Poetry
 Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

To M^r I. L.

BLeft are your North parts, for all this long time
 My Sun is with you, cold and darke's our Clime;
 Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare,
 Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there,
 And hether by kinde nature drawne from thence, 5
 Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence;

12 I . . . Travellers 1650-69: I, . . . Travellers, 1633-39 13
 stray] stay *W*: compare Sat. III. 78 16 ever, ever multiply, 1633-69,
A18, N, O'F, TC: still: encrease and multiply; *W* 18 widowed.
W: widowhood, 1633-39: widowhood; 1650-69 19 Muse,
A18, N, O'F, TC, W: nurse, 1633-69 20 selfe: *W*: selfe, 1633-69
 in me, 1633-69: in me; *Grolier*: in me. *Chambers*. See note
 To M^r I. L. *Ed*: To M. I. L. *A18, N, TCC, TCD, W*: To M^r T. L.
O'F: To M. I. P. 1633-69 6 rages, chafes, *Ed*: rages chafes
 1633-39: rages, chafes 1650-69: rages, burnes, *W*

Yet I, as long as shee from hence doth staie,
 Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day.
 With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is run,
 There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun: 10
 And since thou art in Paradife and need'st crave
 No joyes addition, helpe thy friend to save.
 So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
 As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts;
 So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare 15
 A greene, and when thee list, a golden haire;
 So may all thy sheepe bring forth Twins; and so
 In chace and race may thy horse all out goe;
 So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
 Thy Sonne ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;
 But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine, 21
 As thou telst her, and none but her, my paine.

To Sir *H. W.* at his going Ambaffador to *Venice*.

After those reverend papers, whose soule is
 Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd name,
 By which to you he derives much of his,
 And (how he may) makes you almost the fame,
 A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ 5
 From his Originall, and a faire beame
 Of the same warme, and dazeling Sun, though it
 Must in another Sphere his vertue streame:

11-12 these lines from *W*: they have not previously been printed 16
 when thee list, *Ed*: when thee list 1633, *A18, N, TC*: (when she list)
 1635-69, *O'F*: when thou wilt *W* 20 lov'd wife] fair wife *W* 22
 her, . . . her, *Ed*: her . . . her 1633: her, . . . her 1635-69
 To Sir *H. W.* at his &c. 1633-54: To Sir Henry Wotton, at his &c.
 1669, *A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD*: printed in *Walton's Life of Sir Henry*
Wotton, 1670, as a 'letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton, the morning
 before he left *England*', i. e. July 13 (O. S.), 1604

After

After those learned papers which your hand
 Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too, 10
 From which rich treasury you may command
 Fit matter whether you will write or doe :
 After those loving papers, where friends tend
 With glad griefe, to your Sea-ward steps, farewell,
 Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend 15
 To heaven in troupes at'a good mans passing bell :
 Admit this honest paper, and allow
 It such an audience as your selfe would aske ;
 What you must say at Venice this meanes now,
 And hath for nature, what you have for taske : 20
 To sweare much love, not to be chang'd before
 Honour alone will to your fortune fit ;
 Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more
 Then I have done your honour wanting it.
 But'tis an easier load (though both oppresse) 25
 To want, then governe greatnesse, for wee are
 In that, our owne and onely businesse,
 In this, wee must for others vices care ;
 'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
 In their last Furnace, in activity ; 30
 Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and Warres o'rpaft)
 To touch and test in any best degree.
 For mee, (if there be such a thing as I)
 Fortune (if there be such a thing as shee)
 Spies that I beare so well her tyranny, 35
 That she thinks nothing else so fit for mee ;

10 pleasure 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Walton: pleasures 1633 13
 where 1633, A18, N, TC: which 1635-69, O'F, Walton 16 in troupes]
 on troops Walton 19 must . . . meanes] would . . . sayes Walton
 20 hath] has Walton taske: Ed: taske. 1633-69 21 not] nor
 Walton 24 honour wanting it. 1633: noble-wanting-wit. 1635-69,
 O'F: honour-wanting-wit. Walton: noble wanting it. A18, N, TCC, TCD
 31 Warres Ed: warres 1633-69: tents Burley MS. 32 test] tast
 1669 and Walton 35 Spies] Finds Walton

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But though she part us, to heare my oft prayers
For your increafe, God is as neere mee here;
And to send you what I shall begge, his staires
In length and ease are alike every where.

40

To M^{rs} M. H.

MAd paper stay, and grudge not here to burne
With all those sonnes whom my braine did create,
At left lye hid with mee, till thou returne
To rags againe, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthinesse
To come unto great place as others doe,
That's much; emboldens, pulls, thrusts I confesse,
But'tis not all; Thou should'ft be wicked too.

5

And, that thou canst not learne, or not of mee;
Yet thou wilt goe? Goe, since thou goest to her
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for shee,
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares preferre.

10

But when thou com'ft to that perplexing eye
Which equally claimes *love* and *reverence*,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die;
And, having little now, have then no sence.

15

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is
A miracle; and made such to worke more,
Doth touch thee (fables leafe) thou grow'ft by this
Her creature; glorify'd more then before.

20

To M^{rs} M. H. O'F: To M. M. H. 1633-69, A18, N, TCC, TCD: no
title, A25, B, C, P: Elegie. S96 2 sonnes] Sunnes B, S96 my
1633: thy 1635-69: Chambers attributes thy to 1633 3 returne]
returne. 1633 7 That's much; emboldens, A18, N, TC: That's much,
emboldens, 1633-54: That's much emboldness, 1669: That's much, it
emboldens, B, P 8 all; Thou A18, N, TC: all, thou 1633-69
10 goe? Goe, Ed: goe, Goe, 1633-69 14 reverence, Ed: reverence.
1633: reverence: 1635-69

Then

Then as a mother which delights to heare
 Her early child mis-speake halfe uttered words,
 Or, because majesty doth never feare
 Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords.

And then, cold speechlesse wretch, thou diest againe, 25
 And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
 For, speech of ill, and her, thou must abstaine,
 And is there any good which is not shee?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her,
 And wit, and vertue, and honour her attend, 30
 And since they are but her cloathes, thou shalt not erre,
 If thou her shape and beauty and grace commend.

Who knowes thy destiny? when thou hast done,
 Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee,
 Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne, 35
 A nest almost as full of Good as shee.

When thou art there, if any, whom wee know,
 Were fav'd before, and did that heaven partake,
 When she revolves his papers, marke what show
 Of favour, she alone, to them doth make. 40

Marke, if to get them, she o'r skip the rest,
 Marke, if shee read them twice, or kisse the name;
 Marke, if she doe the same that they protest,
 Marke, if she marke whether her woman came.

Marke, if slight things be objected, and o'r blowne, 45
 Marke, if her oathes against him be not still
 Reserv'd, and that shee grieves she's not her owne,
 And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

22 mis-speake] mispeake 1633 27 For, 1633: From 1635-69,
 and MSS. her, Ed: her 1633-69 31 erre, 1669: erre 1633-54
 40 she alone, 1633: she, alone, 1635-69 41 get them, she o'r skip]
 get them, she do skip A18 (doth), N, TC: get them, she skip oare A25,
 C, O'F(skips): get to them, shee skipp B, P 44 whether 1633:
 whither 1635-69 47 grieves 1633: grieve 1635-69

I bid thee not doe this to be my fpie;
 Nor to make my felfe her familiar;
 But fo much I doe love her choyce, that I
 Would faine love him that fhall be lov'd of her.

To the Counteffe of Bedford.

HONOUR is fo fublime perfection,
 And fo refine; that when God was alone
 And creatureleffe at firft, himfelfe had none;
 But as of the elements, thefe which wee tread,
 Produce all things with which wee are joy'd or fed,
 And, thofe are barren both above our head;
 So from low perfons doth all honour flow;
 Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us fhew,
 And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*.
 For when from herbs the pure part muft be wonne
 From groffe, by Stilling, this is better done
 By defpis'd dung, then by the fire or Sunne.
 Care not then, Madame, how low your prayers lye;
 In labourers balads oft more piety
 God findes, then in *Te Deums* melodie.
 And, ordinance rais'd on Towers, fo many mile
 Send not their voice, nor laft fo long a while
 As fires from th'earths low vaults in *Sicil* Ifle.
 Should I fay I liv'd darker then were true,
 Your radiation can all clouds fubdue;
 But one, 'tis beft light to contemplate you.

To the Counteffe of Bedford. 1633-69, *B, O'F, S96*: To the Counteffe
 of B. *N, TCD* 10 part] parts *N, O'F, TCD* 12 or Sunne. 1633,
B, N, O'F, S96, TCD: or Sun: 1669: of Sunne: 1635-54, *Chambers*
 13 prayers *N, O'F, TCD*: prayers *S96*: prayles 1633-69 16 Towers,]
 Towers 1633 20-1 fubdue; But one, *Ed*: fubdue; But One *Chambers*:
 fubdue, But one, 1633-69: fubdue But one; *Grolier and Grosart*. See note
 You,

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or tooke Soules stufte such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee, 25
Covering discovers your quicke Soule; that we
May in your through-shine front your hearts thoughts see.

You teach (though wee learne not) a thing unknowne
To our late times, the use of Ipecular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown. 30

Of such were Temples; so and of such you are;
Beeing and *seeming* is your equall care,
And *vertues* whole *summe* is but *know* and *dare*.

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense
Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence 35
They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence:

Natures first lesson, so, discretion,
Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none,
Not banish it selfe, nor religion.

Discretion is a wisemens Soule, and so 40
Religion is a Christians, and you know
How these are one; her *yea*, is not her *no*.

Nor may we hope to fodder still and knit
These two, and dare to breake them; nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it. 45

26 Covering discovers] Coverings discover 1669 27 your hearts
thoughts *B, N, O'F, S96, TCD*: our hearts thoughts 1633-69. See note
31 so and of such *N, TCD*: so and such 1633-69, *B, O'F, S96* 33
is but to know and dare. *N*

36-7 They fly not from that, nor seeke precedence:
Natures first lesson, so, discretion, &c. 1633-69 (precedence. 1633;
precedence: 1669)

They fly not from that, nor seek precedence,
Natures first lesson; so discretion &c. Chambers and Grolier
(discretion, Grolier). See note 40-2] These lines precede 34-9 in
1635-69, *B, N, S96, TCD*: om. *O'F* 42 one; *Ed*: one, 1633-69
yea, . . . no] ital. *Ed*.

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religions tipes the peecelesse centers flow,
And are in all the lines which all wayes goe.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your wayes discretion.

50

Goe thither stil, goe the same way you went,
Who so would change, do covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

*To the Countesse of Bedford.
Begun in France but never perfected.*

THough I be *dead*, and buried, yet I have
(Living in you,) Court enough in my grave,
As oft as there I thinke my selfe to bee,

So many resurrections waken mee.

That thankfullnesse your favours have begot

5

In mee, embalmes mee, that I doe not rot.

This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,

Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence; so,

These verses bud, so these confessions grow.

10

First I confesse I have to others lent

Your stock, and over prodigally spent

Your treasure, for since I had never knowne

Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne

48 all wayes 1719: alwayes 1633-69

50-1

^twas Religion,

Yet you neglected not Discretion. S96

53 do covet] doth covet 1669, O'F, S96

To the Countesse &c. 1633-69 (following in 1635-69 That unripe side
&c., p. 417, and If her disdaine &c., p. 430), O'F 5 begot] forgot 1633
some copies 6 embalmes mee, Ed: embalmes mee; 1633-69 rot. Ed:
rot; 1633-69 9 influence; Ed: influence, 1633-69 10 grow. Ed:
grow; 1633-69 14 or 1633-39: and 1650-69

In

In you, I should not thinke or say they shine, 15
(So as I have) in any other Mine.
Next I confesse this my confession,
For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praise to you, where half rights seeme too much,
And make your minds sincere complexion blush. 20
Next I confesse my'impenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,
May in lesse lessons finde enough to doe,
By studying copies, not Originals, 25
Defunt cætera.

*A Letter to the Lady Carey, and M^{rs} Essex
Riche, From Amyens.*

MADAME,

HERE where by All All Saints invoked are,
'Twere too much schisme to be singular,
And 'gainst a practise generall to warre.

Yet turning to Saints, should my'humility
To other Saint then you directed bee, 5
That were to make my schisme, heresie.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold,
As not to tell it; If this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply fold.

Where, because Faith is in too low degree, 10
I thought it some Apostleship in mee
To speake things which by faith alone I see.

16 Mine. *Ed*: Mine; 1633-69 18 upon *Ed*: upon, 1633-69
A Letter to &c. 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec*: To the Lady Carey and her
Sister M^{rs} Essex Rich. From Amiens. *O'F*: To the Lady Co: of C. N,
TCD: To the Ladie Carey. or A Letter to the Ladie Carey. *B, Cy, S96*:
no title, P: To M^{rs} Essex Rich and her sister frô Amiens. *M*

That

222 *Letters to Severall Personages.*

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is growne, or spent,
They're your materials, not your ornament. 15

Others whom wee call vertuous, are not so
In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tastelesse flat humilitie
In dow bak'd men some harmelesenes we see, 20
'Tis but his *flegme* that's *Vertuous*, and not Hee:

Soe is the Blood sometimes; who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was than
No better then a *sanguine* Vertuous man.

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of feare 25
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there.

Spirituell *Cholerique* Crytiques, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall. 30

We're thus but parcel guilt; to Gold we're growne
When Vertue is our Soules complexion;
Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none.

Vertue's but aguish, when 'tis severall,
By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall. 35
True vertue is *Soule*, Alwaies in all deeds *All*.

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
To your soule, found there no infirmitie,
For, your soule was as good Vertue, as shee;

13 who are] who is 1633 19 humilitie 1633-54, *B, Cy, D, H49*,
Lec, M, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: humidity 1669, *Chambers* 26 con-
tributions] contribution *B, D, N, TCD* 30 this zeale, 1635-69, *B, Cy*,
D, H49, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: their zeale, 1633, *Lec* 31 Gold] *Gold*s
1633 some copies 33 aguish,] anguish, 1650-54

Letters to Severall Personages. 223

Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you 40
Which is scarce lesse then soule, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts,
As Others, with prophane and sensuall Darts,
But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts. 45

But if such friends by the honor of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your vertues, and their might,

What must I thinke that influence must doe,
Where it findes sympathye and matter too, 50
Vertue, and beauty of the same stufte, as you?

Which is, your noble worthie sifter, shee
Of whom, if what in this my Extasie
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries 55
The Master at the end large glasse ties,
So to present the roome twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but by the other, not to stray. 60

May therefore this be enough to testifie
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that beleeves himselfe, doth never lie.

57 our eyes,] your eyes, *Cy, D, H49, Lec, P*
1669 other, 1669: other 1633-54

60 by the] to the

To the Countesse of Salisbury. August. 1614.

FAire, great, and good, since seeing you, wee see
 What Heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be:
 Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sunne
 Growne stale, is to so low a value runne,
 That his dishevel'd beames and scattered fires 5
 Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres
 In lovers Sonnets: you come to repaire
 Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire.
 Since now, when all is withered, shrunke, and dri'd,
 All Vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde, 10
 All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand,
 Where every man thinks by himselfe to stand,
 Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
 (Ciments of greatnes) being vapor'd hence,
 And narrow man being fill'd with little shares, 15
 Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares,
 All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire,
 And drawne their sound gold-ingot into wyre;
 All trying by a love of littlenesse
 To make abridgments, and to draw to lesse, 20
 Even that nothing, which at first we were;
 Since in these times, your greatnesse doth appeare,
 And that we learne by it, that man to get
 Towards him that's infinite, must first be great.
 Since in an age so ill, as none is fit 25
 So much as to accuse, much lesse mend it,
 (For who can judge, or witnesse of those times
 Where all alike are guiltie of the crimes?)

To the Countesse &c. 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec*: To the Countess of
 Salisbury. *O'F*: To the Countess of S. *N, TCD* 2 and what 1633,
 1669, *D, H49, Lec*: what 1635-54, *N, O'F, TCD* 16 Court,] Courts,
 1669 17 noble fire,] nobler fire, *O'F* 24 him] him, 1633
 that's 1650-69: thats 1633-39

Where

Where he that would be good, is thought by all
 A monster, or at best fantasticall; 30
 Since now you durst be good, and that I doe
 Discerne, by daring to contemplate you,
 That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,
 Through your light, largenesse, vertue understood:
 If in this sacrifice of mine, be showne 35
 Any small sparke of these, call it your owne.
 And if things like these, have been said by mee
 Of others; call not that Idolatrie.
 For had God made man first, and man had seene
 The third daies fruits, and flowers, and various greene, 40
 He might have said the best that he could say
 Of those faire creatures, which were made that day;
 And when next day he had admir'd the birth
 Of Sun, Moone, Stars, fairer then late-prais'd earth,
 Hee might have said the best that he could say, 45
 And not be chid for praising yesterday;
 So though some things are not together true,
 As, that another is worthiest, and, that you:
 Yet, to say so, doth not condemne a man,
 If when he spoke them, they were both true than. 50
 How faire a prooffe of this, in our soule growes?
 Wee first have soules of growth, and sense, and those,
 When our last soule, our soule immortall came,
 Were swallowed into it, and have no name.
 Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast 55
 The power and praise of both them, on the last;
 No more doe I wrong any; I adore
 The same things now, which I ador'd before,
 The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
 In a low constable, and in the King 60

29-30 *Chambers includes in parenthesis* 30 fantasticall; *Ed*: fantasticall: 1633-69 34 light, largenesse,] lights largeness, 1669 38
 Idolatrie.] *Adulterie*: *N, TCD* 40 greene,] greene 1633 42 day;
Ed: day: 1633-69 46 yesterday; *Ed*: yesterday: 1633-69 54
 name. 1633-39: name 1654-69 57 any; I adore 1633, *D, Lec, N,*
TCD: any, if I adore 1635-69, *O'F* (if being inserted)

To the Lady Bedford.

YOU that are she and you, that's double shee,
 In her dead face, halfe of your selfe shall see;
 Shee was the other part, for so they doe
 Which build them friendships, become one of two;
 So two, that but themselves no third can fit, 5
 Which were to be so, when they were not yet;
 Twinnes, though their birth *Cusco*, and *Musco* take,
 As divers starres one Constellation make;
 Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so
 Both but one meanes to see, one way to goe. 10
 Had you dy'd first, a carcasfe shee had beene;
 And wee your rich Tombe in her face had seene;
 She like the Soule is gone, and you here stay,
 Not a live friend; but th'other halfe of clay.
 And since you act that part, As men say, here 15
 Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there,
 And do all honour and devotion due
 Unto the whole, so wee all reverence you;
 For, such a friendship who would not adore
 In you, who are all what both were before, 20
 Not all, as if some perished by this,
 But so, as all in you contracted is.
 As of this all, though many parts decay,
 The pure which elemented them shall stay;
 And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite, 25
 Shall recollect, and in one All unite:

To the &c. 1635-69, O'F: Elegie to the Lady Bedford. 1633, Cy, H40, L74, N, P, TCDs. Elegia Sexta. S: In 1633, Cy, H40, N, TCD it follows, in P precedes, the Funerall Elegy Death (p. 284), to which it is apparently a covering letter: In L74 it follows the Elegy on the Lady Marckham: O'F places it among the Letters, S among the Elegies 1 she and you,] she, and you 1633-69, Chambers. See note 4 two;] the two; 1669 6 yet; Ed: yet 1633-39: yet. 1650-69 8 make; Ed: make, 1633-69 10 goe. Ed: goe; 1633-69 13 stay,] stay 1633-35 th'other] thother 1633 clay. Ed: clay; 1633-69 16 there, Ed: there; 1633-69 17 honour] honour: 1633 due] due; 1633 20 were] was 1633 22 as all in you] as in you all O'F: that in you all Cy, H40, L74, N, S is. Ed: is; 1633-69

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So madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,
 Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;
 Her vertues do, as to their proper spheare,
 Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were: 30
 As perfect motions are all circular,
 So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are.
 Shee was all spices, you all metalls; so
 In you two wee did both rich Indies know. .
 And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waste 35
 One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last,
 Though it bee forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,
 Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire;
 So, to your selfe you may additions take,
 But nothing can you lesse, or changed make. 40
 Seeke not in seeking new, to seeme to doubt,
 That you can match her, or not be without;
 But let some faithfull booke in her roome be,
 Yet but of *Iudith* no such booke as shee.

28 the bed;] a bed; *Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, S:* her bed; *P* 30
 were:] were; 1633 32 are.] are; 1633 34 know.] know; 1633
 41 doubt, 1633: doubt; 1635-69 42 can] twice in 1633

AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD.

Wherein,

By occasion of the untimely death of
Mistris ELIZABETH DRVRY,
the frailty and the decay of this
whole World is represented.

The first Anniversary.

To the praise of the dead,
and the ANATOMIE.

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live to see
This world of wit, in his Anatomie:
No evill wants his good; so wilder heires
Bedew their Fathers Tombes, with forced teares,
Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gain, 5
Well may wee walke in blacks, but not complaine.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead
While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead

An Anatomie &c. 1611-33: Anatomie &c. 1635-69 The first
Anniversary. 1612-69: om. 1611. See note To the praise of the
dead &c. 1611-69 (Dead 1611) 8 While] Whiles 1639-69
Seemes

Seemes to informe a World; and bids it bee,
 In spight of losse or fraile mortalitie? 10
 And thou the subject of this welborne thought,
 Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor fought
 A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate,
 Then whiles this spirit lives, that can relate
 Thy worth so well to our last Nephews eyne, 15
 That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
 Admired match! where strives in mutuall grace
 The cunning pencill, and the comely face:
 A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much
 For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch; 20
 Enough is us to praise them that praise thee,
 And say, that but enough those prayfes bee,
 Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head
 From th'angry checkings of thy modest red:
 Death barres reward and shame: when envy's gone, 25
 And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne.
 As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
 More on their Tombes, then houses: these of clay,
 But those of brasfe, or marble were: so wee
 Give more unto thy Ghost, then unto thee. 30
 Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
 And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:
 Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid,
 Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.
 So these high songs that to thee suited bin 35
 Serve but to sound thy Makers praise, in thine,
 Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him
 Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim,
 As any Angels tongue can sing of thee;
 The subjects differ, though the skill agree: 40
 For as by infant-yeares men judge of age,

21 is] it is 1669 25 shame: 1611, 1612-25: shame, 1633-69
 26 gaine, 1633-69: gaine; 1612-25 34 where] were 1621-25 35
 bin 1633-39: bine 1611: bine, 1612-21: bine. 1625: bin, 1650-69 36
 praise, in thine, 1611, 1612-25: praise and thine, 1633-69 38 Quire
 1611, 1612-25: quire 1633-69 39 tongue 1611, 1612-39: tongues
 1650-69 41 infant-yeares 1611, 1621-25: infant yeares 1633-69

Thy early love, thy vertues, did preface
 What an high part thou bear'ft in thofe beft fongs,
 Where to no burden, nor no end belongs.
 Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lofsfull gaine 45
 Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine;
 Never may thy Name be in our fongs forgot,
 Till wee fhall fing thy ditty and thy note.

An Anatomy of the World.

The first Anniversary.

WHEN that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone, *The entrie*
 Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one, *into the*
 (For who is fure he hath a Soule, unleffe *worke.*
 It fee, and judge, and follow worthineffe,
 And by Deedes praife it? hee who doth not this, 5
 May lodge an In-mate foule, but 'tis not his.)
 When that Queene ended here her progresse time,
 And, as t'her ftanding houfe to heaven did climbe,
 Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
 She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song, 10
 This World, in that great earthquake languifhed;
 For in a common bath of teares it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vitall fpirits out:
 But fuccour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
 Whether the world did lofe, or gaine in this, 15
 (Because fince now no other way there is,

42 vertues, 1611, 1612-25: vertues 1633-69 preface 1612-25: preface,
 1633-69 43 What an hie . . . beft fongs, 1611-12: What hie . . .
 beft fongs 1621-25: What high . . . beft of fongs, 1633-69 47 our
 1611, 1612-54: om. 1669 forgot,] forgot. 1621-25

An Anatomy &c. 1611-69 The first Anniversary. 1612-69 (First
 1612-25): om. 1611 2 Whom 1611, 1612-25, 1669: Who 1633: who
 1635-54 5 Deedes 1611, 1612-25: deeds, 1633-69 6 In-mate
 1611-12: Inmate 1621-25: inmate 1633: inmate 1635-69 10 Song,
 1611: Song. 1612-33: Song: 1635-69 14 then 1611, 1612-39:
 them 1650-69 The entrie &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33: 1611 and
 1635-69 have no notes

But

But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see,
 All must endeavour to be good as shee,) 20
 This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
 And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
 And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are,
 And th'Ague being spent, give over care,
 So thou sicke World, mistak'st thy selfe to bee
 Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Lethargie.
 Her death did wound and tame thee than, and than 25
 Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sunne, or Man.
 That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
 That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
 'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,
 But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne. 30
 Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but shee, and her thou hast o'rpast.
 For as a child kept from the Font, untill *
 A prince, expected long, come to fulfill
 The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid, 35
 Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:
 Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame,
 And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name.
 Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead,
 Measures of times are all determin'd) 40
 But long she'ath beene away, long, long, yet none
 Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
 But as in states doubtfull of future heires,
 When sickness without remedie empires
 The present Prince, they're loth it should be said, 45
 The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:
 So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw,
 A strong example gone, equall to law,
 The Cyment which did faithfully compact,
 And glue all vertues, now resolv'd, and slack'd, 50

18 shee, 1611: shee 1612, 1669: shee. 1621-54 22 care, 1611-21:
 care. 1625-33 24 Lethargie.] Letargee. 1611, 1612-25 26
 Man. 1611, 1621-25: man. 1633-69 31 name, 1611, 1612-25: name
 1633-69 33 Font, 1611: Fount, 1612-69 36 Palace 1611-12,
 1621-25: palace 1633-69 40 times 1611, 1612-33: time 1635-69
 48 law, 1612, 1669: law. 1611, 1621-25: law; 1633-54 50 glue]
 give 1650-69

Thought it some blasphemy to say sh'was dead,
 Or that our weaknesse was discovered
 In that confession; therefore spoke no more
 Then tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse deplore.
 But though it be too late to succour thee, 55
 Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since shee
 Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative,
 Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
 I (since no man can make thee live) will try,
 What wee may gaine by thy Anatomy. 60
 Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art
 Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
 Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
 'Tis labour lost to have discovered
 The worlds infirmities, since there is none 65
 Alive to study this dissection;
 For there's a kinde of World remaining still,
 Though shee which did inanimate and fill
 The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
 Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light, 70
 A faint weake love of vertue, and of good,
 Reflects from her, on them which understood
 Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
 The twilight of her memory doth stay;
 Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free, 75
 Creates a new world, and new creatures bee
 Produc'd: the matter and the stuffe of this,
 Her vertue, and the forme our practice is:
 And though to be thus elemented, arme
 These creatures, from home-borne intrinsique harme, 80
 (For all assum'd unto this dignitie,
 So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
 Which of themselves produce no venomous finne,
 Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)

*What life
 the world
 hath stil.*

What life &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33 70 walke; 1611, 1612-25:
 walke, 1633-69 71 good, 1633: good 1612-25, 1635-69 75 old
 world, free, 1611-12, 1633-69: old world, free 1621-25 79 though]
 thought 1621-33 80 home-borne] homborne 1611, 1621-25:
 homeborne 1633-69

234 *An Anatomie of the World.*

Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake, 85
 And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,
 This new world may be fafer, being told
The sicknesses The dangers and diseases of the old:
of the World For with due temper men doe then forgoe,
 Or covet things, when they their true worth know. 90
Impossibili- There is no health; Physicians say that wee,
ty of health At best, enjoy but a neutralitie.
 And can there bee worse sicknesse, then to know
 That we are never well, nor can be so?
 Wee are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry, 95
 That children come not right, nor orderly;
 Except they headlong come and fall upon
 An ominous precipitation.
 How witty's ruine! how importunate
 Upon mankinde! it labour'd to frustrate 100
 Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent
 For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.
 They were to good ends, and they are so still,
 But accessory, and principall in ill;
 For that first marriage was our funerall: 105
 One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
 And singly, one by one, they kill us now.
 We doe delightfully our selves allow
 To that consumption; and profusely blinde,
 Wee kill our selves to propagate our kinde. 110
 And yet we do not that; we are not men:
 There is not now that mankinde, which was then,
 When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive,
Shortnesse (Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive;
of life. When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree, 115
 Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie;

85 Yet, 1612-25: Yet 1633-69 *The sicknesses &c.* 1612: *The sicknesses &c.* 1621: *The sicknesses &c.* 1625-33 89 then] them 1650-69
 99 ruine! Ed: ruine? 1611, 1612-25: ruine, 1633-69 100 mankinde!
 Ed: mankinde? 1611, 1612-69 113 When as, the Sunne and man
 1633-39: no commas 1650-69: When as the Sunne and man, 1611,
 1612-25 114 survive; 1650-69: survive. 1611, 1612-39 116
 minoritie; 1650-69: minoritee. 1611, 1621-25: minoritie, 1633-39

When,

When, if a slow pac'd starre had stolne away
 From the observers marking, he might stay
 Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,
 And then make up his observation plaine; 120
 When, as the age was long, the life was great;
 Mans growth confests'd, and recompenc'd the meat;
 So spacious and large, that every Soule
 Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
 And when the very stature, thus erect, 125
 Did that foule a good way towards heaven direct.
 Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age,
 Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?
 Alas, we scarce live long enough to try
 Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie. 130
 Old Grandfires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
 And for our children wee reserve to morrow.
 So short is life, that every peasant strives,
 In a torne house, or field, to have three lives.
 And as in lasting, so in length is man 135
 Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne;
 For had a man at first in forrests stray'd,
 Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
 A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale,
 That met him, would not hastily assaile 140
 A thing so equall to him: now alas,
 The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe
 As credible; mankinde decays so soone,
 We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:
 Onely death addes t'our length: nor are wee growne 145
 In stature to be men, till we are none.
 But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
 All the old Text; or had wee chang'd to gold
 Their silver; or dispos'd into lesse glasse
 Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was. 150

*Smallnesse
 of stature.*

131 Grandfires 1611, 1612-21: Granfires 1625-69 sorrow,
 1611-21: sorrow. 1625: sorrow: 1633-69 133 peasant 1611, 1612-25:
 peasant 1633-69 134 lives. 1611, 1633: lives 1612: lives, 1621-25
 135 man 1611: man. 1612-25: man, 1633-69 145 addes 1611-21:
 addes 1635-69: addes 1625, 1633 149 silver; 1611-12: silver
 1621-25: silver, 1633-69 150 scatter'd] scattred 1612-25

But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but damp't;
 And as our bodies, so our mindes are crampt:
 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus,
 In minde, and body both bedwarfed us.
 Wee seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe; 155
 Of nothing hee made us, and we strive too,
 To bring our selves to nothing backe; and wee
 Doe what wee can, to do't so soone as hee.
 With new diseases on our selves we warre,
 And with new Physicke, a worfe Engin farre. 160
 Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at home;
 And if in other creatures they appeare,
 They're but mans Miniſters, and Legats there,
 To worke on their rebellions, and reduce 165
 Them to Civility, and to mans use:
 This man, whom God did woove, and loth t'attend
 Till man came up, did downe to man descend,
 This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is! 170
 If man were any thing, he's nothing now:
 Helpe, or at least some time to waſt, allow
 T'his other wants, yet when he did depart
 With her whom we lament, hee loſt his heart.
 She, of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie, 175
 When they call'd vertues by the name of *ſhee*;
 Shee in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
 That for Allay unto so pure a minde
 Shee tooke the weaker Sex; ſhee that could drive
 The poyſonous tincture; and the ſtaine of *Eve*, 180
 Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie
 All, by a true religious Alchymie;

152 bodies, 1611-25: bodies 1633-39 153 close weaving
 1633-69: close-weaning 1611-12: close weaning 1621-25 161 Thus
 man, 1611, 1612-33: This man, 1635-69, *Chambers* 166 use:]
 use. 1611, 1621-33 167 t'attend] t'attend 1633 169 man, 1611:
 man 1612-69 171 any thing, 1611-12: any thing; 1621-33 172
 waſt, 1633: waſt 1611: waſte, 1635-69 178 Allay 1611, 1612-25:
 allay 1633-69 179 Sex; 1611: Sex, 1621-25: Sex: 1633-69
 181 thoughts, 1611-12, 1635-69: thought, 1621-33

Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.
 And learn'ft thus much by our Anatomie, 185
 The heart being perish'd, no part can be free.
 And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
 The supernaturall food, Religion,
 Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant;
 Be more then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant. 190
 Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame
 Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:
 For, before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best:
 It feis'd the Angels, and then first of all 195
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime,
 Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame.
 The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than
 Both beafts and plants, curst in the curse of man. 200
 So did the world from the first houre decay,
 That evening was beginning of the day,
 And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
 Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee.
 And new Philosophy calls all in doubt, 205
 The Element of fire is quite put out;
 The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
 Can well direct him where to looke for it.
 And freely men confesse that this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the Firmament 210
 They seeke so many new; they see that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.
 'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone;
 All iust supply, and all Relation:

*Decay of
nature in
other parts.*

183 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25: She, she 1633-69 186 no]
 no no 1621 188 Religion, 1611, 1650-69: Religion. 1612-25:
 Religion: 1633-39 189 Growth 1611: growth 1612-25: growth
 1633-69 withered] withered 1621-25 191 Then, 1611,
 1621-25: Then 1633-69 195 Angels, 1612-69: Angells: 1611
 200 man. 1611, 1612-25: man, 1633-39: man: 1650-69 210
 Firmament 1611-12: firmament 1621-69 212 Atomies.] Atomis.
 1611, 1612-25 213 cohaerence 1611, 1612-25: coherence 1633-69
Prince

Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot, 215
 For every man alone thinkes he hath got
 To be a Phoenix, and that then can bee
 None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.
 This is the worlds condition now, and now
 She that should all parts to reunion bow, 220
 She that had all Magnetique force alone,
 To draw, and fasten fundred parts in one;
 She whom wife nature had invented then
 When she observ'd that every sort of men
 Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray, 225
 And needed a new compasse for their way;
 She that was best, and first originall
 Of all faire copies, and the generall
 Steward to Fate; she whose rich eyes, and breft
 Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East; 230
 Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
 Spice on those Iles, and bad them still smell so,
 And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
 Is but as single money, coyn'd from her:
 She to whom this world must it selfe refer, 235
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,
 Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is.
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,
 That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lie 240
 In any humour, or one certaine part;
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart,
 Thou seest a Hectique feaver hath got hold
 Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,
 And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit 245
 The worlds infection, to be none of it.
 For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts

217 then 1611, 1612-69: there Grosart, who with Chambers attributes to
 1669 223 invented] innented 1621 228 copies, 1633-69: copies;
 1611-12: copies 1621-25 229 Fate; 1612-69: Fate: 1611 breft
 1611: breft: 1612-25: breast, 1633 230 West Indies, 1611: West-
 Indies, 1621-69 East; 1611: East, 1621-69 234 money, 1611-21:
 money 1625-69 237 knowst 1611: knowest 1612-69: and so in 238
 237 this,] this 1633-35 238 is. 1611, 1612-33: is, 1635-69 244
 contrould.] contrould. 1611, 1612-25

Feele this confuming wound, and ages darts.
 For the worlds beauty is decai'd, or gone,
 Beauty, that's colour, and proportion. 250 *Disformity*
 We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall, *of parts.*
 Their round proportion embracing all.
 But yet their various and perplexed courfe,
 Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
 Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts, 255
 Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
 As disproportion that pure forme: It teares
 The Firmament in eight and forty sheires,
 And in these Constellations then arise
 New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes: 260
 As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war,
 When new Towers rise, and old demolish't are.
 They have impal'd within a Zodiake
 The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelve Signes awake
 To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controule, 265
 And fright him backe, who else to either Pole
 (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne:
 For his courfe is not round; nor can the Sunne
 Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
 One inch direct; but where he rose to-day 270
 He comes no more, but with a couzening line,
 Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
 And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
 He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer us.
 So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne 275
 In Circle still, none ends where he begun.
 All their proportion's lame, it sinkes, it swels.
 For of Meridians, and Parallels,
 Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne
 Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne. 280
 Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus
 To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
 We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race

251 Sphericall, 1650-69: Sphericall 1611, 1612-39 252 all. 1611,
 1612-25: all, 1633-69 257 forme: 1633-69: forme. 1611, 1612-25
 258 sheires, 1633-35: sheeres, 1611, 1612-25: shieres, 1639-69 267
 Tropiques 1611, 1612-25: tropiques 1633-69 273 with] of 1635-69
 They're

They're diversly content t'obey our pace.
 But keeps the earth her round proportion still? 285
 Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill
 Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
 The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sinke?
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,
 Perchance to morrow, scarfe at middle way 290
 Of their with'd journies end, the bottome, die.
 And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
 As one might justly thinke, that there would rise
 At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies:
 If under all, a Vault infernall bee, 295
 (Which sure is spacious, except that we
 Invent another torment, that there must
 Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust)
 Then solidnesse, and roundnesse have no place.
 Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face 300
 Of th'earth? Thinke so: but yet confesse, in this
 The worlds proportion disfigured is;
 That those two legges whereon it doth rely,
 Reward and punishment are bent awry.
 And, Oh, it can no more be questioned, 305
 That beauties best, proportion, is dead,
 Since even grieve it selfe, which now alone
 Is left us, is without proportion.
 Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
 Examin'd, meafure of all Symmetree, 310
 Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought foules made
 Of Harmony, he would at next have said
 That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,
 That foules were but Resultances from her,
 And did from her into our bodies goe, 315

*Disorder in
the world.*

284 pace.] peace. 1612-33 286 Tenarif, 1611, 1612-25: Tenarus
 1633-69 Hill 1611, 1612-25: hill 1633-69 288 there, 1611,
 1612-21: there 1625-69 289 strooke 1611, 1612-25: strucke 1633-69
 290 to morrow, 1611, 1612-25: to morrow 1633-69 295 Vault
 1611, 1612-25: vault 1633-69 298 straight] strait 1611-25 300
 pock-holes] pockholes 1633-69 301 th'earth?] th'earth; 1633 306
 beauties best, proportion, 1611, 1612-39: beauty's best proportion *Chambers*:
 1650-69 drop the second comma 313 infer, 1611-12: infer. 1621-25:
 infer 1633-69

As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow :
 Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said
 That the Arke to mans proportions was made,
 Had been a type for that, as that might be
 A type of her in this, that contrary 320
 Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace
 In her, who caus'd all Civill war to cease.
 Shee, after whom, what forme so'er we see,
 Is discord, and rude incongruitie ;
 Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead ; when thou knowst this 325
 Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is :
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomie,
 That here is nothing to enamour thee :
 And that, not only faults in inward parts,
 Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts, 330
 Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
 Endanger us : but that if every thing
 Be not done fitly and in proportion,
 To satisfie wife, and good lookers on,
 (Since most men be such as most thinke they bee) 335
 They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.
 For good, and well, must in our actions meete ;
 Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
 But beauties other second Element,
 Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent. 340
 And had the world his just proportion,
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
 As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
 As gold falls sicke being stung with Mercury, 345
 All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.
 When nature was most busie, the first weeke,
 Swadling the new borne earth, God seem'd to like
 That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play,

318 proportions 1611-12 : proportion 1621-69 321 Elements,
 1611-12 : Elements 1621-69 325 Shee, shee 1611, 1612-25 : She, she
 1633-69 shee's] she's 1633-69 knowst 1611 : knowest 1612-25 :
 know'st 1633-69 326 knowst 1611, 1612-25 : knowest 1633-69
 336 Deformitee. 1611, 1612-25 : deformitie. 1633-69

242 *An Anatomie of the World.*

To mingle, and vary colours every day : 350
 And then, as though shee could not make inow,
 Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.
 Sight is the noblest sence of any one,
 Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
 And colour is decaid : summers robe growes 355
 Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment shoves.
 Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spread,
 Is inward funke, and only our soules are red.
 Perchance the world might have recovered,
 If she whom we lament had not beene dead : 360
 But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew
 (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
 As in an unvest Paradise ; from whom
 Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
 Whose composition was miraculous, 365
 Being all colour, all Diaphanous,
 (For Ayre, and Fire but thick grosse bodies were,
 And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,)
 Shee, shee, is dead ; shee's dead : when thou know'st this,
 Thou know'st how wan a Ghost this our world is : 370
 And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
 That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
 And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke
 To colour vicious deeds with good pretence, 375
 Or with bought colors to illude mens sence.
 Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,
 Then that her influence the heav'n forbears,
 Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
 The father, or the mother barren is. 380
 The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre,
 In the due birth time, downe the balmy shovre ;

*Weaknesse in
the want of
correspondence
of heaven and
earth.*

351 inow, 1611, 1612-25: enough, 1633: enow, 1635-69 352
 allow.] allow, 1621-33 366 Diaphanous, 1611, 1612-25: diaphanous,
 1633-69 369 Shee, shee, 1611, 1612-25 (shee 1625): She, she
 1633-69 (but Shee, 1633, in pass-over word) 370 know'st 1611:
 knowest 1621-69 374 vanitie, to thinke 1633-69: vanity to think,
 1611, 1612-25 379-80 feele this, . . . barren is. 1611, 1612-69: feele
 this. . . barren is; *Chambers*. See note

Th'Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
 Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombes; 385
 And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes;
 Th'Ayre shewes such Meteors, as none can see,
 Not only what they meane, but what they bee;
 Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much
 Th'Ægyptian *Mages* to have made more such. 390
 What Artift now dares boast that he can bring
 Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
 So as the influence of those starres may bee
 Imprison'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree,
 And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe? 395
 The art is lost, and correspondence too.
 For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,
 And man least knowes their trade and purposes.
 If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
 Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot, 400
 She, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
 Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us:
 Since herbes, and roots, by dying lose not all,
 But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,
 Death could not quench her vertue so, but that 405
 It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
 And all the world would be one dying Swan,
 To sing her funerall praise, and vanish than.
 But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
 Except it be from the live Serpent shot, 410
 So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
 That unto us; shee working more then it.
 But shee, in whom to such maturity
 Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die;
 She, from whose influence all Impressions came, 415
 But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,

383 Th'Ayre 1611, 1612-21: Th'ayre 1625-69 387 Th'Ayre
 1611: Th'ayre 1612-69 390 *Mages*] No change of type, 1611-12
 394 Charme, 1611-21: Charme 1625-54 404 Ashes 1611, 1612-25:
 ashes 1633-69 407 Swan, 1611, 1612-25: swan, 1633-69 415
 Impressions 1611: Impression 1612-25: impression 1633-69 416 But,
 1611: But 1621-69 Receivers 1611-12: rest no capital

Who, though she could not transubstantiate
 All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
 So that some Princes have some temperance;
 Some Counsellors some purpose to advance 420
 The common profit; and some people have
 Some stay, no more then Kings should give, to crave;
 Some women have some taciturnity,
 Some nunneries some graines of chastitie.
 She that did thus much, and much more could doe, 425
 But that our age was Iron, and rustie too,
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead; when thou knowst this,
 Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is.
 And learn't thus much by our Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie 430
 It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood: nothing
 Is worth our travaile, grieve, or perishing,
 But those rich joyes, which did possesse her heart,
 Of which she's now partaker, and a part.
Conclusion. But as in cutting up a man that's dead, 435
 The body will not last out, to have read
 On every part, and therefore men direct
 Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
 So the worlds carcasfe would not last, if I
 Were punctuall in this Anatomy; 440
 Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
 Them their disease, who faine would think they're well.
 Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,
 Of whom is meant what ever hath been said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, 445
 Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,
 Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,
 Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
 As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,
 Will yearly celebrate thy second birth, 450
 That is, thy death; for though the soule of man
 Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than

421 have] have, 1633 427 is dead;] is dead, 1633-69 shee's
 dead; 1611-25: she's dead; 1633-69 431 nothing] no thing 1611-21
 442 they're] thy're 1633 443 And, 1611, 1612-25: and, 1633-69
When

When man doth die; our body's as the wombe,
 And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home.
 And you her creatures, whom she workes upon, 455
 And have your last, and best concoction
 From her example, and her vertue, if you
 In reverence to her, do thinke it due,
 That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse; 460
 Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make
 A last, and lasting't peece, a song. He spake
 To *Moses* to deliver unto all,
 That song, because hee knew they would let fall
 The Law, the Prophets, and the History, 465
 But keepe the song still in their memory:
 Such an opinion (in due measure) made
 Me this great Office boldly to invade:
 Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
 Mee, from thus trying to emprison her, 470
 Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe,
 I saw not why verse might not do so too.
 Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keepses Soules,
 The Grave keepses bodies, Verse the Fame enroules.

A Funerall ELEGIE.

'TIs lost, to trust a Tombe with such a guest,
 Or to confine her in a marble cheft.
 Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie,
 Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye,
 Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which she was? 5
 Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse;
 And so is all to her materials,
 Though every inch were ten Escurials,

467 (in due measure) 1611, 1612-25 (but 1625 drops second bracket): commas
 1633-69 468 Office 1611, 1612-25: office 1633-69 473
 nature: 1611-25: nature, 1633-69

A Funerall ELEGIE. 1611, 1612-69: whole poem printed in italics
 1612-25: in roman 1611 1 lost, 1611, 1612-25: lost 1633: losse
 1635-69 2 cheft. 1611-21: cheft, 1625-69 8 Escurials,]
 escurials. 1611-25

Yet she's demolish'd: can wee keepe her then
 In works of hands, or of the wits of men? 10
 Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give
 Life to that name, by which name they must live?
 Sickly, alas, shorth-liv'd, aborted bee
 Those carcassee verses, whose soule is not shee.
 And can shee, who no longer would be shee, 15
 Being such a Tabernacle, stoop to be
 In paper wrapt; or, when shee would not lie
 In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?
 But 'tis no matter; wee may well allow
 Verse to live so long as the world will now, 20
 For her death wounded it. The world containes
 Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines,
 Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more,
 The Rich for stomackes, and for backes, the Poore;
 The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet, 25
 By which, remote and distant Countries meet.
 But those fine spirits which do tune, and set
 This Organ, are those peeces which beget
 Wonder and love; and these were shee; and shee
 Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee; 30
 For since death will proceed to triumph still,
 He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,
 Except the world it selfe, so great as shee.
 Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,
 Death cannot give her such another blow, 35
 Because shee cannot such another shew.
 But must wee say she's dead? may't not be said
 That as a fundred clocke is peecemeale laid,
 Not to be lost, but by the makers hand
 Repollish'd, without error then to stand, 40
 Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs

13 aborted 1611, 1612-33: abortive 1635-69 17 or, 1612-25: or
 1633-69 18 a] an 1635-69 22-5 Princes, Counsellors &c. all in
 capitals except Officers 1611, 1612-25: later editions erratic 24 backes,
 1611: backes 1612-25: backs 1633-69 Poore] spelt Pore 1611-12
 28 peeces] peeces, 1633-69 30 1625 inserts marginal note, Smalnesse
 of stature. See p. 235 33 as 1611-21: om. 1625: was 1633-69

It felfe into the earth, and after comes
 (Having first made a naturall bridge, to passe
 For many leagues) farre greater then it was,
 May't not be said, that her grave shall restore 45
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
 Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee
 Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage see?
 What is't to us, alas, if there have beene
 An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin? 50
 Wee lose by't: and as aged men are glad
 Being tastelesse growne, to joy in joyes they had,
 So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon
 This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
 Rejoyce then Nature, and this World, that you, 55
 Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue
 Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone,
 Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one.
 One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne,
 Because it need disguise no thought within. 60
 'Twas but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'inroule;
 Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule.
 One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd:
 And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;
 As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate 65
 To which of them, it shall be consecrate.
 But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes,
 Those new starres every Artist exercise,
 What place they should assigne to them they doubt,
 Argue, and agree not, till those starres goe out: 70
 So the world studied whose this peece should be,
 Till shee can be no bodies else, nor shee:
 But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd
 Rather t'adorne, then last, she soone expir'd,
 Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie, 75

47 in't,] in't; 1612-21: in'ts, 1625 48 her, here 1611, 1612-25:
 her, here, 1633: her here, 1635-69 58 one. 1612-25: one; 1633-69
 64 worth] worke 1633 74 expir'd, 1633-69: expir'd; 1611, 1612-25
 75 integritie, 1633-69: integritie; 1611-25

For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye.
 To scape th'infirmities which wait upon
 Woman, she went away, before sh'was one;
 And the worlds busie noyse to overcome,
 Tooke so much death, as serv'd for *opium*; 80
 For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye,
 She'ath yeelded to too long an extasie:
 Hee which not knowing her said History,
 Should come to reade the booke of destiny,
 How faire, and chaste, humble, and high she'ad been, 85
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteene,
 And measuring future things, by things before,
 Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more,
 Would thinke that either destiny mistooke,
 Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke. 90
 But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
 To yeares of reasons use, and then inferre
 Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty
 She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die.
 Her modestie not suffering her to bee 95
 Fellow-Commissioner with Destinie,
 She did no more but die; if after her
 Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
 Every such person is her deligate,
 T'accomplish that which should have beene her Fate. 100
 They shall make up that Booke and shall have thanks
 Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes.
 For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
 Which from the gift of her example rise;
 And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth, 105
 To see how well the good play her, on earth.

76 it doe 1611, 1612-25: it doth 1633-69 dye. 1611, 1612-69 (*spelt die 1633-69*): *Chambers closes the sentence at 74 expir'd and prints 75-7 thus—*

Clothed in her virgin white integrity

—For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth dye—

To 'scape &c.

83 said 1611, 1612-33: said 1635-69

tooke, 1633-69

94 tooke 1611, 1612-25:

98 prefer, 1611, 1612-25: prefer; 1633-69

OF THE
P R O G R E S S E
OF THE SOULE.

Wherein,

By occasion of the Religious death of
Mistris ELIZABETH DRVRY,
the incommodities of the Soule in
this life, and her exaltation in
the next, are contemplated.

The second Anniverfary.

The Harbinger to the
P R O G R E S S E.

TWO Soules move here, and mine (a third) muſt move
Paces of admiration, and of love;
Thy Soule (deare virgin) whoſe this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively bliſſe;
And yet moves ſtill, and ſtill aſpires to ſee
The worlds laſt day, thy glories full degree: 5
Like as thoſe ſtarres which thou o'r-look'eſt farre,

Of the Progreſſe &c. 1612-69: The ſecond Anniverſary. 1612-69
(in 1612-21 it ſtands at head of page)

The Harbinger &c.] In 1612-25 this poem printed in italics

Are

250 *Of the Progresse of the Soule.*

Are in their place, and yet still moved are:
 No soule (whiles with the luggage of this clay
 It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way; 10
 Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe
 So fast, that now the lightning moves but flow:
 But now thou art as high in heaven flowne
 As heaven's from us; what soule besides thine owne
 Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate 15
 Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state?
 I envie thee (Rich soule) I envy thee,
 Although I cannot yet thy glory see:
 And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd haft
 So fast, as none can follow thine so fast; 20
 So far, as none can follow thine so farre,
 (And if this flesh did not the passage barre
 Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight
 Which long agoe hadst lost the vulgar sight,
 And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they 25
 Can see thee les'n'd in thine ayery way;
 So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne
 Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne,
 From this worlds carkasse having mounted high
 To that pure life of immortalitie; 30
 Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise
 That more may not befeeme a creatures praise,
 Yet still thou vow'st her more; and every yeare
 Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here;
 Still upward mount; and let thy Makers praise 35
 Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies.
 And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds,
 Oh let her never stoope below the clouds:
 And if those glorious fainted soules may know
 Or what wee doe, or what wee sing below, 40
 Those acts, those songs shall still content them best
 Which praise those awfull Powers that make them blest.

8 are:] are 1612-25 12 that now] as now 1635-69, *Chambers* 27
 soule] soules 1612 28 owne, 1635-69: owne. 1612-33 34 while]
 whilst 1669 35 upward] upwards 1612

OF
THE PROGRESSE
OF THE SOULE.

The second Anniversary.

Nothing could make me sooner to confesse
That this world had an everlastingnesse,
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Lustre, and the vigor of this All, 5
Did set; 'twere blasphemie to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath strooke faile, doth runne
By force of that force which before, it wonne:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne, 10
One from the Trunke, another from the Head,
His soule be fail'd, to her eternall bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his soule,
He graspes his hands, and he pulls up his feet, 15
And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soule; when all these motions which we saw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings: 20
So struggles this dead world, now thee is gone;
For there is motion in corruption.

The entrance.¹

¹ *The entrance.* 1612-21: om. 1625-33: no notes, 1635-69 5 All,
1612: all, 1625-69 10 'Though' Through 1612-25 12 be fail'd,
he fail'd, 1621-33 13 twinkle] twincke 1625 20 strings: Ed:
strings. 1612-69

As

As some daies are at the Creation nam'd,
 Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd,
 So after this Sunne's fet, some shew appeares, 25
 And orderly vicissitude of yeares.
 Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe* flood,
 Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good,
 Forgetting her, the maine reserve of all.
 Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall, 30
 Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall bee,
 To be hereafter prais'd, for praying thee;
 Immortall Maid, who though thou would'st refuse
 The name of Mother, be unto my Muse
 A Father, since her chaste Ambition is, 35
 Yearely to bring forth such a child as this.
 These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and fo
 May great Grand children of thy prayfes grow.
 And so, though not revive, embalme and spice
 The world, which else would putrifie with vice. 40
 For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
 Untill man doe but vanish, and not die.
 These Hymnes thy issue, may encrease so long,
 As till Gods great *Venite* change the song.
 As till Gods great *Venite* change the song. 45
 Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule,
 And serve thy thirst, with Gods safe-sealing Bowle.
 Be thirstie still, and drinke still till thou goe
 To th'only Health, to be Hydroptique fo.
 Forget this rotten world; And unto thee
 Let thine owne times as an old storie bee. 50
 Be not concern'd: studie not why, nor when;
 Doe not so much as not beleieve a man.
 For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth,

A inst dis-
estimation¹ of
this world.

23 are *Ed*: are, 1612-69 24 was fram'd, 1612-25: was fram'd:
 1633-69 27 Deluge, 1612-25: deluge, 1633-69 29 all. *Ed*: all,
 1612-33: all; 1635-69 33 Maid, 1612-25, 1669: maid, 1633-54
 35 is, 1612-25: is 1633-69 43 thy] they 1621-25 issue,
 1612-33: issue 1635-69. See note 1 disestimation] estimation 1625
 46 safe-sealing] safe-sealing 1621-39 47 goe] goe; 1612-25 48
 Health, 1612-33: Health; 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier fo. 1612-21:
 fo, 1625-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note 50 bee. *Ed*, bee 1612-35:
 bee, 1639-69 51 why, 1612-21: why 1625-69 nor] or 1669

Is far more businesse, then this world is worth.
 The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed 55
 By it, but as a worme, that carkasse bred;
 And why should'st thou, poore worme, consider more,
 When this world will grow better then before,
 Then those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon
 That carkasses last resurrection. 60
 Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so,
 As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe.
 To be thus stupid is Alacritie;
 Men thus Lethargique have best Memory.
 Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state 65
 We now lament not, but congratulate.
 Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage,
 Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age
 Should be employ'd, because in all shee did,
 Some Figure of the Golden times was hid. 70
 Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give,
 Because shee was the forme, that made it live;
 Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit
 To be staid in, then when shee was in it;
 Shee that first tried indifferent desires 75
 By vertue, and vertue by religious fires,
 Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd,
 As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes ensphear'd
 Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule,
 (Had shee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole, 80
 Shee, shee is gone; she is gone; when thou knowest this,
 What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
 Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought;
 He honors it too much that thinkes it nought.
 Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome, 85
 Which brings a Taper to the outward roome,
 Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
 And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
 For such approaches doth heaven make in death.
 Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath, 90

*Contem-
 plation of our
 state in our
 death-bed.*

57 more, 1612-25: more 1633-69 67 was but] twas but 1612-25
 81 Shee, shee 1621-25: Shee, she 1633-69 82 is] is. 1612-25

And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee
 Division, and thy happyest Harmonie.
 Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke;
 And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe,
 To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence. 95
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fevers violence,
 Anger thine ague more, by calling it
 Thy Physicke; chide the slacknesse of the fit.
 Thinke that thou hear'ft thy knell, and think no more,
 But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before, 100
 So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee.
 Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
 And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust;
 Give one thy Pride, to'another give thy Lust:
 Give them those sinnes which they gave thee before, 105
 And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score.
 Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that they
 Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way.
 Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this,
 That they confesse much in the world, amisse, 110
 Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that,
 Which they from God, and Angels cover not.
 Thinke that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
 They reinvest thee in white innocence.
 Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low, 115
 Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe,)
 Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create
 Wormes which insensibly devoure their State.
 Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right
 Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night. 120
 Thinke these things cheerefully: and if thou bee
 Drowsie or slacke, remember then that shee,
 Shee whose Complexion was so even made,
 That which of her Ingredients should invade

96 parch'd 1612-21, 1639-69: pach'd 1625: patch'd 1633-35 99
 knell,] knell 1633 101 So this, 1612-33: So, this 1635-69 103
 thrust;] trust; 1669 113 shroud] shourd 1621-25 116 exalted]
 exalted 1621 goe,] goe. 1612-21 123 Complexion 1612-25:
 complexion 1633-69 124 Ingredients 1612-25: ingredients 1633-69
 The

The other three, no Feare, no Art could guesse: 125
 So far were all remov'd from more or lesse.
 But as in Mithridate, or juſt perfumes,
 Where all good things being met, no one preſumes
 To governe, or to triumph on the reſt,
 Only becauſe all were, no part was beſt. 130
 And as, though all doe know, that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from Points ariſe,
 None can theſe lines or quantities unjoynt,
 And ſay this is a line, or this a point,
 So though the Elements and Humors were 135
 In her, one could not ſay, this governeſe there.
 Whoſe even conſtitution might have wonne
 Any diſeaſe to venter on the Sunne,
 Rather then her: and make a ſpirit feare,
 That hee to diſuniting ſubject were. 140
 To whoſe proportions if we would compare
 Cubes, th'are unſtable; Circles, Angular;
 She who was ſuch a chaine as Fate employes
 To bring mankind all Fortunes it enjoyes;
 So faſt, ſo even wrought, as one would thinke, 145
 No Accident could threaten any linke;
 Shee, ſhee embrac'd a ſickneſſe, gave it meat,
 The pureſt blood, and breath, that e'r it eate;
 And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
 Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith, 150
 And though he may pretend a conqueſt, ſince
 Heaven was content to ſuffer violence,
 Yea though hee plead a long poſſeſſion too,
 (For they're in heaven on earth who heavens workes do)
 Though hee had right and power and place, before, 155
 Yet Death muſt uſher, and unlocke the doore.
 Thinke further on thy ſelfe, my Soule, and thinke
 How thou at firſt waſt made but in a ſinke;
 Thinke that it argued ſome infirmitie,

*Incommodities
 of the Soule in
 the Body.¹*

134 a point, 1612-21: a-point. 1625: a point: 1633-69 136 there.
 1612-25: there, 1633-69 137 wonne] worne 1612-25: woon 1633
 140 to 1612-25: too 1633-69 146 Accident 1612-25: accident
 1633-69 156 Death 1612-25: death 1633-69 ¹ Incommodities
 &c. 1612-21: om. 1625-33

256 *Of the Progresse of the Soule.*

That those two soules, which then thou foundst in me, 160
 Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both
 My second soule of sense, and first of growth.
 Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious;
 Whom a small lump of flesh could poyson thus.
 This curd milke, this poore unlittered whelp 165
 My body, could, beyond escape or helpe,
 Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
 Thinke that no stubborne fullen Anchorit,
 Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit 170
 Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels
 So fowly as our Soules in their first-built Cels.
 Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie
 After, enabled but to suck, and crie.
 Thinke, when'twas growne to most, 'twas a poore Inne, 175
 A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne,
 And that usurp'd or threatned with the rage
 Of sicknesse, or their true mother, Age.
 But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy expansion now, and libertie; 180
 Thinke that a rustie Peece, discharg'd, is flowne
 In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,
 And freely flies: This to thy Soule allow,
 Thinke thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now.
 And think this slow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave 185
 To a body, and went but by the bodies leave,
 Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the way
 Twixt heaven, and earth; she staves not in the ayre,
 To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare; 190
 She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
 Whether th'ayres middle region be intense;

*Her liberty
by death.*

161 thee, both 1612-25: thee both 1633-69 172 first-built
 1612-25: first built 1633-69 173 didst] doest 1669 177 the
 rage 1612-25: a rage 1633-69 179 Death 1612-25: death
 1633-69 181 Peece, discharg'd, 1612: Peece, discharg'd 1625: Peece
 discharg'd 1633: Peece discharg'd, 1635-69 183 This 1612-25: this
 1633-69 185 soule, 1612-21: soule 1625-69 187 Twenty,
 perchance,] Twentie, perchance 1625: Twenty perchance 1633-69

For

For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,
 Whether she past by such a place or no;
 She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie 195
 Whether in that new world, men live, and die.
Venus retards her not, to'enquire, how shee
 Can, (being one starre) *Hesper*, and *Vesper* bee;
 Hee that charm'd *Argus* eyes, sweet *Mercury*,
 Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye; 200
 Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne,
 Goes through, not staying till his course be runne;
 Who findes in *Mars* his Campe no corps of Guard;
 Nor is by *Love*, nor by his father barr'd;
 But ere she can consider how she went, 205
 At once is at, and through the Firmament.
 And as these starres were but so many beads
 Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
 Her through those Spheares, as through the beads, a string,
 Whose quick succession makes it still one thing: 210
 As doth the pith, which, left our bodies slacke,
 Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe;
 So by the Soule doth death string Heaven and Earth;
 For when our Soule enjoys this her third birth,
 (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,) 215
 Heaven is as neare, and present to her face,
 As colours are, and objects, in a roome
 Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come.
 This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee;
 To'advance these thoughts, remember then, that she, 220
 She, whose faire body no such prison was,
 But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe
 An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
 Mintage to other beauties, for they went
 But for so much as they were like to her; 225
 Shee, in whose body (if we dare preferre

197 *Venus*] no ital. 1612-25, and so with *Hesper* &c. retards] records
 1612-25 201 Who, if 1612-25: Who if 1633-69 204 barr'd;]
 bard; 1612-39 209 the] those 1669 214 her] om. 1650-69
 219-20 text 1612-25 (but soul 1612-25, and then 1625 and shee 1612-25):
 This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee,
 To'advance these thoughts; Remember then that she,
 1633-69, Chambers and Grolier. See note
 S This

258 *Of the Progresse of the Soule.*

This low world, to so high a marke as shee,)
 The Westerne treasure, Easterne spicerie,
 Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest
 Were easily found, or what in them was best; 230
 And when w'have made this large discoverie
 Of all, in her some one part then will bee
 Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
 Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
 Shee, whom had they knowne who did first betroth 235
 The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both
 To Nations, Cities, and to Companies,
 To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,
 And to each severall man, to him, and him,
 They would have given her one for every limbe; 240
 She, of whose soule, if wee may say, 'twas Gold,
 Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold
 Many degrees of that; wee understood
 Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought, 245
 That one might almost say, her body thought;
 Shee, shee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone:
 And chides us slow-pac'd snailes who crawle upon
 Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well,
 Longer, then whil't wee beare our brittle shell. 250
 But 'twere but little to have chang'd our roome,
 If, as we were in this our living Tombe
 Oppress'd with ignorance, wee still were so.
 Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
 Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not, 255
 How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
 Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in,
 Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sinne.
 Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so)
 By what way thou art made immortall, know. 260
 Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend

*Her ignorance in
this life
and know-
ledge in the
next.¹*

231 discoverie] Discoveree. 1612-25 232 Of all,] Of all 1612-25
 236 assign'd *Ed*: assigned 1612-69 238 Dignities, 1612-25: dignities,
 1633-69 241 Gold, 1612-25: gold, 1633-69 243 understood]
 understood 1621-25 249 well,] well 1612-25 251 little] little 1633
¹ *Her ignorance &c.*: 1612-25: om. 1633

Even thy selfe: yea though thou wouldst but bend
 To know thy body. Have not all soules thought
 For many ages, that our body's wrought
 Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements? 265
 And now they thinke of new ingredients,
 And one Soule thinkes one, and another way
 Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay.
 Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in
 The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne? 270
 Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
 Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe?
 And for the putrid stufte, which thou dost spit,
 Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
 There are no passages, so that there is 275
 (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
 And of those many opinions which men raise
 Of Nails and Haires, dost thou know which to praise?
 What hope have wee to know our selves, when wee
 Know not the least things, which for our use be? 280
 Wee see in Authors, too stiffe to recant,
 A hundred controversies of an Ant;
 And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
 To know but Catechismes and Alphabets
 Of unconcerning things, matters of fact; 285
 How others on our stage their parts did Act;
 What *Cæsar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* said.
 Why grasse is greene, or why our blood is red,
 Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto.
 In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe? 290
 When wilt thou shake off this Pedantry,
 Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie?
 Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme great
 Below; But up unto the watch-towre get,
 And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies: 295
 Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes,

265 Ayre, and Fire, 1612-25: aire, and fire, 1633-69 266 in-
 gredients, 1612: ingredients. 1621-69 268 'tis] ty's 1612-21 270
 breake 1612: brake 1621-33: break 1635-69 287 said. 1612-25: laid,
 1633-69 291 Pedantry] Pedantry 1650-69 292 taught|
 thought 1612-25

260 *Of the Progresse of the Soule.*

Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne
 By circuit, or collections to discerne.
 In heaven thou straight know'ft all, concerning it,
 And what concernes it not, shalt straight forget. 300
 There thou (but in no other schoole) maist bee
 Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee,
 Shee who all libraries had throughly read
 At home in her owne thoughts, and practised
 So much good as would make as many more: 305
 Shee whose example they must all implore,
 Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse
 That all the vertuous Actions they expresse,
 Are but a new, and worse edition
 Of her some one thought, or one action: 310
 She who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was growne
 Here upon earth, to such perfection,
 That she hath, ever since to Heaven she came,
 (In a far fairer print,) but read the same:
 Shee, shee not satisfied with all this waight, 315
 (For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight
 Another, did but ballast her) is gone
 As well t'enjoy, as get perfection.
 And calls us after her, in that shee tooke,
 (Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke. 320
 Returne not, my Soule, from this extasie,
 And meditation of what thou shalt bee,
 To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare,
 With whom thy conversation must be there.
 With whom wilt thou converse? what station 325
 Canst thou choose out, free from infection,
 That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine?
 Shalt thou not finde a spungie slacke Divine
 Drinke and sucke in th'instructions of Great men,
 And for the word of God, vent them agen? 330
 Are there not some Courts (and then, no things bee

*Of our com-
 pany in this
 life, and in
 the next.*

300 shalt] shall 1612-25, 1669 308 all] aie 1612-21: are 1625
 314 print,] point, 1612-33 323 earthly] early 1625 324 there.]
 there, 1633-39 326 choose 1612-25: chose 1633-69 327 will not]
 will nor 1612-25 328 Divine 1612-25: Divine, 1633-69 329
 Great 1612-25: great 1633-69

So like as Courts) which, in this let us see,
That wits and tongues of Libellers are weake,
Because they do more ill, then these can speake?
The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect 335
Chiefly the chiefest parts, but some effect
In nailes, and haire, yea excrements, will show;
So lyes the poyson of sinne in the most low.
Up, up, my drowfie Soule, where thy new eare
Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare; 340
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that, which men have said.
Where she is exalted more for being good,
Then for her interest of Mother-hood.
Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit 345
Expecting Christ, then they have enjoy'd him yet.
Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see
Their Prophecies growne to be Historie.
Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne
All the Suns course, with more light then the Sunne. 350
Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oyle to th'Apostles Lamps, dew to their seed.
Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost
They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his Temple give. 355
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She, who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities.
Shee, who being to her selfe a State, injoy'd
All royalties which any State employ'd; 360
For shee made warres, and triumph'd; reason still
Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will:
And she made peace, for no peace is like this,
That beauty, and chastity together kisse:
She did high justice, for she crucified 365
Every first motion of rebellious pride:

333 wits 1612-25: wits, 1633-69 336 some] some, 1633
338 lyes] wife 1612-25 353 thought] thoughts 1612-25 366
rebellious] rebellions 1635-69

And she gave pardons, and was liberall,
 For, onely her selfe except, she pardon'd all:
 Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impreſſions gave
 To all our actions all the worth they have: 370
 She gave protections; the thoughts of her breſt
 Satans rude Officers could ne'r arreſt.
 As theſe prerogatives being met in one,
 Made her a foveraigne State; religion
 Made her a Church; and theſe two made her all. 375
 She who was all this All, and could not fall
 To worſe, by company, (for ſhe was ſtill
 More Antidote, then all the world was ill,)
 Shee, ſhee doth leave it, and by Death, ſurvive
 All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not ſtrive 380
 The more, becauſe ſhees there, he doth not know
 That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow.
 But pauſe, my ſoule; And ſtudy, ere thou fall
 On accidentall joyes, th'eſſentiall.
 Still before Acceſſories doe abide 385
 A triall, muſt the principall be tride.
 And what eſſentiall joy can'ſt thou expect
 Here upon earth? what permanent effect
 Of tranſitory cauſes? Doſt thou love
 Beauty? (And beauty worthy'ſt is to move) 390
 Poore couſened couſenor, *that* ſhe, and *that* thou,
 Which did begin to love, are neither now;
 You are both fluid, chang'd ſince yeſterday;
 Next day repaires, (but ill) laſt dayes decay.
 Nor are, (although the river keepe the name) 395
 Yeſterdaies waters, and to daies the ſame.
 So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now
 That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow
 Concern'd, remains; but whil'ſt you thinke you bee
 Conſtant, you're hourely in inconfſtancie. 400

*Of eſſentiall
 joy in this
 life and in
 the next.*

369 impreſſions 1612-25: *rest* impression 378 ill,)] *last bracket dropped*
 1612-33 380 whither] *spelt* whether 1612-33 383 ſtudy, 1635-69:
 ſtudy 1612-33 391 *that . . . that*] *no italics* 1612-25 397 eies,
 1612-21: eyes 1625: eyes; 1633-69, *Chambers*. See note 398 Saint,
 1612-25: Saint 1633-69 vow] row 1612-25 399 remains;]
 remains, 1612-25

Honour may have pretence unto our love,
 Because that God did live so long above
 Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so,
 That he at last made Creatures to bestow
 Honour on him; not that he needed it, 405
 But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit.
 But since all Honours from inferiours flow,
 (For they doe give it; Princes doe but shew
 Whom they would have so honor'd) and that this
 On such opinions, and capacities 410
 Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse:
 Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse.
 Hath ever any man to'himselfe allign'd
 This or that happinesse to'arrest his minde,
 But that another man which takes a worse, 415
 Thinks him a foole for having tane that course?
 They who did labour Babels tower to'erec't,
 Might have considered, that for that effect,
 All this whole solid Earth could not allow
 Nor furnish forth materialls enow; 420
 And that this Center, to raise such a place,
 Was farre too little, to have beene the Base;
 No more affords this world, foundation
 To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one.
 But as the Heathen made them severall gods, 425
 Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods,
 (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are
 Gods unto them, so Agues bee, and Warre)
 And as by changing that whole precious Gold
 To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old, 430
 And lost their only God, who ever must
 Be fought alone, and not in such a thrust :

402 that] *in italics* 1633-69 404 Creatures 1612-25: creatures
 1633-69 416 Think] Thinke 1612-25 420 enow] enough 1633
 421 this 1612: his 1621-69 421-2 place, . . . little, 1612: place . . . little,
 1621-33 423 affords] affords 1612-25 world, foundation 1633-69:
 worlds, foundatione 1612-25 426 Benefits . . . Rods] capitals from
 1612-25 428 Warre] no capital 1612-39 429 that] the 1625
So

So much mankinde true happinesse mistakes ;
 No Joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
 Then, Soule, to thy first pitch worke up againe ; 435
 Know that all lines which circles doe containe,
 For once that they the Center touch, doe touch
 Twice the circumference ; and be thou such ;
 Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth emplot ;
 All will not serve ; Only who have enjoy'd 440
 The sight of God, in fulnesse, can thinke it ;
 For it is both the object, and the wit.
 This is essentiall joy, where neither hee
 Can suffer diminution, nor wee ;
 'Tis such a full, and such a filling good ; 445
 Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
 To fill the place of one of them, or more,
 Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before.
 She, who had Here so much essentiall joy,
 As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy ; 450
 Who with Gods prefence was acquainted so,
 (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
 His face in any naturall Stone, or Tree,
 Better then when in Images they bee :
 Who kept by diligent devotion, 455
 Gods Image, in such reparation,
 Within her heart, that what decay was growne,
 Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne :
 Who being solicited to any act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe precontract ; 460
 Who by a faithfull confidence, was here
 Betroth'd to God, and now is married there ;
 Whose twilights were more cleare, then our mid-day ;
 Who dreamt devoutlier, then most use to pray ;
 Who being here fil'd with grace, yet strove to bee, 465
 Both where more grace, and more capacitie
 At once is given : she to Heaven is gone,
 Who made this world in some proportion

433 much] much, 1633-39 435 up] upon 1612-25
 1612-25: here 1633-69 463 cleare,] cleane, 1635

449 Here

A heaven,

A heaven, and here, became unto us all,
 Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall. 470
 But could this low world joyes essentiall touch,
 Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much. *Of accidentall joyes in both places.*
 How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee?
 If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than, 475
 By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man.
 When no Physitian of redresse can speake,
 A joyfull casuall violence may breake
 A dangerous Apostem in thy breast;
 And whilst thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest, 480
 The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
 What e'r was casuall, may ever bee.
 What should the nature change? Or make the same
 Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came?
 All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say, 485
 Only by comming, that it can away.
 Only in Heaven joyes strength is never spent;
 And accidentall things are permanent.
 Joy of a soules arrivall ne'r decaies;
 For that soule ever joyes and ever staies. 490
 Joy that their last great Consummation
 Approaches in the resurrection;
 When earthly bodies more celestiall
 Shall be, then Angels were, for they could fall;
 This kinde of joy doth every day admit 495
 Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
 In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that shee,
 Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree,
 Doth injure her; ('Tis losse to be cal'd best,
 There where the stuffe is not such as the rest) 500
 Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee
 Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee
 Made better; for shee rather was two soules,

475 *My Lord*] *no italics* 1612-25
 482 What e'r] What eye 1612-25
 501 even] ever 1625

477 redresse] Reders 1612-25
 500 where] waere 1612

266 *Of the Progresse of the Soule.*

Or like to full on both sides written Rols,
Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin, 505
As strong Records for God, as mindes within;
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone,
Where shee receives, and gives addition. 510
Conclusion. Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames
A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet:
And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,
Lawes of Religion have at least the same, 515
Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name.
Could any Saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'ft make me a French convertite.
But thou would'it not; nor would'it thou be content,
To take this, for my second yeares true Rent, 520
Did this Coine beare any other stampe, then his,
That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this.
Since his will is, that to posteritie,
Thou should'ft for life, and death, a patterne bee,
And that the world should notice have of this, 525
The purpose, and th'authoritie is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and I am
The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.

506 within; *Ed:* within, 1612-39: within. 1650-69 516
invoke] inroque 1612-25 518 French 1635-69: french 1612-33
520 Rent] Rent. 1633

EPICEDES AND OBSEQVIES

Vpon

The deaths of fundry Perfonages.

*Elegie upon the untimely death of the incomparable
Prince Henry.*

Looke to mee faith, and looke to my faith, God;
For both my centers feele this period.
Of waight one center, one of greatnesse is;
And Reason is that center, Faith is this;
For into'our reason flow, and there do end 5
All, that this naturall world doth comprehend:
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference.
But for th'enormous greatnesse, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angulare, 10
As is Gods essence, place and providence,
Where, how, when, what soules do, departed hence,
These things (eccentrique else) on faith do strike;
Yet neither all, nor upon all, alike.
For reason, put to'her best extension, 15
Almost meetes faith, and makes both centers one.
And nothing ever came so neare to this,
As contemplation of that Prince, wee misse.
For all that faith might credit mankinde could,
Reason still seconded, that this prince would. 20

Epicedes &c. 1635-69: Elegie upon &c. 1613, in the *Lachrymae Lachrymarum* &c. of *Joshua Sylvester*. See note: Elegie on Prince Henry. 1633-54, O'F: similarly, Cy, N, TCD: An Elegie on the untimely &c. 1669 8 man 1633-69: men 1613 17 neare] nere 1633 18 that 1633-69: the 1613 19 might credit 1633-69: could credit 1613

If

If then leaft moving of the center, make
 More, then if whole hell belch'd, the world to shake,
 What muft this do, centers diftracted fo,
 That wee fee not what to beleeve or know?
 Was it not well beleev'd till now, that hee, 25
 Whofe reputation was an extafie
 On neighbour States, which knew not why to wake,
 Till hee difcover'd what wayes he would take;
 For whom, what Princes angled, when they tryed,
 Met a *Torpedo*, and were ftupified; 30
 And others ftudies, how he would be bent;
 Was his great fathers greateft instrument,
 And activ't fpirit, to convey and tie
 This foule of peace, through Christianity?
 Was it not well beleev'd, that hee would make 35
 This generall peace, th'Eternall overtake,
 And that his times might have ftretch'd out fo farre,
 As to touch thofe, of which they emblems are?
 For to confirme this juft beleefe, that now
 The laft dayes came, wee faw heav'n did allow, 40
 That, but from his afpect and exercife,
 In peacefull times, Rumors of war did rife.
 But now this faith is herefie: we muft
 Still ftay, and vexe our great-grand-mother, Duft.
 Oh, is God prodigall? hath he fpent his ftore 45
 Of plagues, on us; and onely now, when more
 Would eafe us much, doth he grudge mifery;
 And will not let's enjoy our curfe; to dy?
 As, for the earth throwne loweft downe of all,
 T'were an ambition to defire to fall, 50
 So God, in our defire to dye, doth know
 Our plot for eafe, in being wretched fo.

21 moving 1633-69: movings 1613 22 fhake, 1650-69: fhake.
 1633-39 26 extafie *Ed*: exftafie, 1633-69 31 bent; *Ed*: bent,
 1613, 1633-69 34 through 1613-33: to 1635-69 Christianity?
 1669: Christianity: 1633-54 42 did 1633: fhould 1613, 1635-69
 44 great-grand-mother, 1613: greatgrand mother, 1633: greatgrand-mother,
 1635-69 46 us;] us, 1633 48 to dy? *Ed*: to dy. 1633: to die!
 1635-54: no stop, 1669

Therefore we live; though such a life wee have,
 As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
 What had his growth, and generation done, 55
 When, what we are, his putrefaction
 Sustaines in us; Earth, which griefes animate?
 Nor hath our world now, other Soule then that.
 And could grieve get so high as heav'n, that Quire,
 Forgetting this their new joy, would desire 60
 (With griefe to see him) hee had staid below,
 To rectifie our errours, They foreknow.
 Is th'other center, Reason, faster then?
 Where should we looke for that, now we're not men?
 For if our Reason be our connexion 65
 Of causes, now to us there can be none.
 For, as, if all the substances were spent,
 'Twere madnesse, to enquire of accident,
 So is't to looke for reason, hee being gone,
 The onely subject reason wrought upon. 70
 If Fate have such a chaine, whose divers links
 Industrious man discerneth, as hee thinks;
 When miracle doth come, and so steale in
 A new linke, man knowes not, where to begin:
 At a much deader fault must reason bee, 75
 Death having broke off such a linke as hee.
 But now, for us, with busie prooffe to come,
 That we have no reason, would prove wee had some.
 So would just lamentations: Therefore wee
 May safelyer say, that we are dead, then hee. 80
 So, if our griefs wee do not well declare,
 We have double excuse; he's not dead; and we are.
 Yet I would not dy yet; for though I bee

57 animate?] animate; 1633 66 Of 1633-69: With 1613 67
 as, 1613: as 1633-69 69 So is't to] So is' to 1669 71 Fate
 1633-69: Faith 1613 72 thinks; Ed: thinks, 1613, 1633-69 73
 come, 1633-69: joine; 1613 so steale in 1633-69: to steal-in 1613
 77 prooffe 1633-69: proofes 1613 78 some. 1633: some, 1635-69
 80 hee. 1633: hee, 1635-69 82 and we are. 1633-54: we are. 1613,
 1669 83 I would not 1633-54: would not I 1669

Too narrow, to thinke him, as hee is hee,
 (Our Soules best baiting, and midd-period, 85
 In her long journey, of confidering God)
 Yet, (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
 As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
 Oh may I, (since I live) but see, or heare,
 That she-Intelligence which mov'd this spheare, 90
 I pardon Fate, my life: Who ere thou bee,
 Which hast the noble conscience, thou art shee,
 I conjure thee by all the charmes he spoke,
 By th'oathes, which onely you two never broke,
 By all the soules yee figh'd, that if you see 95
 These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
 So much, as you, two mutuall heav'ns were here,
 I were an Angell, singing what you were.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

I Have learn'd by those lawes wherein I am a¹ little conversant,
 that hee which bestowes any cost upon the dead, obliges him
 which is dead, but not the² heire; I do not therefore send this
 paper to your Ladyship, that you should thanke mee for it, or
 thinke that I thanke you in it; your favours and benefits to mee
 are so much above my merits, that they are even above my
 gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must expresse
 it: But, Madame, since your noble brothers fortune being yours,
 the evidences also concerning it are yours,³ so his vertue⁴ being
 yours, the evidences concerning it,⁵ belong also to you, of which by
 your acceptance this may be one peece, in which quality I humbly
 present it, and as a testimony how intirely your familie possesseth

Your Ladiships most humble
 and thankfull servant

JOHN DONNE.

91 Who *Ed*: who 1633-69 92 shee, 1633-69: she. *Chambers*
 97 So much, as you, 1633-69: So, much as you *Chambers*

To the Countesse &c. 1633-69, and in most of the MSS. as next page ¹ a
 1633-54: om. 1669 ² the] his 1669 ³ yours, 1633: yours: 1635-69
⁴ vertue 1633: vertues 1635-69 ⁵ it, 1633: that 1635-69

*Obsequies to the Lord Harrington, brother to the
Lady Lucy, Countesse of Bedford.*

FAire soule, which waft, not onely, as all foules bee,
Then when thou waft infused, harmony,
But did'st continue so; and now dost beare
A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare:
If looking up to God; or downe to us, 5
Thou finde that any way is pervious,
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, mee to that good degree
Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee, 10
And, by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,
And so can make by this soft extasie,
This place a map of heav'n, my selfe of thee.
Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest; 15
Times dead-low water; when all mindes devest
To morrows businesse, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be'a type of this,
Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is 20
To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man,
(Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them than
Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe,
Doth practice dying by a little sleepe,
Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone 25
As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone,

Obsequies to &c. *B*, *S*96 and similarly *A*25, *C*, *D*, *H*49, *J*C, *L*ec, *N*, *O'* *F*,
S, *T*C*D*: Obsequies to the Lord Harringtons brother. To the Countesse
of Bedford. 1633-54: Obsequies on the Lord Harrington, &c. To the
Countess of Bedford. 1669 7 mans 1633, *D*, *H*49: mens 1635-69 and
most *MSS* 11 these 1633-69: those *B*, *D*, *H*49, *J*C, *O'* *F*, *S*, *T*C*D*
15 midnight, now 1633-69: midnight; now *Chambers*: midnight now,
Grolier 26 that Sunne] this Sunne *N*, *T*C*D*

All the world growes transparent, and I see
 Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee;
 And I discerne by favour of this light,
 My selfe, the hardest object of the sight. 30
 God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see
 Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee,
 So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
 All, in these mirrors of thy wayes, and end.
 Though God be our true glasse, through which we see 35
 All, since the beeing of all things is hee,
 Yet are the trunkes which doe to us derive
 Things, in proportion fit, by perspective,
 Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
 Vertues, indeed remote, seeme to be neare. 40
 But where can I affirme, or where arrest
 My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
 For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on,
 Nor can endure a contemplation.
 As bodies change, and as I do not weare 45
 Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare,
 And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye,
 That drop, which I looked on, is presently
 Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone,
 So in this sea of vertues, can no one 50
 Bee'infisted on; vertues, as rivers, passe,
 Yet still remaines that vertuous man there was.
 And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so
 Part of his body to another owe,

30 hardest] hardiest 1669 34 end. *D*: end; 1633-69 35 our
 true glasse, 1633-69 (glasse, 1633): truly our glasse *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec,*
N, O'F, S, S96, TCD see] see. 1633 some copies, 1635 38 Things, in
 proportion fit, by perspective, *D*: Things, in proportion fit by perspective,
 1633: Things, in proportion, fit by perspective, 1635-54, *Chambers*: Things
 in proportion, fit by perspective, 1669. See note 39 men; *D*: men,
 1633: men: 1635-69 living 1633: beeing 1635-69, *Chambers and*
Grolier 40 neare. 1635-69: nere; 1633 44 contemplation. *Ed*:
 contemplation; 1633-69 51 on; *Ed*: on, 1633-69 52 was. *Ed*:
 was; 1633-69 53 feed 1635-69 and *MSS.*: feeds 1633

Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise, 55
 Because God knowes where every Atome lyes;
 So, if one knowledge were made of all those,
 Who knew his minutes well, hee might dispose
 His vertues into names, and ranks; but I
 Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie, 60
 Should I divide and discontinue so,
 Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow.
 For as, hee that would say, spirits are fram'd
 Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
 Honours not spirits halfe so much, as hee 65
 Which sayes, they have no parts, but simple bee;
 So is't of vertue; for a point and one
 Are much entirer then a million.
 And had Fate meant to have his vertues told,
 It would have let him live to have beene old; 70
 So, then that vertue in season, and then this,
 We might have seene, and said, that now he is
 Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
 In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust,
 And to be sure betimes to get a place, 75
 When they would exercise, lacke time, and space.
 So was it in this person, forc'd to bee
 For lack of time, his owne epitome:
 So to exhibit in few yeares as much,
 As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch. 80
 As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye,
 Our quick thought cannot keepe him company,
 Wee cannot thinke, now hee is at the Sunne,
 Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth
 run,

63 would 1633: should 1635-69 69 to have his 1633, *A25, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, S, S96, TCD*: to have had his 1635-69, *O'F, Chambers* 70
 old; *Ed*: old, 1633-39: old. 1650-69 71 So, then that *Ed*: So then,
 that 1633: So, then, that 1635-69 76 exercise] exercise 1633 some
copies: encrease *D, H49, Lec*: exercise: they *S* lacke 1633-54: last
 1669 time] room *A25, B, JC, O'F, S, S96, TCD* 78 epitome: *D*:
 epitome. 1633-69 80 Chronicles] Chroniclers 1669 can touch.]
 can touch; 1633 84 he] *om. 1669, O'F*

Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire 85
 To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and Aire;
 And as this Angell in an instant knowes,
 And yet wee know, this sodaine knowledge growes
 By quick amassing severall formes of things,
 Which he successively to order brings; 90
 When they, whose flow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe
 So fast as hee, thinke that he doth not so;
 Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell,
 On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
 Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see 95
 And lay together every A, and B;
 So, in short liv'd good men, is not understood
 Each severall vertue, but the compound good;
 For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread,
 As Angells goe, and know, and as men read. 100
 O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme
 Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme,
 Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
 And so make us alive, themselves be dead?
 O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee 105
 Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee?
 Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd
 In heav'n, the other might securely have pac'd
 In the most large extent, through every path,
 Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath. 110
 Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have
 (Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,
 All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all
 The endlesnesse of the equinoctiall;
 Yet, when we come to measure distances, 115
 How here, how there, the Sunne affected is,

86 Aire; 1669: Aire. 1633-35: Air, 1639-54
 infant, 1633 98 good; Ed: good. 1633-69 102 this *A25*,
B, C, D, H49, JC, N, O' F, S, TCD: the 1633-69 tempests *A25, D, H49*,
JC, N, S96, TCD: tempest 1633-69, *O' F, S* 106 death, *Ed*: death
 1633-69 110 man] man, 1633 hath.] hath, 1633 some copies, 1635-39
 When

When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile,
 Onely great circles, than can be our scale:
 So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse
 All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse, 120
 And wee, by our good use of it may trye,
 Both how to live well young, and how to die,
 Yet, since we must be old, and age endures
 His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures
 Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice, 125
 Zeales agues, and hydroptique avarice,
 Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
 As well as lust, and ignorance of youth;
 Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too,
 And by thy doing tell us what to doe? 130
 Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele
 Doth each mismotion and distemper feele,
 Whose *hand* gets shaking palsies, and whose *string*
 (His sinewes) slackens, and whose *Soule*, the spring,
 Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the *flye*, 135
 Either beates not, or beates unevenly,
 Whose voice, the *Bell*, doth rattle, or grow dumbe,
 Or idle, as men, which to their last houres come,
 If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still,
 Or be not set, or set at every will; 140
 So, youth is easiest to destruction,
 If then wee follow all, or follow none.
 Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
 Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'mploy their time,
 An error doth more harme, being generall, 145
 When, small clocks faults, only on the wearer fall;

117 When . . when 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec*: Where . . where *rest of MSS.*
 118 circles, than can *D*: circles, then, can 1633-69 121 it] that *many*
MSS. 125 ambitions,] ambition, 1669 126 agues, *Ed*: agues;
 1633-69 127-8 in brackets 1635-69 128 As well as lust, 1669:
 As well, as lust 1633-54 130 tell us 1633, 1669, *A25, D, H49, N, S,*
TCD: set us 1635-54, *B, O' F, S96, and Chambers* 133 *hand* gets *A25,*
B, C, D, H49, JC, N, S, TCD: *hands* get 1633-54: *hands* gets 1669. See
note 135 *flye*, 1633: *flee*, 1635-69 138 houres come, 1633-54: hour
 come, 1669: hours are come, *Chambers* 142 none. 1635-69: none;
 1633 146 fall; *Ed*: fall. 1633-69

So worke the faults of age, on which the eye
 Of children, servants, or the State relie.
 Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soule,
 A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule, 150
 And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
 Instructions, such as it could never be
 Difordered, stay here, as a generall
 And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All?
 O why wouldst thou be any instrument 155
 To this unnaturall course, or why consent
 To this, not miracle, but Prodigie,
 That when the ebbs, longer then flowings be,
 Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
 Should so much faster ebb out, then flow in? 160
 Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath,
 All is at once funke in the whirle-poole death.
 Which word I would not name, but that I see
 Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee.
 Now I grow fure, that if a man would have 165
 Good companie, his entry is a grave.
 Mee thinkes all Cities, now, but Anthills bee,
 Where, when the feverall labourers I see,
 For children, house, Provision, taking paine,
 They're all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain; 170
 And Church-yards are our cities, unto which
 The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich.
 There is the best concourse, and confluence,
 There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
 Begins Gods City, New Jerusaleme, 175
 Which doth extend her utmost gates to them.
 At that gate then Triumphant soule, dost thou
 Begin thy Triumph; But since lawes allow

154 great] grave *A25, C* 155 wouldst] wouldst 1639-54 any
 1633-35, and *MSS.*: an 1639-69, *Chambers* 158 when 1633-69:
 where *C, D, H49, N, O'F, S, TCD*: whereas *B* 161 was 1633: were
 1635-69 165 grow fure, 1633, *D, H49, Lec*: am fure, 1635-69 170
 and 1633-69: or *A25, B, C, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD* 176 them. *D*: them;
 1633, 169-69: them, 1635 178 Triumph; 1633: Triumph. 1635-69
 That

That at the Triumph day, the people may,
 All that they will, gainst the Triumpher say, 180
 Let me here use that freedome, and expresse
 My grieffe, though not to make thy Triumph lesse.
 By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee,
 Till they as Magistrates get victorie;
 Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield, 185
 Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
 To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee,
 That there thy counsailes might get victorie,
 And so in that capacitie remove
 All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love, 190
 Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have,
 Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave.
 Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
 But with thine owne affections, with the heate
 Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance, 195
 But till thou should'st successfully advance
 Thine armes 'gainst forraine enemies, which are
 Both Envy, and acclamations popular,
 (For, both these engines equally defeate,
 Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,) 200
 Till then thy War was but a civill War,
 For which to Triumph, none admitted are.
 No more are they, who though with good successe,
 In a defensive war, their power expresse;
 Before men triumph, the dominion 205
 Must be *enlarg'd*, and not *preserv'd* alone;
 Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to win
 Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in,
 And to deliver up to God that state,
 Of which he gave thee the vicariate, 210

184 victorie; *Ed*: victorie, 1633-69 186 brought] wrought 1639,
Chambers 192 usurp'dst *B, D, H49, N, TCD*: usurp'ft 1633, *Lec, S96*:
 usurpe 1635-69, *A25, JC, O'F, Chamlers* 193 Then 1635-69: That
 1633 198 acclamations 1669, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD*:
 acclamation 1633-54 202 are. *D*: are; 1633-69 204 expresse;
Ed: expresse. 1633-69

(Which is thy foule and body) as intire
 As he, who takes endeavours, doth require,
 But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too,
 By making others, what thou didst, to doe;
 Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more
 Hath got, by getting thee, then't had before? 216
 For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
 Of one another in possession were.
 But this from Triumph most disables thee,
 That, that place which is conquered, must bee 220
 Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt
 Of imminent commotions to breake out:
 And hath he left us so? or can it bee
 His territory was no more then Hee?
 No, we were all his charge, the Diocis 225
 Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is,
 And he was joynd in commission
 With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one.
 But though this freedome to upbraid, and chide
 Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd 230
 With this, that it might never reference have
 Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave;
 Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not
 At that authoritie, by which he got
 Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might; 235
 So, though, triumphant foule, I dare to write,
 Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus,
 That thou so earely wouldst abandon us;
 Yet I am farre from daring to dispute
 With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute 240
 Prerogative hath thus dispenf'd with thee,
 'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugners bee

212 endeavours, 1633-54, *A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96*,
TCD: Indentours, 1669, *Chambers* 216 'thad] t'had 1633-39 218
 were. *D*: were; 1633-69 222 out: 1635-69: out. 1633 224
 His 1633-54: This 1669 then 1633-69: but *D, H49, N, O'F, S, S96*,
TCD 231 reference] reverence 1650-54 239 I am] am I *B*,
O'F, S, S96 241 with 1633-69, *O'F*: for *A25, D, H49, Lec, N, TCD*
 Of

Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine)
 Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine
 Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit, 245
 That all men should lacke thee, then thou lack it.
 Though then in our time, be not suffered
 That testimonie of love, unto the dead,
 To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
 As Saxon wives, and French soldurii did; 250
 And though in no degree I can expresse
 Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse,
 Who at his friends death, made whole townes develt
 Their walls and bullwarks which became them best:
 Doe not, faire soule, this sacrifice refuse, 255
 That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse,
 Who, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being cast
 Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

Elegie on the Lady Marckham.

MAN is the World, and death th'Ocean,
 To which God gives the lower parts of man.
 This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
 God hath set markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,
 Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend, 5
 And breaks our bankes, when ere it takes a friend.
 Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent;
 Our waters, then, above our firmament,
 (Teares which our Soule doth for her fins let fall)
 Take all a brackish taft, and Funerall, 10

247 time,] times, 1669, B, JC, O'F, N, S, S96, TCD 250 foldurii D,
 H49, Lec: soldarii 1633-69 251 expresse] expresse, 1633 257
 Who, 1633: Which, 1639-69

Elegie &c. 1633-54: An Elegie &c. 1669: similarly, A18, A25, B,
 C, Cy, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, S96, TC 6 And breaks
 1633-54: To break 1669 bankes D, Cy, H40, H49, JC, Lec, O'F, P,
 TCC: bounds A25, C: banke, 1633-69, N (s added), TCD 8 firmament,]
 firmament. 1633 10 Funerall, Ed: Funerall. 1633-69

And

And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin.

We, after Gods *Noe*, drowne our world againe.

Nothing but man of all inuvenom'd things

Doth worke upon itselfe, with inborne stings.

Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see 15

Through passions mist, what wee are, or what shee.

In her this sea of death hath made no breach,

But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,

And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand,

So is her flesh refin'd by deaths cold hand. 20

As men of China, after an ages stay,

Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;

So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines

The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,

Of which this flesh was, her foule shall inspire 25

Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire

Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,

Make and name then, th'Elixar of this All.

They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;

If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe 30

Ufurpe the body, our soule, which subject is

To th'elder death, by sinne, is freed by this;

They perish both, when they attempt the just;

For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths dust.

So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both; 35

For, none to death finnes, that to sinne is loth,

Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die;

So hath she this, and that virginity.

11 these *D, H49, Lec*: those 1633-69 12 after Gods *Noe*, drowne
 1633-54 (*No*, 1635-54): after God, new drown 1669 our world
 1669, *B, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD*: the world 1633-54, *A18*,
A25, JC, TCC 16 mist] mistes *Cy, L74, N, TCD* 19 embroder'd
 1635-54: embroderd 1633: embroder'd 1669 21 stay, *Ed*: stay
 1633-69 25 which *Ed*: which, 1633-69 28 then, 1633:
 then 1635-39: them 1650-69 34 and both deaths dust. *Ed*:
 and both Deaths' dust. *Grolier*: and both, deaths dust. 1633: and both
 death's dust. 1635-69 and *Chambers*: and both dead dust. *D, Cy, H40*,
H49, JC, Lec, S96. See note 36 loth, *Ed*: loth. 1633-69 37
 die; *Ed*: die, 1633-69

Grace was in her extremely diligent,
 That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent. 40
 Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas,
 How little poyson cracks a christall glasse!
 She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
 That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.
 Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie, 45
 That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,
 Making omiffions, acts; laying the touch
 Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.
 As *Moses* Cherubines, whose natures doe
 Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too: 50
 So would her foule, already'in heaven, seeme then,
 To clyme by teares, the common staires of men.
 How fit she was for God, I am content
 To speake, that Death his vaine haſt may repent.
 How fit for us, how even and how sweet, 55
 How good in all her titles, and how meet,
 To have reform'd this forward heresie,
 That women can no parts of friendship bee;
 How Morall, how Divine shall not be told,
 Left they that heare her vertues, thinke her old: 60
 And left we take Deaths part, and make him glad
 Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde.

42 cracks 1633-69, *A25, Cy, P* (crackt): breakes *A18, D, H40, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, O'F, S96, TC* glasse! *Ed*: glasse? 1633-69 44-5 omitted in 1633 between foot of one page and top of next 45 rarefie,] rectify, *D, H40, H49, JC, Lec, S96* 48 sometimes 1633 and *MSS*.: sometime 1635-69, and *Chambers* 52 teares,] tears *Chambers* the . . . men in brackets *A18, N, TC* 54 Death *D*: death 1633-69 58 women 1635-69, *A18, A25, D, H49, JC, L74, Lec, N, P, TC*: woman 1633, *Cy* parts] parte *Cy, JC*. This line written in large letters in several *MSS*. 60 vertues, 1633-35, 1669: vertue, 1639-54 thinke] thinks 1639 old: *Ed*: old. 1633-69 62 tryumph 1633-69, *A25, D, H40, Lec*: triumphes *A18, B, H49, JC, L74, N, O'F, P, S96, TC*

Elegie on M^{rs} Boulstred.

DEath I recant, and say, unsaid by mee
 What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.
 Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis, to say,
 That any can thy Summons disobey.
 Th'earths face is but thy Table; there are set 5
 Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.
 In a rude hunger now hee millions drawes
 Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jawes.
 Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more waft,
 Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last. 10
 Now wantonly he spoiles, and eates us not,
 But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.
 Nor will this earth serve him; he sinkes the deepe
 Where harmelesse fish monastique silence keepe,
 Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand, 15
 Might sponge that element, and make it land.
 He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes
 In birds (Heavens choristers,) organique throats,
 Which (if they did not dye) might seeme to bee
 A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie. 20
 O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?
 And how without Creation didst begin?
 Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest,
 All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist.
 How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now 25
 In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.
 Our births and lives, vices, and vertues, bee
 Waftfull consumptions, and degrees of thee.

Elegie on M^{rs} Boulstred. 1633-69, A18, A25, B, Cy, D, H40, H49, L74, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD: in Cy, O'F, P this and the Elegie, Death, be not proud (p. 416) are given as one poem. See note 5 there are set] and the meate A18, L74, N, TC 6 dishes 1633, 1650-69: dishd 1635-39, A18, L74, N, O'F, S96, TC 10 first,] fruite or fruites A18, H49, L74, N, TC: first fruit P 14 keepe, 1635-39: keepe. 1633, 1650-69 15 by Roes 1633: the Roes 1635-54: the Rows 1669: by rows A18, N, O'F, P, S96, TC 18 birds Ed: birds, 1633-69 (Heavens choristers)] brackets from HN 27 lives, 1635-69, A25, Cy, O'F, P, S: lifes, HN: life, 1633, A18, D, H49, L74, Lec, N, TC

For,

For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath,
 Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death. 30
 And though thou beeſt, O mighty bird of prey,
 So much reclaim'd by God, that thou muſt lay
 All that thou kill'ſt at his feet, yet doth hee
 Reſerve but few, and leaves the moſt to thee.
 And of thoſe few, now thou haſt overthrowne 35
 One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.
 She was more ſtories high: hopeleſſe to come
 To her Soule, thou'haſt offer'd at her lower roome.
 Her Soule and body was a King and Court:
 But thou haſt both of Captaine miſt and fort. 40
 As houſes fall not, though the King remove,
 Bodies of Saints reſt for their ſoules above.
 Death gets 'twixt ſoules and bodies ſuch a place
 As finne inſinuates 'twixt juſt men and grace,
 Both worke a ſeparation, no divorce. 45
 Her Soule is gone to uſher up her corſe,
 Which ſhall be' almoſt another ſoule, for there
 Bodies are purer, then beſt Soules are here.
 Becauſe in her, her virtues did outgoe
 Her yeares, would'ſt thou, O emulous death, do ſo? 50
 And kill her young to thy loſſe? muſt the coſt
 Of beauty, and wit, apt to doe harme, be loſt?
 What though thou found'ſt her prooſe 'gainſt ſins of
 youth?
 Oh, every age a diuerſe finne purſueth.
 Thou ſhould'ſt have ſtay'd, and taken better hold, 55
 Shortly, ambitious; covetous, when old,
 She might have prov'd: and ſuch devotion
 Might once have ſtray'd to ſuperſtition.

34 to thee. 1633: for thee. 1635-69 35 thou haſt 1633-69: haſt
 thou HN 36 blow] blow, 1633 41 King 1633, A18, A25, B, Cy,
 D, H49, HN, Lec, N, O'F, P, TC: Kings 1635-69 45 worke 1633-69,
 HN, O'F, S: workes A18, Cy, D, H49, I, 74, N, P, TC: makes Lec. See
 note 56 Shortly,] Shortly 1633 ambitious; 1635-69: ambitious,
 1633

If all her vertues must have growne, yet might
 Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight. 60
 Had she persever'd just, there would have bin
 Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne.
 Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine
 To sociableness, a name profane;
 Or sinne, by tempting, or, not daring that, 65
 By wishing, though they never told her what.
 Thus might'st thou have slain more soules, had'st thou not
 croft
 Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine army lost.
 Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,
 Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone. 70
 But we may scape that sinne, yet weepe as much,
 Our teares are due, because we are not such.
 Some teares, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
 Because the chaine is broke, though no linke lost.

ELEGIE.

Death.

L Anguage thou art too narrow, and too weake
 To ease us now; great sorrow cannot speake;
 If we could figh out accents, and weepe words,
 Griefe weares, and lessens, that tears breath affords.

62 mis-thinking] mistaking *Cy, HN, O'F* (but altered to text) 64
 profane; 1669: profane, 1635-54: profane. 1633 74 though 1635-69,
A18, A25, HN, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TC: but 1633, *D, H40, H49, I, cc*
 Here follow in 1635-54 By our first strange (p. 111), Madame, That I
 (p. 291), and Death be not proud, (p. 422). In 1669 My Fortune and
 (p. 292) precedes Madame, That I
 Elegie. 1633: Elegie XI. Death. 1635-54 (being placed among the Elegies):
 Elegie XI. 1669: An Elegie upon the death of M^{rs} Boulstred. *A18, B,*
Cy, H40, L74, N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TCD: no title, *HN* 2 sorrow 1633,
B, Cy, H40, HN, L74, N, P, TC: sorrows 1635-69, *O'F, S*

Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme the more they are, 5
 (So guiltiest men stand mute at the barre)
 Not that they know not, feele not their estate,
 But extreme sence hath made them desperate.
 Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
 Tyrant, in the fift and greatest Monarchy, 10
 Was't, that she did possesse all hearts before,
 Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
 Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
 As in a deluge perish th'innocent?
 Was't not enough to have that palace wonne, 15
 But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
 Had'st thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,
 All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,
 For they let out more light, then they tooke in,
 They told not when, but did the day beginne. 20
 She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;
 Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;
 Alas, shee was too pure, but not too weake;
 Who e'r saw Christall Ordinance but would break?
 And if wee be thy conquest, by her fall 25
 Th'haft lost thy end, for in her perish all;
 Or if we live, we live but to rebell,
 They know her better now, that knew her well.
 If we should vapour out, and pine, and die;
 Since, shee first went, that were not miserie. 30
 Shee chang'd our world with hers; now she is gone,
 Mirth and prosperity is oppression;
 For of all morall vertues she was all,
 The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall.

8 desperate. *Ed.*: desperate; 1633-69 10 Tyrant, 1633, 1669
 (no comma): Tyran, 1635-54 20 beginne. *Ed.*: beginne; 1633-69
 21 for 1635-69: to 1633 26 for in her 1633 and all the MSS.: in
 her we 1635-69, *Chambers* 28 They . . that . . well; 1633, *Cy*, *H40*,
HN, *L74*, *N*, *S*, *TC*: That know her better now, who knew her well.
 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *P*, *S96* 29 and pine, and] or pine, or *Cy*, *H40*, *HN*,
O'F, *P*, *S*, *S96*: or pine, and *L74*, *TC* 30 miserie. *Ed.*: miserie;
 1633-69 34 The Ethicks speake 1633, *A18*, *Cy*, *H40*, *L74*, *N*, *P*, *TC*:
 That Ethickes speake 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S*: The ethenickes spake *HN*
 Cardinall. *Ed.*: Cardinall; 1633-69

Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin 35
 Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out sinne.
 Shee had no more then let in death, for wee
 All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree.
 God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love
 Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above, 40
 And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,
 To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is;
 Who if her vertues would have let her stay
 Wee had had a Saint, have now a holiday.
 Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire, 45
 Religion, did not consume, but inspire
 Such piety, so chaste use of Gods day,
 That what we turne to *feast*, she turn'd to *pray*,
 And did prefigure here, in devout taste,
 The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last. 50
 Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
 (For she was of that order whence most fell)
 Her body left with us, lest some had said,
 Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;
 For from lesse vertue, and lesse beautifullnesse, 55
 The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesse.
 The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be
 Earth too, will be a *Lemnia*; and the tree
 That wraps that christall in a wooden Tombe,
 Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond; 60
 And we her sad glad friends all beare a part
 Of griefe, for all would waste a Stoicks heart.

36 that kept out] to keep out *HN, P* sinne. *Ed:* sinne; 1633-69
 37 She had no more; then let in death for we 1669 38 tree. *Ed:*
 tree; 1633-69 41-2 And when we see his mercy shewne in this
 'Twill &c. *S* 44 holiday. *Ed:* holiday; 1633-69 *All the MSS.*
 omit have, but *O'F* inserts it later 48 That what 1633-69: That
 when *HN* turne] turn'd *Cy, HN, P, S96* to *feast*, *Ed:* to feast,
 1633-69 feast] feasts *L74, N, O'F, TC* to *pray*, *Ed:* to pray,
 1633-69 50 last.] last; 1633 53 Her body left 1633, *A18, HN,*
N, TC: Her bodie's left 1635-69 56 fram'd] fain'd *Cy, P:* form'd
H40, HN 57 wooes] woes 1633 be] be, 1633 58 *All the*
MSS. omit a before *Lemnia*, but *O'F* inserts 61 sad glad 1633-69:
 glad sad *B, Cy, L74, N, O'F, P, S, S96* 62 waste 1633, *A18, Cy, H40,*
HN, L74, N, P, TC: breake 1635-69, *B, O'F*

Elegie on the L. C.

Sorrow, who to this house scarce knew the way:
 Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey.
 This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us
 Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus.
 'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve, 5
 And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve:
 'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before,
 That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store.
 Oh, if a sweet briar, climbe up by'a tree,
 If to a paradise that transplanted bee, 10
 Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
 Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise,
 As we for him dead: though no familie
 Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie
 With whom more Venturers more boldly dare 15
 Venture their states, with him in joy to share.
 Wee lose what all friends lov'd, him; he gaines now
 But life by death, which worst foes would allow,
 If hee could have foes, in whose practise grew
 All vertues, whose names subtile Schoolmen knew. 20
 What ease, can hope that wee shall see him, beget,
 When wee must die first, and cannot dye yet?
 His children are his pictures, Oh they bee
 Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he.
 Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone, 25
 He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

Elegie &c. 1635-69, following *Death be not proud* (p. 422): *Elegie*,
Funerall Elegie, or no title, *B*, *Cy*, *HN*, *O'F*, *S96*: *Elegie VI.* (being placed
among the *Elegies*) 1633: *Elegie.* (being eighth among *Elegies*) *D*, *H49*, *Lec*:
Elegia tertia. *S*: *Elegie XIIIIa.* *JC*, *W* 1 who 1633-39: that 1650-69
2 prey. 1633: prey, 1635-54: Pay. 1669 4 thus. 1669: thus; 1633-54
13 dead: 1633-69: dead. *HN*, *Grolier* 16 Venture their states] Venter
estates *B* share. *D*, *H49*, *Lec*, *W*: share 1633: share, 1635-69, *Chambers*
and *Grolier*. See note 17 him;] him, 1633 20 names] name 1635-69
knew. *Ed*: knew; 1635-69 24 he. 1650-69: he, 1633-39

*An hymne to the Saints, and to Marquesse
Hamylton.*

To Sir Robert Carr.

S I R,

I Presume you rather try what you can doe in me, then what I can doe in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it ~~not~~ worthy of him, nor of you, nor of mee, smother it, and bee that the sacrifice. If you had commanded mee to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; But, I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loath to doe, for, even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and
servant in Christ Iesus

I. D.

WHether that soule which now comes up to you
Fill any former ranke or make a new;
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name it selfe, and *order* more

An hymne &c. 1633-69, in all of which it is classed with the Divine Poems, following Resurrection. In 1635-69 it is preceded by the letter To Sir Robert Carr.: in 1633 the letter follows, and has no heading: similarly in A18, O'F, TCC. See note 2 verse; 1635-69: verse, 1633 3 best] at the best A18, TCC subjects. 1635-69: subjects, 1633: subject, A18, TCC 6-7 of him . . . sacrifice. 1635-69: of you nor of him, we will smother it, and be it your sacrifice. 1633: of him, nor of you, nor of anye; smother it, and bee that the sacrifice. A18, TCC 9 the 1635-69: your 1633, A18, TCC more] much 1633 10 loath] loather 1633 in Christ Iesus] om. A18, TCC

1 Whether] Whither 1633, and so in 3 2 new; Ed: new, 1633-69
Then

Then was in heaven till now; (for may not hee 5
 Bee so, if every severall Angell bee
 A *kind* alone?) What ever order grow
 Greater by him in heaven, wee doe not so.
 One of your orders growes by his accessse;
 But, by his losse grow all our *orders* lesse; 10
 The name of *Father, Master, Friend*, the name
 Of *Subiect* and of *Prince*, in one are lame;
 Faire mirth is damp't, and conversation black,
 The *household* widdow'd, and the *garter* slack;
 The *Chappell* wants an eare, *Councell* a tongue; 15
Story, a theame; and *Musicke* lacks a song;
 Blest *order* that hath him! the losse of him
 Gangreend all *Orders* here; all lost a limbe.
 Never made body such haft to confesse
 What a soule was; All former comelineffe 20
 Fled, in a minute, when the soule was gone,
 And, having lost that beauty, would have none;
 So fell our *Monasteries*, in one instant growne
 Not to lesse houses, but, to heapes of stone;
 So sent this body that faire forme it wore, 25
 Unto the spheare of formes, and doth (before
 His soule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,)
 Anticipate a Resurrection;
 For, as in his fame, now, his soule is here,
 So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there. 30
 And if, faire soule, not with first *Innocents*
 Thy station be, but with the *Penitents*,
 (And, who shall dare to aske then when I am
 Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe,

6 fo,] fo? 1633 7 alone?) 1635-54: alone;) 1633: alone) 1669
 8 fo. *Ed*: fo; 1633-69 12 are 1633, *Ar*8, *TCC*: is 1635-69, *O'F*
 16 song; 1633: song. 1635-69 17 him! *Ed*: him, 1633-69 18
 Gangreend 1635-69: Gangred 1633 limbe. 1633-35: limbe: 1639-69
 22 none; *Ed*: none: 1650-69: none, 1633-39 23 one instant 1633:
 an instant 1635-69 25 this 1633, *Ar*8, *TCC*: his 1635-69 29
 For, as in his 1633-39: For, as it his 1650-54: For, as it is his 1669
 30 there. *Ed*: there; 1633-39: there, 1650-69

Whether that colour, which is scarlet then, 35
Were black or white before in eyes of men ?)
When thou rememb'rest what fins thou didst finde
Amongst those many friends now left behinde,
And feest such sinners as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, Let it bee 40
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane ;
Wish *him* a *David*, *her* a *Magdalen*.

36 in eyes] in the eyes *A18, O'F, TCC*

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH

ON HIMSELFE.

To the Countesse of Bedford.

MADAME,

THat I might make your Cabinet my tombe,
And for my fame which I love next my foule,
Next to my foule provide the happieft roome,
Admit to that place this laft funerall Scrowle.
Others by Wills give Legacies, but I
Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie. 5

My fortune and my will this custome breake,
When we are senseleffe grown to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside see what thou art now: 10
Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,
Parents make us earth, and foules dignifie
Vs to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our foules sinne bred and pampered is, 15
Our foules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

Epitaph. *B, D, H40, H49* On himselfe. 1635-69 To the
Countesse of Bedford. *O'F, S96*: no heading, and epistle only, *A25, C*
The introductory epistle, and the first ten lines of the epitaph, the whole with
heading Elegie., is printed 1635-54 among the Funerall Elegies. The full
epitaph without epistle and with heading On himselfe. is included among
the Divine Poems, where it follows the Lamentations of Jeremy. In
his note Chambers (II. 234) reverses these facts. In 1669 On himselfe.
is transferred to the Funerall Elegies and is followed immediately by the
Elegie, i.e. the epistle and incomplete epitaph. They are here given for the
first time in a separate group 5 Others by Wills 1635-69: Others by
testaments *A25, C, O'F (altered to wills), S96*: Men by testament *B*:
Then by testament *H40*: O then by testament *D, H49* 10 now:
1650-69: now, 1635-39 12 there, 1635, 1669: thee, 1639-54
2 Omnibus

Omnibus.

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break,
 When we are speechlesse grown, to make stoness speak,
 Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
 In my graves inside see'st what thou art now:
 Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay 5
 To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay.
 Parents make us earth, and foules dignifie
 Vs to be glasse; here to grow gold we lie.
 Whilst in our foules sinne bred and pamper'd is,
 Our foules become wormeaten carkases; 10
 So we our selves miraculously destroy.
 Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy
 Such priuiledges, enabled here to scale
 Heaven, when the Trumpets ayre shall them exhale.
 Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mend'st me, 15
 By making me being dead, doe good to thee,
 And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now
 A last-ficke houre to syllables allow.

Omnibus. *D, H49*: To all. *H40, RP31*: Another on the same. (*i.e.*
M^{rs} Boulstred) *P*: On himselfe. 1635-69: no title, *B, S96*: in *MSS.* this
 complete epitaph follows the epistle (p. 291); but in *B* they are separated
 by various poems and in *P* the epistle is not given 3 tell] tel 1635
 4 see'st] see *D, H49*: compare incomplete version. 5 Yet 1635-69:
 Nay *S96* thou'art *Ed*: thou art 1635-69 8 lie. *Ed*:
 lie; 1635-69 14 them] then 1669 16 to thee, *B, D, H40, H49*,
O'F, S96: for thee, 1635-69

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16. *Augusti* 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Poëma Satyricon.

EPISTLE.



Others at the Porches and entries of their Buildings set their Armes; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a minde so plaine, and flat, and through light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and sticke, and doe not say quickly, good. I censure much and taxe; And this liberty costs mee more then others, by how much my owne things are worfe then others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it *sine talione*. As long as I give them as good hold upon mee, they must pardon mee my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not bookes, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not some thing exemplary, to follow, or flie. Now when I beginne this booke, I have no purpose to come into any mans debt¹; how my stocke will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use; if I doe

Infinitati &c. 1633-69: (in 1633 it is the first poem; in 1635-69 it follows the Funerall Elegies, from which it is separated by some prose letters, and precedes Divine Poems as here), A18, G, N, TCC, TCD Metempsychosis. 1650-69: Metempsychosis. 1633-39 ¹ debt; *Ed: debt, 1633-69 borrow*

borrow any thing of Antiquitie, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good: You shall still finde mee to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but that hath lighted mee a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not onely carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Mucheron,¹ since no unreadinesse in the soule, but an indisposition in the organs workes this. And therefore though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee,² at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake, when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attaine dignitie. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making when shee was that apple³ which Eve eate,⁴ to this time when shee is hee,⁵ whose life you shall finde in the end of this booke.

¹ Mucheron, 1633, *N, TC*: Mushrome, *G*: Maceron, 1635-69, *O'F*

² and can now tell mee, 1635-69

1633-69: ate, *O'F*: eat, *mod. editors*

³ apple] aple 1633

⁴ eate,

⁵ shee is hee, 1633, *A18, G, N, TC*: shee is shee, 1635-69

THE P R O G R E S S E O F T H E S O U L E.

First Song.

I.

I Sing the progresse of a deathlesse soule,
 Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule,
 Plac'd in most shapes; all times before the law
 Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing.
 And the great world to his aged evening; 5
 From infant morne, through manly noone I draw.
 What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,
 Greeke braske, or Roman iron, is in this one;
 A worke t'outweare *Seths* pillars, bricke and stone,
 And (holy writt excepted) made to yeeld to none. 10

II.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,
 By thy male force, is all wee have, begot.
 In the first East, thou now beginst to shine,
 Suck't early balme, and Iland spices there,
 And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere 15
 At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
 And see at night thy Westernne land of Myne,
 Yet hast thou not more nations seene then shee,
 That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
 And thy fraile light being quench'd, shall long, long out
 live thee. 20

7 gold] cold 1635-54 10 writt 1635-69, G: writs 1633, A18, N,
 TC: Writ's Chambers 12 begot.] begot, 1633 13 East] east
 1633 some copies *beginst] begins 1633 16 Danow dine,] Danon
 dine. 1633 17 Myne, 1633 (but mine, in some copies): Mine, 1635-69
 19 one day before thee O'F

III.

Nor, holy *Ianus*, in whose soveraigne boate
 The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
 That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
 Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie
 Of fowles, and beafts, in whose wombe, Destinie 25
 Us, and our latest nephewes did install
 (From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All,)
 Did'st thou in that great stewardship embarke
 So diverse shapés into that floating parke,
 As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly
 sparke. 30

IV.

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,
 That hast mark'd out a path and period
 For every thing; who, where wee of-spring tooke,
 Our wayes and ends seest at one instant; Thou 35
 Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow
 Ne'r smiles nor frownes, O vouch thou safe to looke
 And shew my story, in thy eternall booke:
 That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
 So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,
 How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spend. 40

V.

To my fixe lustres almost now outwore,
 Except thy booke owe mee so many more,
 Except my legend be free from the letts
 Of steepe ambition, sleepe povertie,
 Spirit-quenching sicknesse, dull captivitie, 45

21 Nor, holy *Ianus*, *Ed*: Nor holy *Ianus* 1633-69 27 From thence]
 For, thence G All,)] All) 1633-69 31 Commissary] commissary 1633
some copies 33 every thing; *Ed*: every thing, 1633-69 34 instant;
 1633: instant. 1635-69 36 vouch thou safe *Ar8, G, N, O'F, TC*: vouch
 safe thou 1633-69 37 booke: *Ed*: booke. 1633-69 45 Spirit-
 quenching] Spright-quenching G

Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,
 And all that calls from this, and to others whets,
 O let me not launch out, but let mee save
 Th'expense of braine and spirit; that my grave
 His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have. 50

VI.

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
 In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
 It selfe; for I will through the wave, and fome,
 And shall, in sad lone wayes a lively spright,
 Make my darke heavy Poem light, and light. 55
 For though through many streights, and lands I roame,
 I launch at paradise, and I faile towards home;
 The course I there began, shall here be staide,
 Sailes hoisted there, stroke here, and anchors laid
 In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates
 waide. 60

VII.

For the great soule which here amongst us now
 Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
 Which, as the Moone the sea, moves us; to heare
 Whose story, with long patience you will long;
 (For 'tis the crowne, and last straine of my song) 65
 This soule to whom *Luther*, and *Mahomet* were
 Prisons of flesh; this soule which oft did teare,
 And mend the wracks of th'Empire, and late Rome,
 And liv'd when every great change did come,
 Had first in paradise, a low, but fatall roome. 70

54 shall, *Ed*: shall 1633: hold 1635-69 lone 1635-69: love 1633,
A18, G, N, TC wayes *Ed*: wayes, 1633-69 spright, *Ed*: spright
 1633-69 59 hoisted] hoisted *G* 61 For the] For this *G, N, TCD*:
 For that *O'F* 63 Which, *Ed*: Which 1633-69 us; *Ed*: us,
 1633-69 69 when] where *A18, G, N, O'F, TC*

VIII.

Yet no low roome, nor then the greateft, leffe,
 If (as devout and sharpe men fitly gueffe)
 That Croffe, our joy, and grieve, where nailes did tye
 That All, which alwayes was all, every where;
 Which could not finne, and yet all finnes did beare; 75
 Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die;
 Stood in the felfe fame roome in Calvarie,
 Where firft grew the forbidden learned tree,
 For on that tree hung in security
 This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling
 free. 80

IX.

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne,
 Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as foone as borne
 That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive,
 Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
 For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes, 85
 Tooke it, and t'her whom the firft man did wive
 (Whom and her race, only forbiddings drive)
 He gave it, she, t'her husband, both did eate;
 So perished the eaters, and the meate:
 And wee (for treason taints the blood) thence die and
 fwate. 90

X.

Man all at once was there by woman flaine,
 And one by one we're here flaine o'er againe
 By them. The mother poison'd the well-head,
 The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets;
 No smalnesse scapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets; 95

71 no low] nor low *Chambers* 74 every where; *Ed*: every where
 1633: every where, 1635-69 83 enlive, *G*: enlive 1633-69: om. 1633
 some copies, and *A18, N, TC* 93 poyfon'd 1669: poisoned 1633-54
 94 corrupt us, 1635-69: corrupts us, 1633: corrupt as *G* Rivolets;
Ed: Rivolets, 1635-69: om. 1633, *A18, N, TC* 95 breaks] breake
 1633 some copies nets; *Ed*: nets, 1633-69

She thrust us out, and by them we are led
 Aftray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
 Were prisoners Judges, 'twould seeme rigorous,
 Shee finn'd, we beare; part of our paine is, thus
 To love them, whose fault to this painfull love yoak'd
 us. 100

XI.

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
 That now wee dare aske why wee should be so.
 Would God (disputes the curious Rebelle) make
 A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
 His creatures will, crosse his? Of every man 105
 For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?
 Who finn'd? t'was not forbidden to the snake
 Nor her, who was not then made; nor is't writ
 That Adam cropt, or knew the apple; yet
 The worrne and she, and he, and wee endure for it. 110

XII.

But snatch mee heavenly Spirit from this vaine
 Reckoning their vanities, lesse is their gaine
 Then hazard still, to meditate on ill,
 Though with good minde; their reasons, like those toyes
 Of glasse bubbles, which the gamesome boyes 115
 Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill
 That they themselves breake, doe themselves spill:
 Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
 As wrastlers, perfects them; Not liberties
 Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end
 heresies. 120

96 thrust] thrusts 1633 (thrust in some copies) 97 fled.] fled, 1633
 99 beare; 1635-69, G: here, 1633: heare, A18, N, TC 108 is't] i't 1633
 112 vanities, 1633, G: vanitie, 1635-69 114 minde; Ed: minde, 1633-69
 reasons, Ed: reasons 1633: reason's 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier 115
 which] with 1633 some copies 117 breake, doe 1633, A18, G, N, TC:
 breake, and doe 1635-69, Chambers spill: Ed: spill, 1633-69 119
 perfects] perfect 1633 some copies

XIII.

XIII.

Just in that instant when the serpents gripe,
 Broke the flight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,
 Through which this soule from the trees root did draw
 Life, and growth to this apple, fled away
 This loose soule, old, one and another day. 125
 As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
 'Tis so foone gone, (and better prooffe the law
 Of sense, then faith requires) swiftly she flew
 To a darke and foggie Plot; Her, her fates threw
 There through th'earths pores, and in a Plant hous'd
 her anew. 130

XIV.

The plant thus abled, to it selfe did force
 A place, where no place was; by natures course
 As aire from water, water fleets away
 From thicker bodies, by this root thronged so
 His spungie confines gave him place to grow: 135
 Just as in our streets, when the people stay
 To see the Prince, and have so fill'd the way
 That weefels scarce could passe, when she comes nere
 They throng and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
 As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were. 140

XV.

His right arme he thrust out towards the East,
 West-ward his left; th'ends did themselves digest
 Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
 And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,
 This way he this, and that way scattered 145

125 day. 1635-69: day, 1633 (*corrected in some copies*) 126 dares]
 dare 1669 127 prooffe] proofes O'F 130 earths pores, 1669,
 Ar8, G, N: earths-pores, 1633: earth-pores, 1633 (*some copies*), 1635-54
 anew] a new 1633 135 grow: 1650-69: grow, 1633-39 137 the
 Prince, and have so fill'd G: the Princess, and so fill'd 1633 (*but some copies*
read the Prince, and so fill'd): the Prince, and so fill up 1635-69: the Prince,
 and so fill'd Ar8, N, TC 144 bed, Ed: bed; 1633-69

His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare.
Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,
To show, that in loves businesse hee should still
A dealer bee, and be uf'd well, or ill:

His apples kindle, his leaves, force of conception kill. 150

XVI.

A mouth, but dumbe, he hath; blinde eyes, deafe eares,
And to his shoulders dangle subtile haire;
A young *Colossus* there hee stands upright,
And as that ground by him were conquered
A leafie garland weares he on his head 155
Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright
That for them you would call your Loves lips white;
So, of a lone unhaunted place posselt,
Did this soules second Inne, built by the guest,
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest. 160

XVII.

No lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve:
And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite;
Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes 165
Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light;
Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might,
And tore up both, and so could her childs blood;
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood;
But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe most
good. 170

146 upbeare. *Ed*: upbeare; 1633: up beare; 1635-69 147 middle
parts 1633, *G, O'F*: middle part 1635-69: mid-parts 118, *N, TC* 150
kindle, *G*: kinde, 1633, 118, *N, O'F, TC*: kinde; 1635-69 157 white;
1633: white, 1635-69 159 guest, *Ed*: guest 1633-69. See note
165 moist red 1633-35: moist-red 1639-69 166 slept] slept 1633-35
light; *Ed*: light, 1633-69 167 mandrakes might, *Ed*: mandrakes
might; 1633-54: mandrakes-might; 1669

XVIII.

To an unfetterd foules quick nimble haft
 Are falling stars, and hearts thoughts, but flow pac'd:
 Thinner then burnt aire flies this soule, and she
 Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns
 Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes 175
 Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny
 Confin'd, and enjoyld her, that seem'd so free,
 Into a small blew shell, the which a poore
 Warne bird orespread, and sat still evermore,
 Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it felfe a
 dore. 180

XIX.

Outcrept a sparrow, this foules moving Inne,
 On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,
 As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with paine,
 His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
 All a new downy mantle overspreads, 185
 A mouth he opes, which would as much containe
 As his late house, and the first houre speaks plaine,
 And chirps alowd for meat. Meat fit for men
 His father steales for him, and so feeds then
 One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his
 hen. 190

XX.

In this worlds youth wife nature did make haft,
 Things ripened fooner, and did longer last;
 Already this hot cocke, in bush and tree,
 In field and tent, oresflutters his next hen;
 He asks her not, who did so tast, nor when, 195

180 inclos'd 1635-69, G: encloth'd A18, N, TC: encloth'd altered to
 unclothed then to enclosed O'F: uncloath'd 1633 pick'd] peck'd A18,
 G, TC 181 Outcrept 1633-35: Out crept 1639-69 185
 a new downy 1635-69, A18, G, TC: downy a new 1633 overspreads,
 1633-39: overspreads 1650-69 193 cocke, Ed: cocke 1633-69
 tree,] tree 1633 194 tent, Ed: tent 1633-69 hen; Ed: hen,
 1633-69

Nor if his sifter, or his neece thee be;
 Nor doth she pule for his inconstancie
 If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse
 The next that calls; both liberty doe use;
 Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely
 chufe. 200

XXI.

Men, till they tooke laws which made freedome lesse,
 Their daughters, and their sisters did ingresse;
 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not.
 So jolly, that it can move, this foule is,
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 205
 That selfe-preserving it hath now forgot,
 And slackneth so the foules, and bodies knot,
 Which temperance streightens; freely on his she friends
 He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
 Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three yeares ends. 210

XXII.

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
 Of gummie blood, which doth in holly grow,
 How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
 With faind calls, hid nets, or enwrapping snare,
 The free inhabitants of the Plyant aire. 215

196 be; *Ed:* be, 1633-69 202 ingresse; *Ed:* ingresse, 1633-69
 203-5 Till now unlawfull, therefore ill; 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this foule; Is
 The body so free of his kindnesse, 1633, and 1669 (*Till now,*):
 Till now, unlawfull, therefore ill 'twas not
 So jolly, that it can move this foule. Is
 The body, so free of his kindnesse, 1635-54
 Till now, unlawful, therefore ill 'twas not.
 So jolly, that it can move this soul, is
 The body, so free of his kindnesse, *Chambers, and Grolier but*
 203 not; and no commas in 204. See note 206 selfe-preserving]
no hypben 1633-39 207 foules,] souls 1669 208 temperance]
temperance 1633-39 212 grow,] grow 1633-39 214 hid G: his
 1633-69, A18, N, TC snare,] snare 1633-69

Man

Man to beget, and woman to conceive
 Askt not of rootes, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave :
 Yet chufeth hee, though none of these he feares,
 Pleasantly three, then streightned twenty yeares
 To live, and to encrease his race, himselfe outweares. 220

XXIII.

This cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,
 The Soule from her too active organs fled
 T'a brooke. A female fishes sandie Roe
 With the males jelly, newly lev'ned was,
 For they had intertouch'd as they did passe, 225
 And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
 This soule inform'd, and abled it to rowe
 It selfe with finnie oares, which she did fit :
 Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
 Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it. 230

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
 A swan, so white that you may unto him
 Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,
 Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
 And with his arched necke this poore fish catch'd. 235
 It mov'd with state, as if to looke upon
 Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one
 Could thinke he sought it, he had swallowed cleare
 This, and much fuch, and unblam'd devour'd there
 All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were. 240

220 encrease his race,] encrease, 1633 223 brooke. A Ed: brooke ;
 a 1633-69 225 they had intertouch'd 1635-69, G, O'F: they intertouched
 1633: they intertouch'd A18, N, TC 227 abled] able 1669 rowe] roe
 1633 228 fit: Ed: fit, 1633-69 240 armed were.] arm'd were 1633

XXV.

Now swome a prifon in a prifon put,
And now this Soule in double walls was shut,
Till melted with the Swans digestive fire,
She left her house the fish, and vapour'd forth;
Fate not affording bodies of more worth 245
For her as yet, bids her againe retire
T'another fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone.
Weaknesse invites, but silence feasts oppression. 250

XXVI.

Pace with her native streame, this fish doth keepe,
And journeyes with her, towards the glasse deepe,
But oft retarded, once with a hidden net
Though with greate windowes, for when Need first taught
These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought 255
As now, with curious greedinesse to let
None scape, but few, and fit for use, to get,
As, in this trap a ravenous pike was tane,
Who, though himselfe distrest, would faine have slain
This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again. 260

XXVII.

Here by her smallnesse shee two deaths orepast,
Once innocence scap'd, and left the oppressor fast.
The net through-swome, she keepes the liquid path,
And whether she leape up sometimes to breath
And suck in aire, or finde it underneath, 265

249 sure is gone. 1633-39: is sure gone. 1650-54: is sure gone, 1669
251 her *A18, G, N, O'F, TC*: the 1633-69 254-7 for when . . . use,
to get,] in brackets 1635-69 254 Need *G*: need 1633-69 255 then]
the 1633 257 use, *Ed*: use 1633-69 262 fast. *Ed*: fast; 1633-69
Or

Or working parts like mills or limbeckes hath
 To make the water thinne, and airelike faith
 Cares not; but fafe the Place she's come unto
 Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe
 She knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord or
 two. 270

XXVIII.

So farre from hiding her guefts, water is,
 That she shoves them in bigger quantities
 Then they are. Thus doubtfull of her way,
 For game and not for hunger a fea Pie
 Spied through this traiterous spectacle, from high, 275
 The feely fish where it disputing lay,
 And t'end her doubts and her, beares her away:
 Exalted she's, but to the exalters good,
 As are by great ones, men which lowly stood.
 It's rais'd, to be the Raifers instrument and food. 280

XXIX.

Is any kinde subject to rape like fish?
 Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wish:
 Fishers they kill not, nor with noife awake,
 They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
 Of beasts, nor their yong sonnes to beare away; 285
 Foules they pursue not, nor do undertake
 To spoile the nests industrious birds do make;
 Yet them all these unkinde kinds feed upon,
 To kill them is an occupation, 289
 And lawes make Fafts, and Lents for their destruction.

266 mills *Ed*: mills, 1633-69 267 water 1635-69, *G*: wether 1633,
A18, TC airelike 1633-35: ayre like 1639-69 and *Chambers* faith
 1633-69: faith, *Chambers*. See note 268 not; *Ed*: not, 1633-69
 270 two.] two 1633 271 is,] is 1633 273 Thus doubtfull
 1633, *A18, G, N, TC*: Thus her doubtfull 1635-69 277 away: *Ed*:
 away, 1633-69 279 in brackets 1635-69 flood. 1633-39: flood,
 1650-69 280 It's rais'd 1633-69: It rais'd some copies of 1633, *A18*,
G, N, TC 287 industrious] industruous 1633 290 Fafts, and Lents
 1635-69: fafts, and lents 1633

XXX.

A sudden stiffe land-winde in that selfe houre
 To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
 The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
 Fat gluttonies best orator: at last
 So long hee hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast 295
 That many leagues at sea, now tir'd hee lyes,
 And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:
 The foules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
 The fish I follow, and keepe no calender
 Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer. 300

XXXI.

Into an embrion fish, our Soule is throwne,
 And in due time throwne out againe, and growne
 To such vastnesse as, if unmanacled
 From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
 Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome, 305
 Or seas from Africks body had severed
 And torne the hopefull Promontories head,
 This fish would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,
 A great ship overfet, or without faile
 Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this
 whale. 310

XXXII.

At every stroake his brazen finnes do take,
 More circles in the broken sea they make
 Then cannons voices, when the aire they teare:
 His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd rooffe
 Of barke that blunts best steele, is thunder-prooffe: 315

296 That many leagues at sea, G: That leagues o'er-past at sea, 1633-69:
 That leagues at sea, *Ar8, N, O'F* (*which inserts o'r past*), *TC.* See note
 297 dies:] dies, 1633 301 throwne,] throwne 1633 303 vast-
 nesse as, if *Grolier*: vastnesse, as if 1633-69, *Chambers* 307 head,
 1633: head; 1635-69: head. *Chambers.* See note 311 take,] take 1633
 315 thunder-prooffe: *Ed*: thunder-prooffe, 1633-69

308 *The Progresse of the Soule.*

Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins, without feare,
 And feele no sides, as if his vast wombe were
 Some Inland sea, and ever as hee went
 Hee spouted rivers up, as if he ment
 To joyne our seas, with seas above the firmament. 320

XXXIII.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer,
 Stayes in his court, at his owne net, and there
 All fuitors of all forts themselves enthrall;
 So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning,
 And in his gulfe-like throat, sucks every thing 325
 That passeth neare. Fish chafeth fish, and all,
 Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall;
 O might not states of more equality
 Consist? and is it of necessity
 That thousand guiltlesse smals, to make one great, must
 die? 330

XXXIV.

Now drinkes he up seas, and he eates up flocks,
 He justles Ilands, and he shakes firme rockes.
 Now in a roomefull house this Soule doth float,
 And like a Prince she sends her faculties
 To all her limbes, distant as Provinces. 335
 The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate
 Parched, since first lanch'd forth this living boate;
 'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
 Nearest; There's no pause at perfection;
 Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station. 340

316 [swallow'd] swallowed 1633 322 at] as *A18, G, TCC* 337
 this 1633: his 1635-69 boate; *Ed*: boate, 1635-69: boate. 1633
 339 perfection; *Ed*: perfection. 1633-35: perfection, 1639-69

XXXV.

XXXV.

Two little fishes whom hee never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe
Good to themselves by his death (they did not eate
His flesh, nor suck those oyles, which thence outstreat) 345
Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speake.
How shall a Tyran wise strong projects breake,
If wrechcs can on them the common anger wreake? 350

XXXVI.

The flaile-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish
Onely attempt to doe, what all doe wish.
The Thresher backs him, and to beate begins;
The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression,
And t'hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe 355
Begins to finke; the Swordfish upward spins,
And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes,
So well the one, his sword the other plyes,
That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dyes, 359
And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?
The heires of flaine kings, wee see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obsequies forget, 365

344-5 *brackets*, 1719: death: . . . outstreat, 1633-69 did not eate]
doe not eate G 349 Tyran] Tyrant 1669 351 flaile-finn'd] flaile-
find 1633: flaile-finnd 1635-39 358 well] were 1633 359 tyran]
tyrant 1669 365 they, revenge 1635-69: they revenge, 1633: they,
revenge, 1633 *some copies*

Nor will against such men the people goe,
 Because h'is now dead, to whom they should show
 Love in that act; Some kings by vice being growne
 So needy of subjects love, that of their own
 They thinke they lose, if love be to the dead Prince
 shown. 370

XXXVIII.

This Soule, now free from prison, and passion,
 Hath yet a little indignation
 That so small hammers should so soone downe beat
 So great a castle. And having for her house
 Got the streight cloyster of a wretched mouse 375
 (As basest men that have not what to eate,
 Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great
 Then they, who good repos'd estates possesse)
 This Soule, late taught that great things might by lesse
 Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herselfe addresse. 380

XXXIX.

Natures great master-peece, an Elephant,
 The onely harmlesse great thing; the giant
 Of beafts; who thought, no more had gone, to make one
 wife
 But to be iust, and thankfull, loth to offend,
 (Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend) 385
 Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,
 And foe to none, suspects no enemies,
 Still sleeping stood; vex't not his fantasie
 Blacke dreames; like an unbent bow, carelesly
 His sinewy Proboscis did remisly lie: 390

367 h'is 1633: he's 1635-69 368 act; Ed: act. 1633-69 383
 who thought, no more had gone, to make one wife 1633, G, A18, N, TC (the
 last four MSS. all drop more, N and TCD leaving a space): who thought
 none had, to make him wife, 1635-69 386 relies,] relies 1633 389
 dreames; Ed: dreames, 1633-69 390 lie: 1635: lie. 1633, 1639-69
 XL.

XL.

In which as in a gallery this moufe
Walk'd, and furveid the roomes of this vaft houle,
And to the braine, the foules bedchamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole towne
Cleane undermin'd, the flaine beaft tumbled downe; 395
With him the murtherer dies, whom envy fent
To kill, not scape, (for, only hee that ment
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,)
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come. 400

XLI.

Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it helpe,
To iffue. It could kill, as foone as goe.
Abel, as white, and milde as his sheepe were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there 405
Was the first type) was ftill infested foe,
With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe;
And yet his bitch, his fentinell attends
The flocke fo neere, fo well warnes and defends,
That the wolfe, (hopeleffe elfe) to corrupt her, intends. 410

XLII.

Hee tooke a courfe, which fince, fuccefffully,
Great men have often taken, to efpie
The counfels, or to breake the plots of foes.
To Abels tent he ftealeth in the darke,
On whofe skirts the bitch fleep; ere fhe could barke, 415

395 downe; *Ed:* downe, 1633-69 396 dies,] dies 1633 397-8
brackets, *Ed:* scape, . . . roome, 1633: scape; . . . roome, 1635-69
ment] went *Ar8, N, TC* 403 goe. *Ed:* goe, 1633: goe: 1635-69
405 Who,] Who 1633 trade, 1635-69: trade 1633 413 foes. *Ed:*
foes, 1633-69

Attach'd her with streight gripes, yet hee call'd those,
 Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes,
 Where deeds move more then words; nor doth she show,
 Nor <make> resist, nor needs hee streighten so
 His prey, for, were shee loose, she would nor barke, nor
 goe. 420

XLIII.

Hee hath engag'd her; his, she wholly bides;
 Who not her owne, none others secrets hides.
 If to the flocke he come, and Abell there,
 She faines hoarse barking, but she biteth not,
 Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot. 425
 At last a trap, of which some every where
 Abell had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare,
 By the Wolves death; and now just time it was
 That a quicke soule should give life to that masse
 Of blood in Abels bitch, and thither this did passe. 430

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
 But in the lives of Emperours you shall not
 Reade of a lust the which may equall this;
 This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished
 What he began alive, when hee was dead; 435
 Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is
 A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse
 A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
 In Abels tent, and with soft Moaba,
 His sister, being yong, it us'd to sport and play. 440

419 Nor <make> resist, *Ed*: Nor much resist, 1633-69: Nowe must resist
N: Nowe much resist *A18, G, TC*: Resistance much *O'F* needs] need
O'F 420 nor barke, 1633-39: not barke 1650-69, *A18, N, TC* 422
 hides.] hides, 1633 427 plac'd, ends] plac'd end 1633 some copies
 435 dead; *Ed*: dead, 1633-39: dead. 1650-69

XLV.

Hee soone for her too harsh, and churlish grew,
And Abell (the dam dead) would use this new
For the field. Being of two kindes thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheepe drove wolves away,
And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey. 445
Five yeares he liv'd, and cosened with his trade,
Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid
Himselfe by flight, and by all followed,
From dogges, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled;
And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished. 450

XLVI.

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe
From tent to tent, and with the children play.
His organs now so like theirs hee doth finde,
That why he cannot laugh, and speake his minde, 455
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adams fift daughter *Siphatecia*,
Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,
And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was. 460

XLVII.

He was the first that more desir'd to have
One then another; first that ere did crave
Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;
First that could make love faces, or could doe
The valters fomberalts, or us'd to wooe 465

443 field. Being *Ed.*: field, being 1633-69 thus] *om.* 1633 453
play. *Ed.*: play, 1633-69

With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake
 To make his mistresse merry; or to wreake
 Her anger on himselfe. Sinnes against kinde
 They easly doe, that can let feed their minde
 With outward beauty; beauty they in boyes and beafts
 do find. 470

XLVIII.

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
 And too high; beafts and angels have beene lov'd.
 This Ape, though else through-vaine, in this was wise,
 He reach'd at things too high, but open way
 There was, and he knew not she would say nay; 475
 His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,
 He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes,
 And up lifts subtlly with his ruffet pawe
 Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe
 Of nature; nature hath no gaole, though shee hath
 law. 480

XLIX.

Firft she was filly and knew not what he ment.
 That vertue, by his touches, chaft and spent,
 Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite;
 She knew not firft, nowe cares not what he doth,
 And willing halfe and more, more then halfe (loth), 485
 She neither puls nor pufhes, but outright
 Now cries, and now repents; when *Tethlemite*
 Her brother, entred, and a great stone threw
 After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew. 489
 This house thus batter'd downe, the Soule posselt a new.

470 beauty; *Ed.*: beauty, 1633-69 472 lov'd. *Ed.*: lov'd; 1633-69
 479 or] of 1669 480 shee hath] shee have *A18, N, TC* 481
 ment. *Ed.*: ment, 1633-69 483 quite; *Ed.*: quite, 1633-69 484
 nowe 1633, *G.*: nor 1635-69, *Chambers.*: then *A18, TC* 485 (loth),
Ed.: Tooth 1633, *G.*: *A18, N, TC* leave a blank space: in *TCC* a later hand
 has inserted loath: wroth, 1635-69 487 *Tethlemite* *A18, G, N, O'F,*
TC: *Tethelemite* 1633: *Thelemite* 1635-69 489 flew. 1635-69:
 flew, 1633

L.

And whether by this change she lofe or win,
 She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone in.
Adam and *Eve* had mingled bloods, and now
 Like Chimiques equall fires, her temperate wombe
 Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become 495
 A spungie liver, that did richly allow,
 Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,
 Life-keeping moisture unto every part;
 Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,
 Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart. 500

LI.

Another part became the well of sense,
 The tender well-arm'd feeling braine, from whence,
 Those sinowie strings which do our bodies tie,
 Are ravel'd out; and fast there by one end,
 Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend; 505
 And now they joyn'd: keeping some quality
 Of every past shape, she knew treachery,
 Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow
 To be a woman. *Themech* she is now,
 Sister and wife to *Caine*, *Caine* that first did plow. 510

LII.

Who ere thou beest that read'st this fullen Writ,
 Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,
 Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with mee,
 Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest,
 Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest, 515

492 in. 1650-69: in, 1633-39 498 Life-keeping] Life keeping
 1633 part; *Ed*: part, 1633-69 502 well-arm'd 1669: well arm'd
 1633-54 503 sinowie] sinewy 1639-54: sinew 1669 504 out; *Ed*:
 out, 1633-69 505 this Soule] a Soule *A18, N, TC* attend; *Ed*:
 attend, 1633-69 506-7 joyn'd: . . . past shape, 1633: joyn'd, . . .
 past shape; 1635-69, *Chambers, Grolier*. See note 513 thoughts; 1650-69:
 thoughts, 1633-39

316 *The Progresse of the Soule.*

By curfed *Cains* race invented be,
And bleft *Seth* vext us with *Astronomie*.
Ther's nothing simply good, nor ill alone,
Of every quality comparifon,
The onely meafure is, and judge, opinion. 520

The end of the Progreffe of the Soule.

517 *Astronomie*.] *Astronomie*, 1633 519 comparifon, 1633, 1669
(no comma): Comparifon, 1635-54 520 opinion. 1633: Opinion. 1635-69
The end &c. 1635-69: om. 1633

DIVINE POEMS.

To *E.* of *D.* with fix holy Sonnets.

SEE Sir, how as the Suns hot Masculine flame
 Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,
 In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme
 (For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the fame;
 But though the ingendring force from whence they came 5
 Bee strong enough, and nature doe admit
 Seaven to be borne at once, I send as yet
 But six; they say, the seaventh hath still some maim.
 I choose your judgement, which the same degree
 Doth with her sifter, your invention, hold, 10
 As fire these droffie Rymes to purifie,
 Or as Elixar, to change them to gold;
 You are that Alchimist which alwaies had
 Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

*To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: of St. Mary
 Magdalen.*

HER of your name, whose fair inheritance
 Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo:
 An active faith so highly did advance,
 That she once knew, more than the Church did know,

Divine Poems. *Ar8, N, TC*: In 1635-69 this is the title at head of each page, but the new section is headed Holy Sonnets. To *E.* of *D.* &c. so headed 1633-69 but placed among Letters &c., and so in *O'F* and (but *L.* of *D.*) *W*: removed hither by Grosart. 4 their fruits] the fruit *W* 6 doe 1633: doth 1635-69 8 fix;] fix, 1633 maim. *W*: maim; 1633-69 11 droffie] droffe 1650-54

To the Lady Magdalen Herbert: &c. *Ed*: To the Lady Magdalen Herbert, of &c. *Walton's* The Life of M^r George Herbert. (1670, pp. 25-6.) See note 4 know, 1675: know 1670

The

The Resurrection; so much good there is 5
 Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be
 Loth to believe one Woman could do this;
 But, think these Magdalens were two or three.
 Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
 To their Devotion, add your Innocence; 10
 Take so much of th'example, as of the name;
 The latter half; and in some recompence
 That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,
 Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name address. J.D.

HOLY SONNETS.

La Corona.

1. **D**Eigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
 Weav'd in my low devout melancholie,
 Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,
 All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes;
 But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes, 5
 Reward my mufes white sincerity,
 But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,
 A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes;
 The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our ends,
 For, at our end begins our endlesse rest; 10
 The first last end, now zealously posselt,
 With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.
 'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

HOLY SONNETS. 1633-69, being general title to the two groups: Holy Sonnets written 20 years since. H49.

La Corona. 1633-69, A18, D, H49, N, S, TCC, TCD, W: The Crowne.
 B, O'F, S96 2 low 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC, W (spelt lowe in MSS.):
 lone 1635-69, B, O'F, S: loves S96 3 treasury, 1633-69: a Treasurie,
 B, O'F, S, S96 4 dayes; Ed: dayes, 1633-69 10 For] So W
 end 1633, A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W: ends 1635-69, S96 rest;
 Ed: rest, 1633-69 11 The] This B, S, S96, W zealously] soberly
 B, S96, W: O'F corrects 13 heart and voice] voice and heart B, O'F, S,
 S96, W 14 nigh.] nigh, 1633

ANNUNCIATION.

ANNUNCIATION.

2. *Salvation to all that will is nigh;*
 That All, which alwayes is All every where,
 Which cannot finne, and yet all finnes must beare,
 Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
 Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lye 5
 In prison, in thy wombe; and though he there
 Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet he'll weare
 Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie.
 Ere by the spheares time was created, thou
 Waft in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother; 10
 Whom thou conceiv'st, conceiv'd; yea thou art now
 Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother;
 Thou' hast light in darke; and shutst in little roome,
Immensitie cloysterd in thy deare wombe.

NATIVITIE.

3. *Immensitie cloysterd in thy deare wombe,*
 Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,
 There he hath made himselfe to his intent
 Weake enough, now into our world to come;
 But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome? 5
 Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,
 Starres, and wifemen will travell to prevent
 Th'effect of *Herods* jealous generall doome.
 Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he
 Which fils all place, yet none holds him, doth lye? 10
 Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
 That would have need to be pittied by thee?
 Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,
With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

Annunciation. 1 *nigh*; 1669: *nigh*, 1633-54 9 created,] begotten,
B, S, S96, W: O'F corrects 10 Brother; *Ed: Brother*, 1633-69 11
 conceiv'st, 1633: conceiv'st 1635-69: conceiv'dst, *O'F, S, W, and Grolier*
 conceiv'd;] conceived; 1635-69 12 mother; *Ed: mother*, 1633-69
 Nativitie. 6 this] his 1669 7 will] shall *B, O'F, S, S96, W*
 8 effect 1669, *A18, B, N, O'F, S, S96, TC, W: effects* 1633-54, *D, H49*
 jealous] dire and *B, O'F, S, S96, W: zealous* *A18, N, TC* doome.]
 doome; 1633 9 eyes, 1633, *B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W: eye*, 1635-69,
A18, N, TC

TEMPLE.

4. *With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,*
Ioseph turne backe; see where your child doth sit,
 Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
 Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;
 The Word but lately could not speake, and loe, 5
 It sodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
 That all which was, and all which should be writ,
 A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?
 His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,
 Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenessse, 10
 But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
 With the Sunne to beginne his businesse,
 He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

CRUCIFYING.

5. *By miracles exceeding power of man,*
 Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
 For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate;
 In both affections many to him ran,
 But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can, 5
 Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
 Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
 Measuring selfe-lives infinity to'a span,
 Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned hee
 Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by 10
 When it beares him, he must beare more and die.
 Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,
 And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.

Temple. 5 loe, *Ed:* loe 1633-69 6 wonders, 1633-39: wonders:
 1650-69 11 for] to *W* a long taske, 1633-69, *D, H49:* long
 tasks *B, N, O'F, S, S96, TCD, W:* longe taske *A18, TCC* 'tis] 'Tis
 1633: thinks *W*

Crucifying. 3 weake] meeke *B, O'F, S, S96, W* 8 to'a span, *B, N,*
O'F, S, S96, TC, W: to span, 1633-69, *A18, D, H49* 9 inch. Loe,
 1635-69: inch, loe, 1633 11 die. 1635-69: die; 1633

RESURRECTION.

RESVRRECTION.

6. *Moyſt with one drop of thy blood, my dry ſoule*
 Shall (though ſhe now be in extreme degree
 Too ſtony hard, and yet too fleſhly,) bee
 Freed by that drop, from being ſtarv'd, hard, or foule,
 And life, by this death abled, ſhall controule 5
 Death, whom thy death ſlue; nor ſhall to mee
 Feare of firſt or laſt death, bring miſerie,
 If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,
 Fleſh in that long ſleep is not putrified,
 But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas; 10
 Nor can by other meanes be glorified.
 May then finnes ſleep, and deaths ſoone from me paſſe,
 That wak't from both, I againe riſen may
Salute the laſt, and everlaſting day.

ASCENTION.

7 *Salute the laſt and everlaſting day,*
 Joy at the upriſing of this Sunne, and Sonne,
 Yee whoſe juſt teares, or tribulation
 Have purely waſht, or burnt your droſſie clay;
 Behold the Higheſt, parting hence away, 5
 Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,
 Nor doth hee by aſcending, ſhow alone,
 But firſt hee, and hee firſt enters the way.
 O ſtrong Ramme, which haſt batter'd heaven for mee,
 Mild Lambe, which with thy blood, haſt mark'd the path; 10
 Bright Torch, which ſhin'ſt, that I the way may ſee,
 Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne juſt wrath,
 And if thy holy Spirit, my Muſe did raiſe,
Deigne at my hands this crowne of prayer and praife.

Reſurrection. 1 ſoule 1635: ſoule, 1633, 1639-69 5 this] thy
 B, O'F, S, S96, W 6 ſhall to] ſhall nowe to A18, N, O'F, TC 8
 little 1633, A18, D, H49, TC: life 1635-69, B, O'F, S, S96, W 9 that
 long] that laſt long O'F, S, S96, W: that D, H49 11 glorified]
 purified S, S96, W, and O'F (which corrects to glorified) 12 deaths
 A18, N, S96, TC, W: death 1633-69, D, H49
 Aſcention. 3 juſt 1633, A18, D, H49, N, TC: true 1635-69, B, S,
 S96, W, 8 way.] way, 1633 10 Lambe, D, W: lambe 1633-69
 11 Torch, D, W: torch, 1633-69 the way] thy wayes B, S, S96, W:
 thee A18, TCC

Holy Sonnets.

I.

THou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
 Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
 I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
 I dare not move my dimme eyes any way, 5
 Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
 Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
 By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe; 10
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
 That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
 Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

AS due by many titles I resigne
 My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made
 By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
 Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
 I am thy sonne, made with thy selfe to shine, 5
 Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
 Thy sheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd
 My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
 Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?
 Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right? 10
 Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,
 Oh I shall soone despaire, when I doe see
 That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not chuse me,
 And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

Holy Sonnets. 1633-69 (following La Corona as second group under the same general title), *W*: Devine Meditations. *B*, *O'F*, *S96*: no title, *A18*, *D*, *H49*, *N*, *TCC*, *TCD*. See note I. 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W*: omitted 1633, *A18*, *D*, *H49*, *N*, *TCC*, *TCD* 4 yesterday; *Ed*: yesterday, 1635-69 7 feeble 1635-69: febled *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W* 12 my selfe I can 1635-69: I can myself *B*, *S96*, *W* sustaine; 1669: sustaine, 1635-54

II. 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W*: I. 1633, *A18*, *D*, *H49*, *N*, *TCC*, *TCD*
 2 God, first 1633: God. First 1635-69 4 thine; 1650-69: thine,

III.

III.

O Might those sighes and teares returne againe
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
 That I might in this holy discontent
 Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
 In mine Idolatry what showres of raine 5
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
 That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent;
 'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.
 Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,
 The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud 10
 Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe
 Of comming ills. To (poore) me is allow'd
 No ease; for, long, yet vehement grieve hath beene
 Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

IV.

O H my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
 By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;
 Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
 Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read, 5
 Wissheth himselfe delivered from prison;
 But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
 Wissheth that still he might be imprisoned.
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
 But who shall give thee that grace to beginne? 10
 Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
 Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
 That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

1633-39: thine. *W* 7 and, *Ed*: and 1633-69 9 on 1633-69, *D*,
H49: in *A18*, *B*, *N*, *S96*, *TC*, *W* 10 steale,] steale 1633-39 that's]
 what's *A18*, *TCC* 12 doc 1633 and most *MSS*.: shall 1635-69, *O'F*, *S96*
 13 me,] me. 1633

III. 1635-69, *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W*: omitted 1633, *A18*, *D*, &c. 7 sinne;
 now I *Ed*: sinne, now I *B*, *W*: sinne I now 1635-69 repent; *E1*:
 repent, 1633-69

IV. 1635-69: II. 1633, *A18*, *D*, &c.: V. *B*, *O'F*, *S96*, *W* 1 Soule!
 1633: Soule 1635-69 8 imprisoned. *W*: imprisoned; 1633-69

V.

I Am a little world made cunningly
 Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
 But black finne hath betraid to endlesse night
 My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high 5
 Have found new sphears, and of new lands can write,
 Powre new feas in mine eyes, that so I might
 Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
 Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
 But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire 10
 Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,
 And made it fouler; Let their flames retire,
 And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale
 Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI.

THIS is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
 My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
 Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
 My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
 And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt 5
 My body, and foule, and I shall sleepe a space,
 But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
 Whose feare already shakes my every joynt:
 Then, as my foule, to heaven her first seate, takes flight,
 And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell, 10
 So, fall my finnes, that all may have their right,
 To where they are bred, and would presse me, to hell.
 Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
 For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

V. 1635-69: omitted 1633, A18, D, &c.: VII. B, O'F, S96, W 6 lands
 B, S96, W: last 1635-69, O'F 7 I 1635-54: he 1669 9 it,
 Ed: it: W: it 1635-69 10 burnt! Ed: burnt, 1635-69 11
 have B, S96, W: hath O'F: om. 1635-69 12 fouler; W: fouler,
 1635-69 their] those W 13 Lord] God W
 VI. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: III. 1633, A18, D, &c. 6 and foule,
 1635-69: and my foule, 1633 7 Or presently, I know not, see that
 Face, B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96, W 10 earth-borne 1635-69: earth borne
 1633 14 flesh,] flesh 1633 the devill.] and devill. A18, B, D, H49,
 N, O'F, S96, TC, W

VII.

VII.

AT the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
 Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberlesse infinities
 Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow, 5
 All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despaire, law, chance, hath flaine, and you whose eyes,
 Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe.
 But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
 For, if above all these, my sinnes abound, 10
 'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
 When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
 Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
 As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

VIII.

IF faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd
 As Angels, then my fathers soule doth see,
 And adds this even to full felicitie,
 That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'rstride:
 But if our mindes to these soules be descry'd 5
 By circumstances, and by signes that be
 Apparent in us, not immediately,
 How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?
 They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,
 And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call 10
 On Iesus name, and Pharisaicall
 Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne
 O pensive soule, to God, for he knowes best
 Thy true griefe, for he put it in my breast.

VII. 1635-69: IV. 1633, A18, D, &c.: VIII. B, O'F, S96, W 5
 o'erthrow] overthrow 1669 6 dearth, W: death, 1633-69, A18, B,
 D, H49, N, O'F, S96, TC 8 woe. W: woe, 1633-54: owe; 1669
 12 lowly] holy 1669 14 thy] my 1669
 VIII. 1635-69: omitted 1633, A18, D, &c.: X. B, O'F, S96, W 7
 in us, W: in us 1635-69. See note 8 by] to B, S96, W 10 vile W:
 vilde B, O'F, S96: stile 1635-69 14 true W: om. 1635-69, B, S96
 in W: into 1635-69, B, O'F, S96 my] thy B, S96

IX.

IF poyſonous mineralls, and if that tree,
 Whoſe fruit threw death on elſe immortall us,
 If lecherous goats, if ſerpents envious
 Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why ſhould I bee?
 Why ſhould intent or reaſon, borne in mee, 5
 Make finnes, elſe equall, in mee more heinous?
 And mercy being eaſie, and glorious
 To God; in his ſterne wrath, why threatens hee?
 But who am I, that dare diſpute with thee
 O God? Oh! of thine onely worthy blood, 10
 And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood,
 And drowne in it my finnes blacke memorie;
 That thou remember them, ſome claime as debt,
 I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X.

DEATH be not proud, though ſome have called thee
 Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not foe,
 For, thoſe, whom thou think'ſt, thou doſt overthrow,
 Die not, poore death, nor yet canſt thou kill mee.
 From reſt and ſleepe, which but thy pictures bee, 5
 Much pleaſure, then from thee, much more muſt flow,
 And ſoonest our beſt men with thee doe goe,
 Reſt of their bones, and ſoules deliverie.
 Thou art ſlave to Fate, Chance, kings, and deſperate men,
 And doſt with poyſon, warre, and ſickneſſe dwell, 10
 And poppie, or charmes can make us ſleepe as well,
 And better then thy ſtroake; why ſwell'ſt thou then?
 One ſhort ſleepe paſt, wee wake eternally,
 And death ſhall be no more; death, thou ſhalt die.

IX. 1635-69, B, O'F, S96, W: V. 1633, A18, D, &c. 1 poyſonous]
 poyſons 1639-54 and if that] or if the B, O'F, S96 2 (elſe
 immortal) 1635-69 5 or] and B, O'F, S96 6 mee] mee, 1633
 8 God;] God, 1633 9-10 thee O God? W: thee? O God, 1633-69
 12 memorie;] memorie, 1633 14 forget.] forget, 1633

X. 1635-69: VI. 1633, A18, D, &c.: XI. B, O'F, S96, W 4 mee.]
 mee; 1633 5 pictures 1633 and MSS.: picture 1635-69 8 deliverie.]
 deliverie 1633-69 9 Chance, W: chance, 1633-69 10 doſt] doth
 1633 dwell,] dwell. 1633 12 better] eaſier B, O'F, S96, W 13
 wake] live B, S96, W 14 more; death, Ed: more, death 1633-69

XI.

SPit in my face you Jewes, and pierce my fide,
 Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie mee,
 For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee,
 Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed:
 But by my death can not be satisfied 5
 My sinnes, which paffe the Jewes impiety:
 They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
 Crucifie him daily, being now glorified.
 Oh let mee then, his strange love still admire:
 Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment. 10
 And *Iacob* came cloth'd in vile harsh attire
 But to supplant, and with gainfull intent:
 God cloth'd himfelfe in vile mans flesh, that so
 Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe.

XII.

WHy are wee by all creatures waited on?
 Why doe the prodigall elements supply
 Life and food to mee, being more pure then I,
 Simple, and further from corruption?
 Why brook'st thou, ignorant horfe, subjection? 5
 Why doft thou bull, and bore fo feelily
 Dissemble weaknesse, and by'one mans stroke die,
 Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?
 Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worfe then you,
 You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous. 10
 But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
 Created nature doth these things subdue,
 But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,
 For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

XI. 1635-69: VII. 1633, A18, D, &c.: omitted B, S96: added among
 Other Meditations. O'F: XIII. W 3 onely] humbly W 6
 impiety] iniquitye D, H49 8 glorified.] glorified; 1633 12 intent:]
 intent 1633

XII. 1635-69: VIII. 1633, A18, D, &c.: omitted B, S96: among Other
 Meditations. O'F: XIV. W 1 are wee] ame I W 4 Simple,
 1633, D, H49, W: Simpler 1635-69, A18, N, O'F, TC, Chambers 9
 Weaker I am,] Alas I am weaker, W 10 timorous. W: timorous,
 1633-69 11 a greater wonder, 1633, D, H49, N, O'F (greate), TC, W:
 a greater, 1635-69

XIII.

XIII.

WHat if this present were the worlds last night?
 Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
 The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
 Whether that countenance can thee affright,
 Teares in his eyes quench the amasing light, 5
 Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
 And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
 Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes fierce spight?
 No, no; but as in my idolatrie
 I said to all my profane mistresses, 10
 Beauty, of pittie, foulness onely is
 A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
 To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
 This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
 As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, and bend
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
 I, like an usurpt towne, to another due, 5
 Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
 But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
 Yet dearely I love you, and would be loved faine,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemy: 10
 Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
 Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

XIII. 1635-69: IX. 1633, A18, D, &c.: om. B, S96: among Other
 Meditations. O'F: XV. W 2 Marke] Looke W 4 that A18, N,
 O'F, TC, W: his 1633-69, D, H49 6 fell. 1639-69: fell 1633-35
 8 fierce] ranck W 14 assures A18, D, H49, N, O'F, TC, W: assumes
 1633-69

XIV. 1635-69: X. 1633, A18, D, &c.: om. B, O'F, S96: XVI. W
 7 mee should] wee should 1669 8 untrue. W: untrue, 1633-69
 9 loved MSS.: lov'd 1633-69 10 enemy: W: enemy, 1633-69
 XV.

XV.

Wilt thou love God, as he thee! then digest,
 My Soule, this wholsome meditation,
 How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on
 In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest.
 The Father having begot a Sonne most blest, 5
 And still begetting, (for he ne'r begonne)
 Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,
 Coheire to'his glory,'and Sabbaths endlesse rest.
 And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde
 His stolne stufte fold, must lose or buy't againe: 10
 The Sonne of glory came downe, and was flaine,
 Us whom he'had made, and Satan stolne, to unbinde.
 'Twas much, that man was made like God before,
 But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI.

Father, part of his double interest
 Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,
 His joynture in the knottie Trinitie
 Hee keeps, and gives to me his deaths conquest.
 This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest, 5
 Was from the worlds beginning flaine, and he
 Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie
 Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest.
 Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet
 Whether a man those statutes can fulfill; 10
 None doth; but all-healing grace and spirit
 Revive againe what law and letter kill.
 Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
 Is all but love; Oh let this last Will stand!

XV. 1635-69: XI. 1633, *A18 D, &c.*: XII. *B, O'F, S96, W* 4 brest.
W: brest, 1633-69 8 rest.] rest; 1633 11 Sonne 1633: Sunne 1635-69
 12 stolne, 1633, *A18, D, H49, N, TC*: stole, 1635-69, *B, O'F, S96, W, Chambers*
 XVI. 1635-69: XII. 1633, *A18, D, &c.*: IV. *B, O'F, S96, W* 3 Trinitie]
 Trinitie, 1633 8 doe 1633: om. 1635-69: doth *A18, B, D, H49, N, O'F,*
S96, TC, W invest. *W*: invest, 1633-39: invest: 1650-69 9 thy *O'F,*
S96, W: these 1633-69: those *A18, D, H49, N, TC* 11 doth;] doth, 1633
 but all-healing *A18, D, H49, N, TC, W*: but thy all-healing 1633-69. See note
 spirit] Spirit, 1633-69 12 Revive againe] Revive and quicken *B, O'F,*
S96, W kill. 1635-69: kill, 1633 14 this 1633-69: that *A18, D,*
H49, N, TC, W: thy *B, O'F, S96*

XVII.

XVII.

SINCE the whom I lov'd hath payd her last debt
 To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
 And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
 Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
 Here the admyring her my mind did whett 5
 To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;
 But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
 A holy thirsty dropfy melts mee yett.
 But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
 Dost wooe my soule for hers; offering all thine: 10
 And dost not only feare least I allow
 My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,
 But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
 Least the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

XVIII.

HOW me deare Christ, thy spouse, so bright and clear.
 What! is it She, which on the other shore
 Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore
 Laments and mournes in Germany and here?
 Sleepest she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare? 5
 Is she selfe truth and errs? now new, now outwore?
 Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
 On one, on seaven, or on no hill appeare?
 Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
 First travaile we to seeke and then make Love? 10
 Betray kind husband thy spouse to our sights,
 And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,
 Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
 When she's embrac'd and open to most men.

XVII. *W*: first printed in Gosse's Life and Letters of John Donne,
 1899 2 dead,] dead *W* 6 their] y^r *W* head;] head, *W*
 10 wooe] spelt woe *W* 12 divine,] divine *W*

XVIII. *W*: first printed in Gosse's Life &c. 2 What!] What *W*
 3 tore] so I read *W*: lore Gosse

XIX.

OH, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
 Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
 A constant habit; that when I would not
 I change in voves, and in devotione.
 As humorous is my contritione 5
 As my prophane Love, and as foone forgott:
 As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
 As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
 I durst not view heaven yesterday; and to day
 In prayers, and flattering speeches I court God: 10
 To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod.
 So my devout fitts come and go away
 Like a fantastique Ague: fave that here
 Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

The Crosse.

SInce Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I
 His image, th' image of his Crosse deny?
 Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise?
 It bore all other finnes, but is it fit 5
 That it should beare the sinne of scorning it?
 Who from the picture would avert his eye,
 How would he flye his paines, who there did dye?
 From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
 Nor scandall taken, shall this Crosse withdraw, 10
 It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse
 Of this Crosse, were to mee another Crosse;
 Better were worse, for, no affliction,
 No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none.

XIX. *W*: first printed in Gosse's Life &c. 3 that] y^t *W*, so always
 4 and] & *W*, so always

The Crosse. 1633-69 (following, 1635-69, In that, 6 Queene &c.
 p. 427): similarly, *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Le., N, O'F, P, S, TCC, TGD*
 8 paines] pangs *JC* 12 Crosse; 1635-69: Crosse. 1633 13 affliction,
Ed: affliction 1633-69 14 none. *Ed*: none; 1633-54: none: 1669
 Who

Who can blot out the Crosse, which th'instrument 15
 Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament?
 Who can deny mee power, and liberty
 To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be?
 Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse;
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas do tosse; 20
 Looke downe, thou spiest out Crosses in small things;
 Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings;
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
 Materiall Crosses then, good physicke bee, 25
 But yet spirituall have chiefe dignity.
 These for extracted chimique medicine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve;
 Then are you your own physicke, or need none,
 When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation. 30
 For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you stickes,
 Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe.
 As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
 But that away, which hid them there, do take;
 Let Crosses, soe, take what hid Christ in thee, 35
 And be his image, or not his, but hee.
 But, as oft Alchimyfts doe coyners prove,
 So may a selfe-dispising, get selfe-love,
 And then as worst surfets, of best meates bee,
 Soe is pride, issued from humility, 40
 For, 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Crosse
 Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double losse.
 And crosse thy senses, else, both they, and thou
 Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe.
 For if the eye seeke good objects, and will take 45

19 Crosse; *Ed*: Crosse, 1633: Crosse. 1635-69 20 make] makes
B, D, H49, Lec, S where] when *O'F* tosse; 1635-69: tosse. 1633
 21 out] our 1669 23 is] are *A25, B* 26 But yet] And yet
A18, D, JC, N, TC 27 medicine] medicines *A25, B, JC* 33 make,
 1635-69: make: 1633 34 take; *Ed*: take. 1633: take: 1635-69
 37 oft *Ed*: oft, 1633-69 38 selfe-love, *D*: selfe-love. 1633-69 42
 losse. *Ed*: losse, 1633-69 44 destruction] corruption *O'F* 45
 seeke] see 1650-69

No crosse from bad, wee cannot scape a snake.
 So with harsh, hard, fowre, stinking, crosse the rest,
 Make them indifferent all; call nothing best.
 But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome,
 And move; To th'other th'objects must come home. 50
 And crosse thy heart: for that in man alone
 Points downewards, and hath palpitation.
 Crosse those dejections, when it downward tends,
 And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
 And as the braine through bony walls doth vent 55
 By futures, which a Crosses forme present,
 So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it,
 Crosse and correct concupiscence of witt.
 Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall.
 Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all. 60
 Then doth the Crosse of Christ worke fruitfully
 Within our hearts, when wee love harmlesly
 That Crosses pictures much, and with more care
 That Crosses children, which our Crosses are.

Resurrection, imperfect.

Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast
 As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last;
 Sleepe then, and rest; The world may beare thy stay,
 A better Sun rose before thee to day,
 Who, not content to'enlighten all that dwell 5
 On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
 And made the darke fires languish in that vale,

48 all; call nothing best. *Ed*: indifferent; call nothing best. 1633
and MSS: indifferent; all, nothing best. 1635-69 50 To th'other
 th'objects 1633: To th'others objects 1635-69 52 Points *A18*,
A25, N, P, S, TC: Pants 1633-69, *B, D, H49, JC, Lec, O'F* 53 dejections
 1633: detorions 1635-69, *O'F* 55 the | thy *A18, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F*,
P, TC 61 fruitfully *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P, S, TC*:
 faithfully 1633-69 63 That *A18, A25, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, P*,
S, TC: The 1633-69

Resurrection, imperfect. 1633-69 (*following* By Euphrates &c. p. 424),
A18, N, O'F, TCC, TCD

As,

As, at thy prefence here, our fires grow pale.
 Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
 Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow 10
 Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all,
 For these three daies become a minerall;
 Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose
 All tincture, and doth not alone dispose
 Leaden and iron wills to good, but is 15
 Of power to make even sinfull flesh like his.
 Had one of those, whose credulous pietie
 Thought, that a Soule one might discerne and see
 Goe from a body,'at this sepulcher been,
 And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen, 20
 He would have justly thought this body a soule,
 If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Defunt cetera.

The Annuntiation and Pafsion.

TAmely, fraile body,'abstaine to day; to day
 My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away.
 She sees him man, so like God made in this,
 That of them both a circle embleme is,
 Whose first and last concurre; this doubtfull day 5
 Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.
 Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who's all;
 Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,
 Her Maker put to making, and the head
 Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead. 10

15 good, 1633-69 and MSS.: *Chambers queries* gold 22 If] If,
 1633-69

The Annuntiation and Pafsion. 1633-69: Upon the Annuntiation and Pafsion falling upon one day. Anno Dñi 1608. B, O'F, S, Sg6: similarly, N, TCD: The Annuntiation. D, H49, Lec: no title, P 1 Tamely, fraile body, Ed: Tamely fraile body 1633: Tamely fraile flesh, 1635-69, O'F, Sg6 (1650-69 accidentally drop second to day) 6 away. | away; 1633: away, 1635-39 10 yet dead. Ed: yet dead; 1633, B, P, S: and dead; 1635-69, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, TCD (full stop, MSS.)

She

She sees at once the virgin mother stay
 Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha;
 Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen
 At almost fiftie, and at scarce fiftene.
 At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone, 15
 Gabriell gives Chrif to her, He her to John;
 Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie,
 At once receiver and the legacie.
 All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne,
 Th'Abridgement of Chrifs story, which makes one 20
 (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East)
 Of the Angels *Ave*, and *Consummatum est*.
 How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties
 Deales, in some times, and feldome joyning these!
 As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe 25
 Direct our course, but the next starre thereto,
 Which shoves where the other is, and which we say
 (Because it straves not farre) doth never stray;
 So God by his Church, neereft to him, wee know,
 And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe; 30
 His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth
 Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both.
 This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shown
 Death and conception in mankind is one;
 Or'twas in him the same humility, 35
 That he would be a man, and leave to be:
 Or as creation he hath made, as God,
 With the last judgement, but one period,
 His imitating Spouse would joyne in one
 Manhoods extremes: He shall come, he is gone: 40
 Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
 Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;

12 at Golgotha; *Ed*: at Golgotha. 1633-69 13 Sad and rejoyc'd]
 Rejoyc'd and sad *B, O'F, P, S, S96* 18 legacie. *Ed*: legacie; 1633-69
 24 these! *Ed*: these? *D, TCD*: these; 1633: these. 1635-69 31
 as 1633: and 1635-69 32 both. 1635-69: both: 1633 33 these
B, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, P, S96, TCD: those 1633-69 daies 1633, *D, H49,*
Lec, N, TCD: feasts 1635-69, *O'F, P, S, S96* 34 one; *Ed*: one. 1633:
 are one. 1635-69 (one 1669) 37 hath] had *B, N, O'F, P, S, S96, TCD*
 So

So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words,
 Would busie a life, she all this day affords;
 This treasure then, in grosse, my Soule uplay, 45
 And in my life retaile it every day.

Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward.

L Et mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
 The intelligence that moves, devotion is,
 And as the other Spheares, by being growne
 Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne,
 And being by others hurried every day, 5
 Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey:
 Pleasure or businesse, fo, our Soules admit
 For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
 Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West
 This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East. 10
 There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,
 And by that setting endlesse day beget;
 But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,
 Sinne had eternally benighted all.
 Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see 15
 That spectacle of too much weight for mee.
 Who sees Gods face, that is selfe life, must dye;
 What a death were it then to see God dye?
 It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke,
 It made his footstoole crack, and the Sunne winke. 20
 Could I behold those hands which span the Poles,
 And turne all spheares at once, peirc'd with those holes?

Goodfriday, &c. 1633-69: Good Friday (*with or without date and Riding &c.*) *Ar8, B, Cy, N, S, S96, TCC, TCD*: Good Friday. 1613. Riding towards Wales. *D, Lec, O'F*: Good Friday. 1613. Riding to S^r Edward Harbert in Wales. *H49*: M^r J. Duff going from Sir H. G. on good friday sent him back this meditation on the way. *A25* 4 motions *Ar8, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC*: motion, 1633-69 8 and] *bis* 1650-54 10 toward 1633: *do. or towards MSS.*: to 1635-69, *O'F* 12 beget; 1633: beget. 1635-69, *Chambers* 13 this Crosse, 1633, *Ar8, D, H49, Lec, O'F, S, S96, TCC*: his Crosse, 1635-69, *B, Cy, N, TCD* 16 too] two 1639-69 22 turne *Ar8, B, Cy, N, S, TC*: tune 1633-69, *D, H49, Lec, O'F, S96* once,] once 1633

Could

Could I behold that endlesse height which is
 Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
 Humbled below us? or that blood which is 25
 The feat of all our Soules, if not of his,
 Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne
 By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne?
 If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
 Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye, 30
 Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
 Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
 Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
 They're present yet unto my memory,
 For that looks towards them; and thou look'ft towards mee,
 O Saviour, as thou hang'ft upon the tree; 36
 I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
 Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
 O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
 Burne off my rufts, and my deformity, 40
 Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
 That thou may'ft know mee, and I'll turne my face.

30 Upon his miserable 1633, A18, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F, S, S96, TC:
 On his distressed 1635-69 40 rufts, 1633, B, Cy, D, H49, Lec, N, O'F,
 S96, TCD: ruft, 1635-69, A18, S, TCC

THE LITANIE.

I.

The FATHER.

FATHER of Heaven, and him, by whom
 It, and us for it, and all else, for us
 Thou madeſt, and govern'ſt ever, come
 And re-create mee, now growne ruinous:
 My heart is by dejection, clay,
 And by ſelfe-murder, red.
 From this red earth, O Father, purge away
 All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
 I may riſe up from death, before I'am dead.

5

II.

The SONNE.

O Sonne of God, who ſeeing two things,
 Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,
 By bearing one, tryed'ſt with what ſtings
 The other could thine heritage invade;
 O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
 And crucified againe,
 Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
 But let it be, by applying ſo thy paine,
 Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy paſſion flaine.

10

15

III.

The HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghoſt, whoſe temple I
 Am, but of mudde walls, and condenſed duſt,
 And being ſacrilegiouſly
 Halfe waſted with youths fires, of pride and luſt,

20

The Litanie. 1633-69: A Letanie. A18, B, D, H49, JC, Lec, N, O'F, S,
 S96, TCC, TCD 17 be, D: be 1633-69

Muſt

Must with new stormes be weatherbeat;
 Double in my heart thy flame,
 Which let devout sad teares intend; and let 25
 (Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maim)
 Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the fame.

IV.

The TRINITY.

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
 Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,
 Which, as wise serpents, diversly 30
 Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,
 As you distinguish'd undistinct
 By power, love, knowledge bee,
 Give mee a such selfe different instinct
 Of these; let all mee elemented bee, 35
 Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbered three.

V.

The Virgin MARY.

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,
 Whose flesh redeem'd us; That she-Cherubin,
 Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
 One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne, 40
 Whose wombe was a strange heav'n, for there
 God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,
 Our zealous thanks wee poure. As her deeds were
 Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
 In vaine, who hath such titles unto you. 45

30 serpents, *Ed*: serpents 1633-69 34 a such 1633: such 1635-69,
JC: such a 118, *D*, *H*49, *Lec*, *N*, *S*, *TC* instinct 1633: instinct, 1635-69
 35 these; *Ed*: these, *D*, *H*49, *Lec*: these 1633-69: thee 118, *N*, *TC*

VI.

The Angels.

And since this life our nonage is,
 And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,
 Native in heavens faire Palaces,
 Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
 As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne, 50
 Yields faire diversitie,
 Yet never knowes which courfe that light doth run,
 So let mee study, that mine actions bee
 Worthy their sight, though blinde in how they see.

VII.

The Patriarches.

And let thy Patriarches Desire 55
 (Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw
 More in the cloud, then wee in fire,
 Whom Nature clear'd more, then us Grace and Law,
 And now in Heaven still pray, that wee
 May use our new helpes right,) 60
 Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in mee;
 Let not my minde be blinder by more light
 Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.

VIII.

The Prophets.

Thy Eagle-fighted Prophets too,
 Which were thy Churches Organs, and did found 65
 That harmony, which made of two
 One law, and did unite, but not confound ;

48 Native] Natives *B, JC, S* in heavens faire Palaces, *D*: in heavens
 faire Palaces 1633-39: in heavens Palaces, 1650-69 52 which 1633:
 what 1635-69 56 Grandfathers] Grandfathers, 1633 58 then] that
 1635-39 58 Grace and Law, *D*: grace and law, 1633-69 61
 satisfy'd, 1635-69, *A18, D, H49, JC, N, S96, TC*: sanctified, 1633 fructifie]
 fructified *A18, JC* 63 Faith, *D*: Faith 1633-69

Those heavenly Poëts which did see
 Thy will, and it expresse
 In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee, 70
 That I by them excuse not my excesse
 In seeking secrets, or Poëtiqunesse.

IX.

The Apostles.

And thy illustrious Zodiacke
 Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,
 (From whom whosoever do not take 75
 Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,)
 As through their prayers, thou'haft let mee know
 That their bookes are divine;
 May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe
 Th'old broad way in applying; O decline 80
 Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X.

The Martyrs.

And since thou so desirously
 Did'st long to die, that long before thou could'st,
 And long since thou no more could'st dye,
 Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body would'st 85
 In Abel dye, and ever since
 In thine; let their blood come
 To begge for us, a discreet patience
 Of death, or of worse life: for Oh, to some
 Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdome. 90

75-6 no brackets 1633 75 whosoever] whoever most MSS. 76 throw
 downe, and fall, 1633, A18, D, H49, Lcc, N, TC: thrown down do fall)
 1635-69 78 bookes] works B, O'F, S96 87 thine;] thine, 1633
 XI.

XI.

The Confessors.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
 A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
 Whose bloods betroth'd, not marry'd were,
 Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:
 They know, and pray, that wee may know, 95
 In every Christian
 Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;
 Tentations martyr us alive; A man
 Is to himselfe a Dioclesian.

XII.

The Virgins.

The cold white snowie Nunnery, 100
 Which, as thy mother, their high Abbess, sent
 Their bodies backe againe to thee,
 As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
 Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
 That or thy Church, or I, 105
 Should keep, as they, our first integrity;
 Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,
 And call chaste widowhead Virginitie.

XIII.

The Doctors.

Thy sacred Academie above
 Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught 110
 Both bookes of life to us (for love
 To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote

93 were, *Ed:* were; 1633-69 97 grow; *Ed:* grow, 1633-69
 100 The] Thy *B, D, H49, O'F, S, S96* 109 Thy] The 1635-69
 Academie 1633, *D, H49, Lec:* Academ 1635-69: Academe *N, O'F, S96,*
TC 112 thy] the 1650-69 Scriptures] Scripture 1669 wrote]
spelt wrought. 1633 and MSS.

In thy other booke) pray for us there
 That what they have misdone
 Or mis-said, wee to that may not adhere; 115
 Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne
 Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the Sunne.

XIV.

And whil't this universall Quire,
 That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
 Warm'd with one all-partaking fire 120
 Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,
 Prayes ceaselesly, and thou hearken too,
 (Since to be gracious
 Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
 Heare this prayer Lord: O Lord deliver us 125
 From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or secure,
 Dead clods of sadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,
 From thinking, that great courts immure
 All, or no happinesse, or that this earth 130
 Is only for our prision fram'd,
 Or that thou art covetous
 To them whom thou lovest, or that they are maim'd
 From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,
 With all their might, Good Lord deliver us. 135

115 adhere; *Ed*: adhere, 1633-69 122 too, *D*: too 1633-69
 125 Lord: *Ed*: Lord, 1633-69 128 clods 1633: clouds 1635-69,
B, O'F (which corrects), S96 133 whom] *om. D, H49, Lec* them]
om. A18, N, TC 134 sweet, 1633, *D, H49, JC, Lec, S96*: sweets, 1635-
 69, *A18, N, O'F, S, TC*

XVI.

From needing danger, to bee good,
 From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,
 From trusting so much to thy blood,
 That in that hope, wee wound our soule away,
 From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse 140
 Some sinne more burdenous,
 From light affecting, in religion, newes,
 From thinking us all foule, neglecting thus
 Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us, 145
 By our connivence, or slack companie,
 From meafuring ill by vitious,
 Neglecting to choake sins spawne, Vanitie,
 From indiscreet humilitie,
 Which might be scandalous, 150
 And cast reproach on Christianitie,
 From being spies, or to spies pervious,
 From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us for thy descent
 Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place 155
 Of middle kind; and thou being sent
 To'ungratious us, staid'st at her full of grace;
 And through thy poore birth, where first thou
 Glorifiedst Povertie,
 And yet soone after riches didst allow, 160
 By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
 Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.

137 owing] owning 1669 139 foule] fouls 1669, *JC, O'F, S* 153
 fame,] flame, 1633 154 for 1633, *D, H49, N, S, TC*: through 1635-69,
JC, O'F, S96, Chambers 156 middle] midle 1633, *D* 157 grace;]
 grace, 1633 159 Glorifiedst] Glorifiest 1633 some copies, *D, H49*
 162 Deliver, and] Deliver us, and *Chambers*

XIX.

And through that bitter agonie,
Which is still the agonie of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee, 165
And interrupted evennesse, with fits;
 And through thy free confession
 Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'ft from them have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when 170
Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men.

XX.

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy clothes to spoile; thy fame to scorne,
All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,
And by which thou could'ft shew, that thou wast born; 175
 And through thy gallant humbleness
 Which thou in death did'ft shew,
Dying before thy foule they could expresse,
Deliver us from death, by dying go,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe. 180

XXI.

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,
When want, sent but to tame, doth warre
And worke despaire a breach to enter in,
 When plenty, Gods image, and seale 185
 Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,
When wee are mov'd to seeme religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

163 through] though 1633 that] thy *B, JC, O'F, S96* 164 is still]
still is 1633 some copies, 1635-69 166 fits;] fits, 1633 173 clothes
1633, *A18, D, H49, Lec, N, S, TC*: robes 1635-69, *B*(robe), *JC, O'F, S96*
175 born; *Ed*: born, 1633-69

XXII.

XXII.

In Churches, when the infirmitie 190
 Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,
 When Magistrates doe mis-apply
 To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,
 When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,
 Or wars, thy Champions, swaie, 195
 When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaines;
 In th'houre of death, the Eve of last judgement day,
 Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII.

Heare us, O heare us Lord; to thee
 A sinner is more musique, when he prayes, 200
 Then spheares, or Angels praises bee,
 In Panegyrique Allelujaes;
 Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord
 We know not what to say;
 Thine eare to'our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and
 word. 205
 O Thou who Satan heard't in Jobs sicke day,
 Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV.

That wee may change to evennesse
 This intermitting aguish Pietie;
 That snatching cramps of wickednesse 210
 And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die;
 That musique of thy promises,
 Not threats in Thunder may
 Awaken us to our just offices;
 What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say, 215
 That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray.

196 When] Where *many MSS.* 197 last judgement] the last *JC, S.*
 Gods judgement *B* 202 Allelujaes; 1635-69: Allelujaes, 1633 204
 say; *D*: say. 1633-69 209 Pietie; *Ed*: Pietie, 1633-69 214
 offices;] offices, 1633

XXV.

XXV.

That our eares sicknesse wee may cure,
 And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,
 That wee, by harkning, not procure
 Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite, 220
 That wee get not a slipperinesse
 And senslesly decline,
 From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excesse,
 To'admit the like of majestie divine,
 That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine. 225

XXVI.

That living law, the Magistrate,
 Which to give us, and make us phyficke, doth
 Our vices often aggravate,
 That Preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,
 That Satan, and invenom'd men 230
 Which well, if we starve, dine,
 When they doe most accuse us, may see then
 Us, to amendment, heare them; thee decline:
 That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

XXVII.

That learning, thine Ambassador, 235
 From thine allegiance wee never tempt,
 That beauty, paradises flower
 For phyficke made, from poyson be exempt,
 That wit, borne apt high good to doe,
 By dwelling lazily 240
 On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,
 That our affections kill us not, nor dye,
 Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry.

217 wee 1633: me 1635-69 219 wee, *Ed*: wee 1633-69 harkning,
 not 1633-69: heark'ning not *Chambers* 231 well, 1633 (*but altered to*
will, in some copies), *A18, B, D, H49, N, S, TC*: will, 1635-69, *Lec, Chambers,*
Grolier 233 decline: *Ed*: decline; 1633-69 239 apt . . . doe,]
 apt, . . . doe 1633 243 weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry. 1633-69,
A18, D, H49, Lec, N, TC: weake wretches, O thou eare and eye. *B, S, S96*:
Chambers adopts Eye from S, O'F reads eye, and TCC alters crye to eye,
all retaining ecchoes. See note

XXVIII.

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou
 By taking our blood, owest it us againe, 245
 Gaine to thy self, or us allow;
 And let not both us and thy selfe be slaine;
 O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne
 Which could not stick to thee,
 O let it not returne to us againe, 250
 But Patient and Phyfition being free,
 As sinne is nothing, let it no where be.

*Vpon the translation of the Psalmes by Sir Phi-
 lip Sydney, and the Countesse of Pembroke
 his Sister.*

ETernall God, (for whom who ever dare
 Seeke new expreffions, doe the Circle square,
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
 I would but blesse thy Name, not name thee now; 5
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
 Fixe we our prayes therefore on this one,
 That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
 These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue;
 (For 'twas a double power by which he fung 10
 The highest matter in the noblest forme;)
 So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe
 That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon
 Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one;
 A Brother and a Sister, made by thee 15
 The Organ, where thou art the Harmony.

245 againe,] againe 1633 246 or us 1633, A18, D, H49, Lec, JC, N,
 S, TC: and us 1635-69, O'F, S96, Chambers 248 O Lambe] O lambe
 1633

Vpon the &c. 1635-69: no extant MSS.

Two that make one *John Baptists* holy voyce,
 And who that Psalme, *Now let the Iles rejoyce*,
 Have both translated, and apply'd it too,
 Both told us what, and taught us how to doe. 20
 They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing;
 Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears;
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares,
 The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue, 25
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than fung;
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare,
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does here)
 This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we : 30
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Iewes:
 And *David's* Successors, in holy zeale,
 In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too, 35
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe
 When I behold that these Psalmes are become
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,
 As I can scarce call that reform'd untill 40
 This be reform'd; Would a whole State present
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*, 45
 Which, by this *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is
 Already done; and as those Psalmes we call
 (Though some have other Authors) *David's* all:
 So though some have, some may some Psalmes translate,
 We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate, 50

17 voyce, 1635-39: voyce; 1650-69 22 sing;] sing. 1635-69
 23 three Quires, 1669: 3 Quires, 1635-54 28 here 1669: heare
 1635-54 (the same word, not hear as in Chambers' note) 46 this Moses
 Grosart: thy Moses 1635-69

And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,
 (Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
 Who hath translated those translators) may
 These their sweet learned labours, all the way
 Be as our tuning; that, when hence we part, 55
 We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

Ode : Of our Sense of Sinne.

1. **V**engeance will fit above our faults; but till
 She there doth fit,
 We see *her* not, nor *them*. Thus, blinde, yet still
 We leade her way; and thus, whil't we doe ill,
 We suffer it. 5
2. Vnhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill.
 Enough we labour under age, and care;
 In number, th'errours of the last place, are
 The greatest still. 10
3. Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
 As soone repent,
 (Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
 But past us; neither felt, but onely in
 The punishment. 15
4. But we know our selves least; Mere outward shews
 Our mindes so store,
 That our soules, no more than our eyes disclose
 But forme and colour. Onely he who knowes
 Himselfe, knowes more. 20

I. D.

55 tuning; 1719: tuning, 1635-69 part, 1719: part 1635-69
 Ode. 1635-69, O'F: Of our Sense of Sinne. H40, RP31 (in margin,
 S' Edw. Herbert): no title, B, Cy, P, S 2 doth 1635-39: do 1650-69
 11 now] new B 15 The 1635-69, Cy, P: Our B, H40, O'F

To Mr Tilman after he had taken orders.

THou, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now
 To put thy hand unto the holy Plough,
 Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry,
 Not an impediment, but victory;
 What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind 5
 Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde
 New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele
 Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele?
 Or, as a Ship after much paine and care,
 For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware, 10
 Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine
 Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine?
 Thou art the same materials, as before,
 Onely the stampe is changed; but no more.
 And as new crowned Kings alter the face, 15
 But not the monies substance; so hath grace
 Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation,
 To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation;
 Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because
 They beare Gods message, and proclaime his lawes, 20
 Since thou must doe the like, and so must move,
 Art thou new feather'd with coelestiall love?
 Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew
 What thy advantage is above, below.
 But if thy gainings doe surmount expression, 25
 Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession,
 Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit
 That Gentry should joyne families with it?
 As if their day were onely to be spent
 In dressing, Mistressing and complement; 30
 Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust
 Seemes richly placed in sublimed dust;
 (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay,
 Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.)

To Mr Tilman &c. 1635-69: no extant MSS. 18 Christs] Chiffts
 1635 34 clay.) Ed: clay) 1635-69

Let

Let then the world thy calling difrespect, 35
 But goe thou on, and pittie their neglect.
 What function is fo noble, as to bee
 Embaffadour to God and deftinie?
 To open life, to give kingdomes to more
 Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore? 40
Maries prerogative was to beare Chrift, fo
 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe
 As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits fpeake;
 And bleffe the poore beneath, the lame, the weake.
 If then th'Aftromomers, whereas they fpie 45
 A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie,
 How brave are thofe, who with their Engine, can
 Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man?
 Thefe are thy titles and preheminenes,
 In whom muft meet Gods graces, mens offences, 50
 And fo the heavens which beget all things here,
 And the earth our mother, which thefe things doth beare,
 Both thefe in thee, are in thy Calling knit,
 And make thee now a bleft Hermaphrodite.

*A Hymne to Chrift, at the Authors laft
 going into Germany.*

IN what torne fhip foever I embarke,
 That fhip fhall be my embleme of thy Arke;
 What fea foever fwallow mee, that flood
 Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;
 Though thou with clouds of anger do difguife 5
 Thy face; yet through that maske I know thofe eyes,
 Which, though they turne away fometimes,
 They never will defpife.

52 beare, 1650-69: beare 1635-39

A Hymne &c. 1633-69: A Hymne to Chrift. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*:
 At his going with my Lord of Doncafter 1619. *B*, and *similarly*, *O'F, P*,
S96: in *MSS.* last two lines of each stanza given as one 2 my . . .
 thy] an . . . the *P* 3 foever fwallow mee, that] foe'er swallows me up,
 that *O'F*

I facrifice

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
 And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee; 10
 When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
 Put thou thy sea betwixt my finnes and thee.
 As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I goe,
 Where none but thee, th'Eternall root 15
 Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,
 The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,
 But thou would'st have that love thy selfe: As thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now, 20
 Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
 My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
 O, if thou car'st not whom I love
 Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All, 25
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
 Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee
 On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
 Churches are best for Prayer, that have leaft light:
 To see God only, I goe out of sight: 30
 And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
 An Everlasting night.

10 I lov'd there, 1633, A18, N, TCC: I love here, 1635-69: I love there P who lov'd mee; 1633, A18, N, TC: who love mee; 1635-69, B, O'F, P, S96 11 our seas 1633, A18, N, TC: this flood 1635-69: these (or those) seas B, O'F, P, S96 12 sea A18, B, N, O'F, S96, TC: seas 1633, P: blood 1635-69 15 thee, th'Eternall root] thy eternall work B, O'F (where it is altered to reading of text), P (externall workes), S96 28 Fame, 1633, A18, N, TC: Face, 1635-69, B, O'F, P, S96

*The Lamentations of Ieremy, for the most
part according to Tremelius.*

C H A P. I.

- 1 **H**OW fits this citie, late most populous,
Thus folitary, and like a widdow thus!
Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is!
- 2 Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall 5
Downe by her cheekes along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.
- 3 Unto great bondage, and afflictions
Juda is captive led; Those nations 10
With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,
In streights shee meets her Persecutors sword.
- 4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies
Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes.
Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortlesse, 15
And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse.
- 5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace,
Because when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord strooke her with sadnesse: Th'enemie
Doth drive her children to captivitie. 20
- 6 From Sions daughter is all beauty gone,
Like Harts, which seeke for Pasture, and find none,
Her Princes are, and now before the foe
Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

The Lamentations &c. 1633-69 (Tremellius 1639-69), *B;N,O F, TCD*:
Tr in the notes stands for Tremellius, *Vulg* for Vulgate. See note: full-stops
after verse-numbers 1635-69 2-4 thus! . . . is!] thus? . . . is?
1633-69 22 Harts] hearts 1669

- 7 Now in her daies of Teares, Jerufalem 25
 (Her men flaine by the foe, none succouring them)
 Remembers what of old, shee esteemed moſt,
 Whileſt her foes laugh at her, for what ſhe hath loſt.
- 8 Jerufalem hath ſinn'd, therefore is ſhee
 Remov'd, as women in uncleanneſſe bee; 30
 Who honor'd, ſcorne her, for her foulneſſe they
 Have ſeene; her ſelfe doth groane, and turne away.
- 9 Her foulneſſe in her ſkirts was ſeene, yet ſhe
 Remembred not her end; Miraculoſly
 Therefore ſhee fell, none comforting: Behold 35
 O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.
- 10 Upon all things where her delight hath beene,
 The foe hath ſtretch'd his hand, for ſhee hath ſeene
 Heathen, whom thou command'ſt, ſhould not doe ſo,
 Into her holy Sanctuary goe. 40
- 11 And all her people groane, and ſeeke for bread;
 And they have given, only to be fed,
 All precious things, wherein their pleaſure lay:
 How cheape I am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh.
- 12 All this concernes not you, who paſſe by mee, 45
 O ſee, and marke if any ſorrow bee
 Like to my ſorrow, which Jehova hath
 Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?
- 13 That fire, which by himſelfe is governed
 He hath caſt from heaven on my bones, and ſpred 50
 A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne,
 And made me languish all the day alone.

25 her *O'F*: their 1633-69, *N, TCD*: the *B*: diebus afflictionis ſuae
 et ploratum ſuorum *Tr* 28 Whileſt *B, O'F*: Whiles 1633-69
 32 ſeene;] ſeene, 1633 43 pleaſure] pleaſures *N*

- 14 His hand hath of my sinnes framed a yoke
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength. The Lord unto those enemies 55
Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise.
- 15 He under foot hath troden in my fight
My strong men; He did company invite
To breake my young men; he the winepresse hath 60
Trode upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.
- 16 For these things doe I weepe, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; For he which should be nigh
To comfort mee, is now departed farre;
The foe prevayles, forlorne my children are.
- 17 There's none, though *Sion* do stretch out her hand, 65
To comfort her, it is the Lords command
That *Iacobs* foes girt him. *Ierusalem*
Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.
- 18 But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will; 70
O heare all people, and my sorrow see,
My maides, my young men in captivit'e.
- 19 I called for my *lovers* then, but they
Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay
Dead in the citie; for they fought for meat 75
Which should refresh their foules, they could not get.
- 20 Because I am in streights, *Iehova* see
My heart o'turn'd, my bowells muddy bee,
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within, doth waite. 80

53 hand] hands 1650-69: manu ejus Tr 56 from whom 1635-69,
B, N, O'F, TCD: from whence 1633 58 invite 1633, N, TCD: accite
1635-69, B, O'F 59 men; Ed: men, 1633-69 63 farre;] farre
1633 65 hand,] hand 1633-35 76 they could not get. 1633: and
none could get. 1635-69 Norton conjectures that in 75 we should read
the sought-for meat: but see note 78 o'turn'd,] return'd, 1633

21 Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee,
My foes have heard my grieve, and glad they be,
That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22 Let all their wickednesse appeare to thee, 85
Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,
For all my sinnes: The sighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II.

1 **H**OW over Sions daughter hath God hung
His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath
flung 90

To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath
Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath!

2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All Jacobs dwellings, and demolished
To ground the strengths of *Iuda*, and prophan'd 95
The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.

3 In heat of wrath, the horne of *Israel* hee
Hath cleane cut off, and left the enemy
Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire,
But is towards *Iacob*, All-devouring fire. 100

4 Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right hand was in posture of a foe,
To kill what *Sions* daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire.

5 For like an enemy *Iehova* is, 105
Devouring *Israel*, and his Palaces,
Destroying holds, giving additions
To *Iuda's* daughters lamentations.

81 heare I mourne, 1633-35, B, O'F, TCD: heare me mourn, N: here
I mourn, 1639-69, and mod. edd.: Audientium me in gemitu esse nemo
consolatur me. Tr 87 sighs] fights 1669 90 cloud! Ed: cloud?
1633-69 flung] flung. 1633 92 wrath! Ed: wrath? 1633-69 95
strengths 1633, N, T'CD: strength 1635-69, B, O'F: munitiones Tr and Vulg
6 Like

- 6 Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe
 The place where was his congregation, 110
 And *Sions* feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
 Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.
- 7 The Lord forfakes his Altar, and detests
 His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests
 His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries 115
 Are heard, as in the true solemnities.
- 8 The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
 And levell *Sions* walls unto the ground;
 He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturne
 The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne. 120
- 9 Their gates are funke into the ground, and hee
 Hath broke the barres; their King and Princes bee
 Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
 Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.
- 10 There *Sions Elders* on the ground are plac'd, 125
 And silence keepe; Dust on their heads they cast,
 In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
 The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.
- 11 My bowells are growne muddy, and mine eyes
 Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies 130
 Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie
 That sucking children in the streets doe die.
- 12 When they had cryed unto their Mothers, where
 Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there,
 And in the streets like wounded persons lay 135
 Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.

110 where] which *B, O'F*: locum conventus sui *Tr*. 112 regardeth]
 regarded 1669 114 hand *B, N, O'F, TGD*: hands 1633-69: tradit in manum
 inimici muros, palatia illius *Tr* 118-9 ground; . . . hand,] ground,
 . . . hand; 1633 121 Their 1633: The 1635-69 122 barres; *B*,
O'F: barre; 1633-69, *N, TGD*: vestes ejus *Tr* 124 their] the 1669
 134 there,] there 1633-39 135 streets *B, O'F*: street 1633-69, *N*,
TGD: in plateis civitatis *Tr*

- 13 *Daughter Ierusalem*, Oh what may bee
A witnesse, or comparifon for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee? 140
- 14 For thee vaine foolish things thy Prophets fought,
Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturne thy bondage: but for thee
False burthens, and false causes they would see.
- 15 The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse, 145
And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this
That citie, which so many men did call
Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?
- 16 Thy foes doe gape upon thee, and they hisse,
And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this, 150
For this is certainly the day which wee
Expected, and which now we finde, and see.
- 17 The Lord hath done that which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word of old determin'd;
He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe 155
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.
- 18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of *Sion*, let teares fall
Downe like a river, day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be. 160
- 19 Arise, cry in the night, poure, for thy finnes,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, left children dye,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye.

141 For thee 1635-54: For, the 1633: For the 1669 143 disturne
1633-54 and MSS.: dis-urn 1669: disturb *Chambers*: ad avertendum
captivitatem tuam *Tr* 145 hisse, *Ed*: hisse 1633-39 157 against
1633: unto 1635-69, and MSS.: clamat cor istorum contra Dominum *Tr*:
ad Dominum *Vulg* 161 poure, for 1633 and MSS.: poure out
1635-69, *Chambers*

- 20 Behold O Lord, confider unto whom 165
 Thou haft done this; what, fhall the women come
 To eate their children of a fpanne? fhall thy
 Prophet and Priest be flaine in Sanctuary?
- 21 On ground in ftreets, the yong and old do lye,
 My virgins and yong men by fword do dye; 170
 Them in the day of thy wrath thou haft flaine,
 Nothing did thee from killing them containe.
- 22 As to a folemne feaft, all whom I fear'd
 Thou call'ft about mee; when his wrath appear'd,
 None did remaine or fcape, for thofe which I 175
 Brought up, did perifh by mine enemye.

CHAP. III.

- 1 **I** Am the man which have affliction feene,
 Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
 2 He hath led mee to darkneffe, not to light,
 3 And againft mee all day, his hand doth fight. 180
- 4 Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flefh and skinne,
 5 Built up againft mee; and hath girt mee in
 With hemlocke, and with labour; 6 and fet mee
 In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.
- 7 Hee hath hedg'd me left I fcape, and added more 185
 To my fteele fetters, heavier then before.
- 8 When I crie out, he out fhuts my prayer: 9 And hath
 Stop'd with hewn ftone my way, and turn'd my path.
- 10 And like a Lion hid in fecrecie,
 Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee. 190
- 11 He ftops my way, teares me, made defolate,
 12 And hee makes mee the marke he fhooteth at.

174 his 1633: thy 1635-69 CHAP.] ital. 1633 182 girt]
 hemde B, O'F 186 before. 1650-69: before, 1633-39 187 8 Ed:
 8. 1635-69; om. 1633 190 mee.] mee, 1633

- 13 Hee made the children of his quiver passe
 Into my reines, 14 I with my people was
 All the day long, a song and mockery. 195
 15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitterneffe, and he
 Hath made me drunke with wormewood. 16 He hath burst
 My teeth with stones, and covered mee with dust;
 17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,
 And my prosperity I did forget. 200
 18 My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
 Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
 19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon,
 My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,
 20 My Soule is humbled in remembring this; 205
 21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is.
 22 'Tis Gods great mercy we're not utterly
 Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;
 23 For every morning they renewed bee,
 For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity. 210
 24 The Lord is, faith my Soule, my portion,
 And therefore in him will I hope alone.
 25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie,
 And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly.
 26 It is both good to trust, and to attend 215
 (The Lords saluation) unto the end:
 27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;
 28 He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
 Because he hath borne it. 29 And his mouth he layes
 Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he stayes. 220
 30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will
 Strike him, and so he is reproched still.
 31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake,
 32 But when he hath stricke with sadnes, hee doth take

202 perished. 1633: perished, 1635-69 203 mournings 1633-69,
N, O'F, TCD: mourning *B* 216 (The Lords saluation) 1633: no
 brackets, 1635-69

- Compassion, as his mercy's infinite; 225
 33 Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite;
 34 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,
 35 That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see
 To be wrung from him, 36 That he subverted is
 In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this. 230
 37 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
 But that which by the Lord commanded was?
 38 Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds;
 39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
 40 Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes; 235
 41 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.
 42 Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee,
 Thou pardon'ft not; 43 Ufett no clemencie;
 Pursuest us, kill'ft us, coverest us with wrath,
 44 Cover'ft thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer hath
 No power to passe. 45 And thou hast made us fall 241
 As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
 46 All our foes gape at us. 47 Feare and a snare
 With ruine, and with waste, upon us are.
 48 With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow 245
 For ruine of my peoples daughter so;
 49 Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly,
 50 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see.
 51 And for my citys daughters sake, mine eye
 Doth breake mine heart. 52 Causes mine enemy, 250
 Like a bird chac'd me. 53 In a dungeon
 They have shut my life, and cast on me a stone.

226 smite; *Ed*: smite, 1633-69 229 wrung] wrong 1633 him,
Ed: him. 1633-69 230 this.] this: 1633 231 doth] will *B, O'F*
 238 not; 1650-69: not. 1633-35: not 1639 239 coverest us with
 wrath] coverest with thy wrath *B, O'F* 243 47 *Ed*: 47, 1633:
 47. 1635-69 245 watry] water 1633 246 daughter *B, N, O'F*,
TCD: daughters 1633-69: propter contritionem filiae populi mei *Tr* 249
 citys *O'F*: city 1633-69: propter omnes filias civitatis meae *Tr* 252 on
 me *B, N, TCD*: me on 1633-69: projiciunt lapides in me. *Tr*: posuerunt
 lapidem super me. *Vulg*

- 54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am
 Destroy'd; 55 I called Lord, upon thy name
 Out of the pit. 56 And thou my voice didst heare; 255
 Oh from my sigh, and crye, stop not thine eare.
- 57 Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st nere
 Unto mee, and said'st unto mee, do not feare.
- 58 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled hast, and thou
 Rescud'st my life. 59 O Lord do thou judge now, 260
 Thou heard'st my wrong. 60 Their vengeance all they
 have wrought;
- 61 How they reproach'd, thou hast heard, and what they
 thought,
- 62 What their lips uttered, which against me rose,
 And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.
- 63 I am their song, whether they rise or sit, 265
 64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit,
- 65 Sorrow of heart, thy curse. 66 And with thy might
 Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

CHAP. I V.

- 1 **H**OW is the gold become so dimme? How is
 Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this? 270
 The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary,
 Scattered in corners of each street do lye.
- 2 The pretious sonnes of Sion, which should bee
 Valued at purest gold, how do wee see
 Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand, 275
 Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.
- 3 Even the Sea-calves draw their brefts, and give
 Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live,
 By reason of the foes great crueltie,
 As do the Owles in the vast Wildernesse. 280

256 sigh,] fight, 1650-69 260 Rescud'st *B, O'F*: Rescuest 1633-69,
N, TCD: vindicabas *Tr* now, 1633-39: now. 1650-69, *Chambers*
CHAP.] *CAP.* 1633 270 Purest] *P* dropped 1650-54 274 at
 1633-39: as 1650-69, *B, N, O'F, TCD*: qui taxandi erant auro purgatissimo
Tr 278 live,] live 1633

- 4 And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw.
And when for bread the little children crye,
There is no man that doth them satisfie.
- 5 They which before were delicately fed, 285
Now in the streets forlorne have perished,
And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.
- 6 The daughters of my people have sinned more,
Then did the towne of *Sodome* sinne before; 290
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine
No hands amongst them, to vexen them againe.
- 7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was then the snow, and milke was not so white;
As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine, 295
And all their polish'dneffe was Saphirine.
- 8 They are darker now then blacknes, none can know
Them by the face, as through the streets they goe,
For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone,
And withered, is like to dry wood growne. 300
- 9 Better by sword then famine 'tis to dye;
And better through pierc'd, then through penury.
- 10 Women by nature pitifull, have eate
Their children drest with their owne hands for meat.
- 11 *Iehova* here fully accomplish'd hath 305
His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
Kindled a fire in *Sion*, which hath power
To eate, and her foundations to devour.

283 little children] little *om.* *Chambers* 296 Saphirine. 1635-69:
Seraphine. 1633: Sapphirina polities eorum *Tr* 298 streets *B, O'F*:
street 1633-69, *N, TCD*: in vicis *Tr*: in plateis *Vulg* 299 the
B, O'F: their 1633-69 302 through penury.] by penury, 1633, *N*,
TCD: confossi gladio quam confossi fame. *Tr*. See note 304 hands
B, O'F: hand 1633-69

12 Nor would the Kings of the earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world beleeve, 310
That any adversary, any foe
Into *Ierusalem* should enter fo.

13 For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed
Blood in the streets, and the just murdered:

14 Which when those men, whom they made blinde, did
stray 315
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was

Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,

15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not; and then 320

They fled, and strayed, and with the *Gentiles* were,

Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there;

16 For this they are scattered by Jehovahs face
Who never will regard them more; No grace

Unto their old men shall the foe afford, 325

Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the sword.

17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save,

We in desire and speculation have. 330

18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare
To goe: our end is now approached neere,

Our dayes accomplish'd are, this the last day.

19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they

Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye 335
At us, and for us in the desert lye.

312 fo.] fo; 1633 316 Thorough] Through 1669 318 garments 1633: garment 1635-69: quem non possunt quin tangant vestimentis suis Tr 320 not; O'F,N,TCD: not, 1633-69 322 dwell there; Ed: dwell; there. 1633: dwell there. 1635-39: dwell there 1650-54: dwell there: 1669 325 their... the 1633-39: the... their 1650-69 333-4 day. 19 Eagles Ed: The old editions place a comma after day, and 19 at the beginning of 335, wrongly. 335 mountaine tops 1633-39: mountaines tops 1650-69, B

- 20 The annointed Lord, breath of our nostrils, hee
 Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee
 Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell,
 Into the pit which these men digged, fell. 340
- 21 Rejoyce O *Edoms daughter*, joyfull bee
 Thou which inhabitst *Huz*, for unto thee
 This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkenesse
 Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.
- 22 And then thy finnes O *Sion*, shall be spent, 345
 The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.
 Thy finnes O *Edoms daughter*, hee will see,
 And for them, pay thee with captivitie.

CHAP. V.

- 1 Remember, O Lord, what is fallen on us;
 See, and marke how we are reproached thus, 350
- 2 For unto strangers our possession
 Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
- 3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee
 As Orphans all, and without father be;
- 4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay, 355
 And upon our owne wood a price they lay.
- 5 Our persecutors on our necks do fit,
 They make us travaile, and not intermit,
- 6 We stretch our hands unto th'*Egyptians*
 To get us bread; and to the *Affyrians*. 360

340 fell.] fell 1633 342 which 1633: that 1635-69 Huz B:
 Hus N, TCD: her, 1633: Uz, 1635-69: in terra Hutzit Tr 345
 And then] And om. Chambers CHAP.] CAP. 1633 349 us:]
 us, 1633-35 354 father B, O'F: fathers 1633-69: Pupilli fumus ac
 nullo patre Tr: absque patre Vulg 355 drunke, 1633, N, TCD: drinke
 1635-69, B, O'F 356 lay. 1650-69: lay, 1633-39

- 7 Our Fathers did these finnes, and are no more,
But wee do beare the finnes they did before.
- 8 They are but servants, which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.
- 9 With danger of our life our bread wee gat; 365
For in the wilderneffe, the sword did wait.
- 10 The tempests of this famine wee liv'd in,
Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne:
- 11 In *Iudaes* cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in *Sion* us'd. 370
- 12 The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.
- 13 Unto the mill our yong men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare.
- 14 Elders, the gates; youth did their songs forbear, 375
- 15 Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.
- 16 Now is the crowne false from our head; and woe
Be unto us, because we have sinned so.
- 17 For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is. 380
- 18 Because mount *Sion* desolate doth lye,
And foxes there do goe at libertie:
- 19 But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne
From generation, to generation.
- 20 Why should'st thou forget us eternally? 385
Or leave us thus long in this misery?
- 21 Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may
Returne, and as of old, renew our day.
- 22 For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
And to be utterly enrag'd at us? 390

368 Oven 1635-69: Ocean 1633: Pelles nostrae ut furnus atratae sunt
Tr 374 fell . . . bare. 1633-69: fall . . . beare. B, O'F 376 15
Gone &c.] Old edd. transfer 15 to next line, wrongly. In consequence, the
remaining verses are all a number short, but the complete number of 22 is
made up by breaking the last verse, 'For oughtest thou &c.' into two. I have
corrected throughout. 389 thus,] thus 1633

Hymne to God my God, in my sicknesse.

Since I am comming to that Holy roome,
 Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,
 I shall be made thy Musique; As I come
 I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
 And what I must doe then, thinke here before. 5

Whilft my Physitians by their love are growne
 Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
 Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
 That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these streights to die, 10

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;
 For, though their currants yeeld returne to none,
 What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
 In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,
 So death doth touch the Resurrection. 15

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
 The Easterne riches? Is *Ierusalem*?
Anyan, and *Magellan*, and *Gibraltare*,
 All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them,
 Whether where *Iaphet* dwelt, or *Cham*, or *Sem*. 20

We thinke that *Paradise* and *Calvarie*,
Christs Crosse, and *Adams* tree, stood in one place;
 Looke Lord, and finde both *Adams* met in me;
 As the first *Adams* sweat furrounds my face,
 May the last *Adams* blood my soule embrace. 25

Hymn to God &c. 1635-69, 896, and in part Walton (Life of
 Dr John Donne. 1670), who adds March 23, 1630 2 thy 1635
 and Walton (1670): the 1639-69 4 the Instrument 1635-69: my
 instrument Walton 6 Whilft . . . love] Since . . . loves Walton 10
 to die, 1635: to die. 1639-54: to dy' 1669 12 their 896: those
 1635-69 18 *Gibraltare*, 1635-54: *Gabrlaltare*, 1669: *Gibraltar*? 1719,
Chambers: *Gibraltar* are *Grosart*. See note 19 but streights, Ed: but
 streights 1635-69 24 first] first 1669

So,



JOHN DONNE

From the frontispiece to *Death's Duel*, 1632

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
 By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
 And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
 Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,
 Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down. 30

A Hymne to God the Father :

I.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne; through which I runne,
 And do run still: though still I do deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done, 5
 For, I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I have wonne
 Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne
 A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score? 10
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

III.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
 My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;
 But sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne 15
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
 And, having done that, Thou haste done,
 I feare no more.

28 others souls] other souls *Walton and S96* 30 That, he may raise;
 therefore, *Walton*

A Hymne &c. 1633-69: To Christ. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: Christo
 Salvatori. *O'F, S96*: for the text of the MSS. see next page 2 Which]
 which 1633 8 my sin] my sins 1639-69 10 two: 1633: two, 1635-69
 917.2 B b To

To Christ.

Wilt thou forgive that finne, where I begunn,
 W^{ch} is my finne, though it were done before?
 Wilt thou forgive those sinns through w^{ch} I runn
 And doe them still, though still I doe deplore?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 for I have more. 5

Wilt thou forgive that sinne, by w^{ch} I have wonne
 Others to sinne, & made my sinne their dore?
 Wilt thou forgive that sinne w^{ch} I did shunne
 A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score? 10
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 for I have more.

I have a sinne of feare y^t when I have spunn
 My last thred, I shall perishe on the shore;
 Swear by thy self that at my Death, thy Sunne 15
 Shall shine as it shines nowe, & heretofore;
 And having done that, thou hast done,
 I have noe more.

To Christ. *A18, N, TCC, TCD*: Christo Salvatori. *O'F, S96*: text from
TCD 1 begunn, *Ed*: begunn *TCD* 2 were *A18, N, TC*: was *O'F, S*
 before? *Ed*: before *TCD* 4 them *A18, N, TC*: runne *O'F, S96*
 5 done, *Ed*: done *TCD*: and so 11 and 17 14 shore; *Ed*: shore
TCD 15 thy Sunne *O'F, S*: this Sunne *A18, N, TC* 16 heretofore;
Ed: heretofore *TCD*

ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR

TO THE MEMORIE OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND

D^r. DONNE.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
 Beyond our lofty'ft flights, that is, like Thee,
 Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe;
 For, ſuch exceſſes finde no Epitaph.
 At common graves we have Poetique eyes 5
 Can melt themſelves in eaſie Elegies,
 Each quill can drop his tributary verſe,
 And pin it, like the Hatchments, to the Hearſe:
 But at Thine, Poeme, or Inſcription
 (Rich ſoule of wit, and language) we have none. 10
 Indeed a ſilence does that tombe befit,
 Where is no Herald left to blazon it.
 Widow'd invention juſtly doth forbear
 To come abroad, knowing Thou art not here.
 Late her great Patron; Whoſe Prerogative 15
 Maintain'd, and cloth'd her ſo, as none alive
 Muſt now preſume, to keepe her at thy rate,
 Though he the Indies for her dowre eſtate.
 Or elſe that awfull fire, which once did burne
 In thy cleare Braine, now falne into thy Urne 20
 Lives there, to fright rude Empiricks from thence,
 Which might prophane thee by their Ignorance.
 Who ever writes of Thee, and in a ſtile
 Unworthy ſuch a Theme, does but revile
 Thy precious Duſt, and wake a learned Spirit 25
 Which may revenge his Rapes upon thy Merit.
 For, all a low pitch't phanſie can deviſe,
 Will prove, at beſt, but Hallow'd Injuries.
 Thou, like the dying Swanne, didſt lately ſing
 Thy Mournfull Dirge, in audience of the King; 30
 When pale lookes, and faint accents of thy breath,
 Preſented ſo, to life, that peece of death,
 That it was fear'd, and propheſi'd by all,
 Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy Funerall.

To the &c. Also in Deaths Duell. 1632, Walton's Lives 1670, King's
 Poems. 1657, 1664, 1700 14 here] there 1632 31 faint]
 weak 1632

372 *Elegies upon the Author.*

O! had'st Thou in an Elegiacke Knell 35
Rung out unto the world thine owne farewell,
And in thy High Victorious Numbers beate
The solemne measure of thy griev'd Retreat;
Thou might'st the Poets service now have mist
As well, as then thou did'st prevent the Priest; 40
And never to the world beholding bee
So much, as for an Epitaph for thee.

I doe not like the office. Nor is 't fit
Thou, who did'st lend our Age such summes of wit,
Should'st now re-borrow from her bankrupt Mine, 45
That Ore to Bury Thee, which once was Thine,
Rather still leave us in thy debt; And know
(Exalted Soule) more glory 't is to owe
Unto thy Hearse, what we can never pay,
Then, with embased Coine those Rites defray. 50

Commit we then Thee to Thy selfe: Nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy owne Fame
Leave Thee Executour. Since, but thine owne,
No pen could doe Thee Justice, nor Bayes Crowne
Thy vast desert; Save that, wee nothing can 55
Depute, to be thy Ashes Guardian.

So Jewellers no Art, or Metall trust
To forme the Diamond, but the Diamonds dust.

H. K.

To the deceased Author,

Upon the *Promiscuous* printing of his Poems, the
Looser sort, with the *Religious*.

W Hen thy *Loose* raptures, *Donne*, shall meet with Those
That doe confine
Tuning, unto the Duller line,
And sing not, but in *Sanctified Prose*;
How will they, with sharper eyes, 5
The *Fore-skinne* of thy phansie circumsise?
And feare, thy *wantonnesse* should now, begin
Example, that hath ceased to be *Sin*?

And that *Feare* fannes their *Heat* ; whilst knowing eyes
Will not admire 10
At this *Strange Fire*,
That here is *mingled with thy Sacrifice* :
But dare reade even thy *Wanton Story*,
As thy *Confession*, not thy *Glory*.
And will so envie *Both* to future times, 15
That they would buy thy *Goodnesse*, with thy *Crimes*.
Tho: Browne.

On the death of D^r DONNE.

I Cannot blame those men, that knew thee well,
Yet dare not helpe the world, to ring thy knell
In tunefull *Elegies* ; there's not language knowne
Fit for thy mention, but 'twas first thy owne ;
The *Epitaphs* thou writst, have so bereft 5
Our tongue of wit, there is not phansie left
Enough to weepe thee ; what henceforth we see
Of Art or Nature, must result from thee.
There may perchance some busie gathering friend
Steale from thy owne workes, and that, varied, lend, 10
Which thou bestow'st on others, to thy Hearse,
And so thou shalt live still in thine owne verse ;
Hee that shall venture farther, may commit
A pitied error, shew his zeale, not wit.
Fate hath done mankinde wrong ; vertue may aime 15
Reward of conscience, never can, of fame,
Since her great trumpet's broke, could onely give
Faith to the world, command it to belecve ;
Hee then must write, that would define thy parts :
Here lyes the best Divinitie, All the Arts. 20

Edw. Hyde.

*On Doctor Donne,**By D' C. B. of O.*

HEe that would write an Epitaph for thee,
 And do it well, must first beginne to be
 Such as thou wert ; for, none can truly know
 Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so ;
 He must have wit to spare and to hurle downe : 5
 Enough, to keepe the gallants of the towne.
 He must have learning plenty ; both the Lawes,
 Civill, and Common, to judge any cause ;
 Divinity great store, above the rest ;
 Not of the last Edition, but the best. 10
 Hee must have language, travaile, all the Arts ;
 Judgement to use ; or else he wants thy parts.
 He must have friends the highest, able to do ;
 Such as *Mecenas*, and *Augustus* too.
 He must have such a sicknesse, such a death ; 15
 Or else his vaine descriptions come beneath ;
 Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
 He must be dead first, let't alone for mee.

*An Elegie upon the incomparable*D^r DONNE.

ALl is not well when such a one as I
 Dare peepe abroad, and write an *Elegie* ;
 When smaller *Starres* appeare, and give their light,
Phæbus is gone to bed : Were it not night,
 And the world witleffe now that DONNE is dead, 5
 You sooner should have broke, then seene my head.
 Dead did I say ? Forgive this *Injury*
 I doe him, and his worthes *Infinity*,
 To say he is but dead ; I dare averre
 It better may be term'd a *Massacre*, 10
 Then *Sleepe* or *Death* ; See how the *Muses* mourne
 Upon their oaten *Reeds*, and from his *Vrne*
 Threaten the World with this *Calamity*,
 They shall have *Ballads*, but no *Poetry*.

On &c. Also in Corbet's Poems 1647

Language

Language lyes speechlesse ; and *Divinity*, 15
 Loft such a *Trump* as even to *Extasie*
 Could charme the Soule, and had an *Influence*
 To teach best *judgements*, and please dullest *Sense*.
 The *Court*, the *Church*, the *Vniversitie*,
 Loft *Chaplain*, *Deane*, and *Doctor*, All these, Three. 20
 It was his *Merit*, that his *Funerall*
 Could cause a losse so *great* and *generall*.

If there be any Spirit can answer give
 Of such as hence depart, to such as live :
 Speake, Doth his body there vermiculate, 25
 Crumble to dust, and feele the lawes of Fate ?
 Me thinks, *Corruption*, *Wormes*, what else is foule
 Should spare the *Temple* of so faire a *Soule*.
 I could beleeeve they doe ; but that I know
 What inconvenience might hereafter grow : 30
 Succeeding ages would *Idolatrize*,
 And as his *Numbers*, so his *Reliques* prize.

If that Philosopher, which did avow
 The world to be but Motes, was living now :
 He would affirme that th' *Atomes* of his mould 35
 Were they in severall bodies blended, would
 Produce new worlds of *Travellers*, *Divines*,
 Of *Linguists*, *Poets*: sith these severall *lines*
 In him concentred were, and flowing thence
 Might fill againe the worlds *Circumference*. 40
 I could beleeeve this too ; and yet my faith
 Not want a *President*: The *Phanix* hath
 (And such was He) a power to animate
 Her ashes, and herselfe perpetuate.
 But, busie Soule, thou dost not well to pry 45
 Into these Secrets ; *Griefe*, and *Iealousie*,
 The more they know, the further still advance,
 And finde no way so safe as *Ignorance*.
 Let this suffice thee, that his *Soule* which flew
 A pitch of all admir'd, known but of few, 50
 (Save those of purer mould) is now translated
 From Earth to Heav'n, and there *Constellated*.
 For, if each *Priest* of God shine as a *Starre*,
 His *Glory* is as his *Gifts*, 'bove others farre.

HEN. VALENTINE.

An

An Elegie upon Dr Donne.

IS *Donne*, great *Donne* deceas'd? then England say
 Thou' hast loft a man where language chose to stay
 And shew it's gracefull power. I would not praise
 That and his vast wit (which in these vaine dayes
 Make many proud) but as they serv'd to unlock 5
 That Cabinet, his minde: where such a stock
 Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
 (Or should) this generall cause of discontent.

And I rejoyce I am not so severe,
 But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare 10
 For his decease; Such sad extremities
 May make such men as I write *Elegies*.

And wonder not; for, when a generall losse
 Falls on a nation, and they flight the crosse,
 God hath rais'd *Prophets* to awaken them 15
 From stupifaction; witnesse my milde pen,
 Not us'd to upbraid the world, though now it must
 Freely and boldly, for, the cause is just.

Dull age, Oh I would spare thee, but th'art worse,
 Thou art not onely dull, but hast a curse 20
 Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
 Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow
 For thee and thine, successively to pay
 A sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter *Poetrie*, wherein 25
 Was all Philosophie? Was every finne,
 Character'd in his *Satyres*? made so foule
 That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their foule
 Freer by reading verse? Did he give *dayes*
 Past marble monuments, to those, whose praise 30
 He would perpetuate? Did hee (I feare
 The dull will doubt :) these at his twentieth yeare?

But, more matur'd: Did his full soule conceive,
 And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
 A *Crowne of sacred sonets*, fit to adorne *La Corona.* 35
 A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worne
 On that blest head of *Mary Magdalen*:
 After she wip'd Christs feet, but not till then?

An Elegie &c. See note

1-3 Our *Donne* is dead; England should mourne, may say
 We had a man where language chose to stay
 And shew her gracefull power 1635-69

35 *Crowne*] *Crowme* 1633

Did hee (fit for such penitents as shee
 And hee to use) leave us a *Litany*? 40
 Which all devout men love, and sure, it shall,
 As times grow better, grow more classically.
 Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety and wit
 Equall to those great grave *Prudentius* writ?
 Spake he all *Languages*? knew he all *Lawes*? 45
 The grounds and use of *Physicke*; but because
 'Twas mercenary wav'd it? Went to see
 That blessed place of *Christs nativity*?
 Did he returne and preach him? preach him so
 As none but hee did, or could do? They know 50
 (Such as were blest to heare him know) 'tis truth.
 Did he confirme thy age? convert thy youth?
 Did he these wonders? And is this deare losse
 Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a crosse.)
 But sure the silent are ambitious all 55
 To be *Cloſe Mourners* at his Funerall;
 If not; In common pittie they forbare
 By repetitions to renew our care;
 Or, knowing, grieve conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
 Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes 60
 Do waste the braine) make silence a safe way
 To'nlarge the Soule from these walls, mud and clay,
 (Materialls of this body) to remaine
 With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiscuous paine
 Lessens the joy wee have, for, with *him*, all 65
 Are satisfi'd with *joyes essentiall*.
 My thoughts, Dwell on this *Joy*, and do not call
 Griefe backe, by thinking of his Funerall;
 Forget he lov'd mee; Waste not my sad yeares;
 (Which haste to *Davids* seventy, fill'd with feares 70
 And sorrow for his death;) Forget his parts,
 Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts;
 And, (for, my first is daily paid for sinne)
 Forget to pay my second sigh for him:
 Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget 75
 I am his *Convert*. Oh my frailtie! let
 My flesh be no more heard, it will obtrude
 This lethargie: so should my gratitude,
 My vov'es of gratitude should so be broke;
 Which can no more be, then *Donnes* vertues spoke 80
 By any but himselfe; for which cause, I
 Write no *Encomium*, but an *Elegie*.

An Elegie upon the death of the
Deane of Pauls, Dr. Iohn Donne :

By *M^r. Tho: Carie.*

CAN we not force from widdowed Poetry,
 Now thou art dead (Great DONNE) one Elegie
 To crowne thy Hearse? Why yet dare we not trust
 Though with unkneaded dowe-bak't prose thy dust,
 Such as the uncifor'd Churchman from the flower 5
 Of fading Rhetorique, short liv'd as his houre,
 Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
 Upon thy Ashes, on the funerall day?
 Have we no voice, no tune? Did'st thou dispense
 Through all our language, both the words and sence? 10
 'Tis a sad truth; The Pulpit may her plaine,
 And sober Christian precepts still retaine,
 Doctrines it may, and wholesome Uses frame,
 Grave Homilies, and Lectures, But the flame
 Of thy brave Soule, that shot such heat and light, 15
 As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,
 Committed holy Rapes upon our Will,
 Did through the eye the melting heart distill;
 And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,
 As sence might judge, what phansie could not reach; 20
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
 That fills with spirit and heat the Delphique quire,
 Which kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
 Glow'd here a while, lies quench't now in thy death;
 The Muses garden with Pedantique weedes 25
 O'rspred, was purg'd by thee; The lazie seeds
 Of servile imitation throwne away;
 And fresh invention planted, Thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
 Licentious thefts, that make poëtique rage 30
 A Mimique fury, when our soules must bee
 Possess'd, or with Anacreons Extasie,
 Or Pindars, not their owne; The subtle cheat
 Of flie Exchanges, and the jugling feat
 Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong 35
 By ours was done the Greeke, or Latine tongue,
 Thou hast redeem'd, and open'd Us a Mine
 Of rich and pregnant phansie, drawne a line

An Elegie &c. Also in Carew's Poems 1640. See note

Of

Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seene, Or all the ancient Brood 40
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
Their lead more precious, then thy burnish't Gold,
Thou hadst beene their Exchequer, and no more
They each in others dust, had rak'd for Ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time, 45
And the blinde fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charmes the outward sense ; Yet thou maist claime
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our stubborne language bends, made only fit 50
With her tough-thick-rib'd hoopes to gird about
Thy Giant phansie, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting Phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare, 55
And left the rifled fields, besides the feare
To touch their Harvest, yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy smallest worke) have gleaned more
Then all those times, and tongues could reape before : 60
But thou art gone, and thy strict lawes will be
Too hard for Libertines in Poetrie.
They will repeale the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddeses, which in thy just raigne
Were banish'd nobler Poems, now, with these 65
The silenc'd tales o'th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windy Page,
Till Verse refin'd by thee, in this last Age,
Turne ballad rime, Or those old Idolls bee
Ador'd againe, with new apostasie ; 70
Oh, pardon mee, that breake with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy herse,
Whose awfull solemne murmures were to thee
More then these faint lines, A loud Elegie,
That did proclaime in a dumbe eloquence 75
The death of all the Arts, whose influence
Growne feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gasping short winded Accents, and so dies :
So doth the swiftly turning wheele not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand, 80
But some small time maintaine a faint weake course
By vertue of the first impulsive force :

And

And so whil'ft I caſt on thy funerall pile
 Thy crowne of Bayes, Oh, let it crack a while,
 And ſpit diſdaine, till the devouring ſlaſhes
 Suck all the moyſture up, then turne to aſhes. 85
 I will not draw the envy to engroſſe
 All thy perfections, or weepe all our loſſe;
 Thoſe are too numerous for an Elegie,
 And this too great, to be expreſs'd by mee. 90
 Though every pen ſhould ſhare a diſtinct part,
 Yet art thou Theme enough to tyre all Art;
 Let others carve the reſt, it ſhall ſuffice
 I on thy Tombe this Epitaph incife.

Here lies a King, that rul'd as hee thought fit 95
The univerſall Monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, and both thoſe, the beſt,
Apollo's firſt, at laſt, the true Gods Prieſt.

An Elegie on D^r. DONNE: By Sir Lucius Carie.

POets attend, the Elegie I ſing
 Both of a doubly-named Prieſt, and King:
 In ſtead of Coates, and Pennons, bring your Verſe,
 For you muſt bee chiefe mourners at his Hearſe,
 A Tombe your Muſe muſt to his Fame ſupply, 5
 No other Monuments can never die;
 And as he was a two-fold Prieſt; in youth,
 Apollo's; afterwards, the voice of Truth,
 Gods Conduit-pipe for grace, who choſe him for
 His extraordinary Embaſſador, 10
 So let his Liegiers with the Poets joyne,
 Both having ſhares, both muſt in grieve combine:
 Whil'ſt Johnſon forceth with his Elegie
 Teares from a grieve-unknowing Scythians eye,
 (Like Moſes at whoſe ſtroke the waters guſht 15
 From forth the Rock, and like a Torrent ruſht.)
 Let Lawd his funerall Sermon preach, and ſhew
 Thoſe vertues, dull eyes were not apt to know,
 Nor leave that Piercing Theme, till it appears
 To be goodfriday, by the Churches Teares; 20
 Yet

Yet make not griefe too long oppresse our Powers,
Least that his funerall Sermon should prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly Eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life dispenſe,
Preacher and Orator discharg'd both parts 25
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts,
And the first such (Though a long studied Art
Tell us our soule is all in every part,)
None was so marble, but whil't him he heares,
His Soule so long dwelt only in his eares. 30
And from thence (with the fierceneſſe of a flood
Bearing downe vice) victual'd with that bleſt food
Their hearts; His seed in none could faile to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No Druggiſt of the Soule beſtow'd on all 35
So Catholiquely a curing Cordiall.
Nor only in the Pulpit dwelt his ſtore,
His words work'd much, but his example more,
That preach't on worky dayes, His Poetrie
It ſelfe was oftentimes divinity, 40
Thoſe Anthemes (almost ſecond Pfalmes) he writ
To make us know the Croſſe, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name
Wee ſhould not need warmth from an under flame.)
Creates a fire in us, ſo neare extreme 45
That we would die, for, and upon this theme.
Next, his ſo pious Litany, which none can
But count Divine, except a Puritan,
And that but for the name, nor this, nor thoſe
Want any thing of Sermons, but the proſe. 50
Experience makes us ſee, that many a one
Owes to his Countrey his Religion;
And in another, would as ſtrongly grow,
Had but his Nurſe and Mother taught him ſo,
Not hee the ballaſt on his Judgement hung; 55
Nor did his preconceit doe either wrong;
He labour'd to exclude what ever ſinne
By time or careleſſeneſſe had entred in;
Winnow'd the chaffe from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeale ſhould force him, burne them both; 60
Nor would allow of that ſo ignorant gall,
Which to ſave blotting often would blot all;
Nor did thoſe barbarous opinions owne,
To thinke the Organs ſinne, and faction, none;

Nor

Nor was there expectation to gaine grace 65
 From forth his Sermons only, but his face ;
 So Primitive a looke, such gravitie
 With humbleness, and both with Pietie ;
 So milde was Moses countenance, when he prai'd
 For them whose Satanisme his power gainfaid ; 70
 And such his gravitie, when all Gods band
 Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand,
 Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
 Then ever Argive Hellens could of love.
 Now to conclude, I must my reason bring, 75
 Wherefore I call'd him in his title King,
 That Kingdome the Philosophers beleev'd
 To excell Alexanders, nor were griev'd
 By feare of losse (that being such a Prey
 No stronger then ones selfe can force away) 80
 The Kingdome of ones selfe, this he enjoy'd,
 And his authoritie so well employ'd,
 That never any could before become
 So Great a Monarch, in so small a roome ;
 He conquer'd rebell passions, rul'd them so, 85
 As under-spheares by the first Mover goe,
 Banish't so farre their working, that we can
 But know he had some, for we knew him man.
 Then let his last excuse his first extremes,
 His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams. 90

On D^r. D O N N E S death:

By M^r. Mayne of Christ-Church in Oxford.

WHo shall presume to mourn thee, *Donne*, unlesse
 He could his teares in thy expressions dresse,
 And teach his grieve that reverence of thy Hearse,
 To weepe lines, learned, as thy Anniverse,
 A Poëme of that worth, whose every teare 5
 Deserves the title of a severall yeare.
 Indeed so farre above its Reader, good,
 That wee are thought wits, when 'tis understood,
 There that blest maid to die, who now should grieve ?
 After thy sorrow, 'twere her losse to live ; 10

And her faire vertues in anothers line,
 Would faintly dawn, which are made Saints in thine.
 Hadst thou beene shallower, and not writ so high,
 Or left some new way for our pennes, or eye,
 To shed a funerall teare, perchance thy Tombe 15
 Had not beene speechlesse, or our Muses dumbe;
 But now wee dare not write, but must conceale
 Thy Epitaph, lest we be thought to steale,
 For, who hath read thee, and discernes thy worth,
 That will not say, thy carelesse houres brought forth 20
 Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
 Was happier, then our serious time of day?
 So learned was thy chance; thy haste had wit,
 And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit,
 What was thy recreation turnes our braine, 25
 Our rack and palenesse, is thy weakest straine.
 And when we most come neere thee, 'tis our blisse
 To imitate thee, where thou dost amisse.
 Here light your muse, you that do onely thinke,
 And write, and are just Poets, as you drinke, 30
 In whose weake fancies wit doth ebbe and flow,
 Just as your reckonings rise, that wee may know
 In your whole carriage of your worke, that here
 This flash you wrote in Wine, and this in Beere,
 This is to tap your Muse, which running long 35
 Writes flat, and takes our eare not halfe so strong;
 Poore Suburbe wits, who, if you want your cup,
 Or if a Lord recover, are blowne up.
 Could you but reach this height, you should not need
 To make, each meale, a project ere you feed, 40
 Nor walke in reliques, clothes so old and bare,
 As if left off to you from *Ennius* were,
 Nor should your love, in verse, call Miltresse, those,
 Who are mine hostesse, or your whores in prose;
 From this Muse learne to Court, whose power could move 45
 A Cloystred coldnesse, or a Vestall love,
 And would convey such errands to their care,
 That Ladies knew no oddes to grant and heare;
 But I do wrong thee, *Donne*, and this low praise
 Is written onely for thy yonger dayes. 50
 I am not growne up, for thy riper parts,
 Then should I praise thee, through the Tongues, and Arts,
 And have that deepe Divinity, to know,
 What mysteries did from thy preaching flow,

Who

Who with thy words could charme thy audience, 55
 That at thy sermons, eare was all our sense ;
 Yet have I seene thee in the pulpit stand,
 Where wee might take notes, from thy looke, and hand ;
 And from thy speaking action beare away
 More Sermon, then some teachers use to say. 60
 Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
 As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
 Thy motion did confute, and wee might see
 An error vanquish'd by delivery.
 Not like our Sonnes of Zeale, who to reforme 65
 Their hearers, fiercely at the Pulpit storme,
 And beate the cushion into worse estate,
 Then if they did conclude it reprobate,
 Who can out pray the glasse, then lay about
 Till all Predestination be runne out. 70
 And from the point such tedious uses draw,
 Their repetitions would make Gospell, Law.
 No, In such temper would thy Sermons flow,
 So well did Doctrine, and thy language show,
 And had that holy feare, as, hearing thee, 75
 The Court would mend, and a good Christian bee.
 And Ladies though unhandsome, out of grace,
 Would heare thee, in their unbought looks, and face.
 More I could write, but let this crowne thine Urne,
 Wee cannot hope the like, till thou returne. 80

Upon Mr J. Donne, and his Poems.

WHO dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
 (Unburied yet) this living part of thee?
 This part that to thy beeing gives fresh flame,
 And though th'art *Donne*, yet will preserve thy name.
 Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimfen hew, 5
 And whey-like ranne at last in a pale blew)
 May shew thee mortall, a dead pallie may
 Seife on't, and quickly turne it into clay ;
 Which like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd :
 But this great Spirit thou hast left behinde, 10
 This Soule of Verse (in it's first pure estate)
 Shall live, for all the World to imitate,

But

But not come neer, for in thy Fancies flight
 Thou dost not stoope unto the vulgar sight,
 But, hovering highly in the aire of Wit, 15
 Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it ;
 Admire they may. Each object that the Spring
 (Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
 T'adorne Earths face, thou sweetly did'st contrive
 To beauties elements, and thence derive 20
 Unspotted Lillies white ; which thou did'st set
 Hand in hand, with the veine-like Violet,
 Making them soft, and warme, and by thy power,
 Could'st give both life, and sense, unto a flower.
 The Cheries thou hast made to speake, will bee 25
 Sweeter unto the taste, then from the tree.
 And (spight of winter stormes) amidst the snow
 Thou oft hast made the blushing Rose to grow.
 The Sea-nymphs, that the watry cavernes keepe,
 Have sent their Pearles and Rubies from the deepe 30
 To deck thy love, and plac'd by thee, they drew
 More lustre to them, then where first they grew.
 All minerals (that Earths full wombe doth hold
 Promiscuously) thou couldst convert to gold,
 And with thy flaming raptures so refine, 35
 That it was much more pure then in the Mine.
 The lights that guild the night, if thou did'st say,
 They looke like eyes, those did out-shine the day ;
 For there would be more vertue in such spells,
 Then in Meridians, or crosse Parallels : 40
 What ever was of worth in this great Frame,
 That Art could comprehend, or Wit could name,
 It was thy theme for Beauty ; thou didst see,
 Woman, was this faire Worlds Epitomie.
 Thy nimble *Satyres* too, and every straine 45
 (With nerry strength) that issued from thy brain,
 Will lose the glory of their owne cleare bayes,
 If they admit of any others praise.
 But thy diviner Poëms (whose cleare fire
 Purges all drosse away) shall by a Quire 50
 Of Cherubims, with heavenly Notes be set
 (Where flesh and blood could ne'r attaine to yet)
 There purest Spirits sing such sacred Layes,
 In Panegyrique Alleluiaes.

Arth. Wilson.

*In memory of Doctor Donne:**By Mr R. B.*

Donne dead? 'Tis here reported true, though I
 Ne'r yet so much desir'd to heare a lye,
 'Tis too too true, for so wee finde it still,
 Good newes are often false, but seldome, ill :
 But must poore fame tell us his fatall day, 5
 And shall we know his death, the common way,
 Mee thinkes some Comet bright should have foretold
 The death of such a man, for though of old
 'Tis held, that Comets Princes death foretell,
 Why should not his, have needed one as well? 10
 Who was the Prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd,
 High as a Prince, and as great State maintain'd?
 Yet wants he not his signe, for wec have seene
 A dearth, the like to which hath never beene,
 Treading on harvests heeles, which doth presage 15
 The death of wit and learning, which this age
 Shall finde, now he is gone ; for though there bee
 Much graine in shew, none brought it forth as he,
 Or men are misers ; or if true want raises
 The dearth, then more that dearth *Donnes* plenty praises. 20
 Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
 And Poësie, (past rauishing of sense,)
 He had a magazine, wherein such store
 Was laid up, as might hundreds serue of poore.
 But he is gone, O how will his desire 25
 Torture all those that warm'd them by his fire ?
 Mee thinkes I see him in the pulpit standing,
 Not eares, or eyes, but all mens hearts commanding,
 Where wee that heard him, to our selues did faine
 Golden Chrysofome was alive againe ; 30
 And never were we wearid, till we saw
 His houre (and but an houre) to end did draw.
 How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
 With helps to boot, for men to beare th'abuse
 Of their tir'd patience, and endure th'expence 35
 Of time, O spent in hearkning to non-sense,
 With markes also, enough whereby to know,
 The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so.
 'Tis true, they quitted him, to their poore power,
 They humm'd against him ; And with face most sowre 40
 Call'd

Call'd him a strong lin'd man, a Macaroon,
 And no way fit to speake to clouted shoone,
 As fine words [truly] as you would desire,
 But [verily,] but a bad edifier.
 Thus did these beetles flight in him that good, 45
 They could not see, and much lesse understood.
 But we may say, when we compare the stuffe
 Both brought; He was a candle, they the snuffe.
 Well, Wifedome's of her children justifi'd,
 Let therefore these poore fellowes stand aside; 50
 Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
 Would I his booke should save him; Rather sily
 I should advise his Clergie not to pray,
 Though of the learn'dst fort; Me thinkes that they
 Of the same trade, are Judges not so fit, 55
 There's no such emulation as of wit.
 Of such, the Envy might as much perchance
 Wrong him, and more, then th'others ignorance.
 It was his Fate (I know't) to be envy'd
 As much by Clerkes, as lay men magnifi'd; 60
 And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
 And yet his Penny earn'd, and had as they.
 No more of this, leaft some should say, that I
 Am strai'd to Satyre, meaning Elegie.
 No, no, had DONNE need to be judg'd or try'd, 65
 A Jury I would summon on his side,
 That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch
 Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
 As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
 These would I bring, though called from the dead: 70
 Southampton, Hambleton, Pembroke, Dorsets Earles,
 Huntingdon, Bedfords Countesses (the Pearles
 Once of each sexe.) If these suffice not, I
 Ten *decem tales* have of Standers by:
 All which, for DONNE, would such a verdict give, 75
 As can belong to none, that now doth live.
 But what doe I? A diminution 'tis
 To speake of him in verse, so short of his,
 Whereof he was the master; All indeed
 Compar'd with him, pip'd on an Oaten reed. 80
 O that you had but one 'mongst all your brothers
 Could write for him, as he hath done for others:
 (Poets I speake to) When I see't, I'll say,
 My eye-sight betters, as my yeares decay,

Meane time a quarrell I shall ever have 85
 Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
 Who use, it seemes their old Authoritie,
 When (Verses men immortall make) they cry:
 Which had it been a Recipe true tri'd,
Probatum esset, DONNE had never dy'd. 90
 For mee, if e'r I had least sparke at all
 Of that which they Poetique fire doe call,
 Here I confesse it fetched from his hearth,
 Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
 This only a poore flash, a lightning is 95
 Before my Muses death, as after his.
 Farewell (faire foule) and deigne receive from mee
 This Type of that devotion I owe thee,
 From whom (while living) as by voice and penne
 I learned more, then from a thousand men: 100
 So by thy death, am of one doubt releas'd,
 And now beleeeve that miracles are ceas'd.

Epitaph.

HEere lies Deane Donne; Enough; Those words alone
 Shew him as fully, as if all the stone
 His Church of Pauls contains, were through inscrib'd
 Or all the walkers there, to speake him, brib'd.
 None can mistake him, for one such as Hee 5
 DONNE, Deane, or Man, more none shall ever see.
 Not man? No, though unto a Sunne each eye
 Were turn'd, the whole earth so to overspie.
 A bold brave word; Yet such brave Spirits as knew
 His Spirit, will say, it is lesse bold then true. 10

Epitaph upon Dr. DONNE,

By Endy: Porter.

THis decent Urne a sad inscription weares,
Of *Donnes* departure from us, to the spheares ;
And the dumbe stone with silence seemes to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Exprest, A cause to make all joy to cease, 5
And never let our sorrowes more take ease ;
For now it is impossible to finde
One fraught with vertues, to enrich a minde ;
But why should death, with a promiscuous hand
At one rude stroke impoverish a land ? 10
Thou strict Attorney, unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rare Parts ? Or didst thou throw thy dart,
With envious hand, at some Plebeyan heart ;
And he with pious vertue slept betweene 15
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseene
By thee ? O 'twas his goodnesse so to doe,
Which humane kindnesse never reacht unto.
Thus the hard lawes of death were satisf'd,
And he left us like Orphan friends, and di'de. 20
Now from the Pulpit to the peoples eares,
Whose speech shall send repentant sighes, and teares ?
Or tell mee, if a purer Virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her Elegie ?
Poets be silent, let your numbers sleepe, 25
For he is gone that did all phansie keepe ;
Time hath no Soule, but his exalted verse ;
Which with amazements, we may now reherse.

In obitum venerabilis viri *Iohannis Donne*, sacrae
Theologiae Doctoris, Ecclesiae Cathedralis Divi *Pauli*, nu-
per Decani ; Illi honoris, tibi (multum mihi colende
Vir) observantiae ergo Hæc ego.

Conquerar ? ignavos sequar tua funera planctu ?
Sed lachrimæ clausisti iter : nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias : ignoscite manes
Defuncti, & tacito sinite indulgere dolori.

Sed scelus est tacuisse : cadant in mæsta lituræ
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe iussis
Cæpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude Poëtam.

O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset :
Inq̃ meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
Musa, repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.
Sed frustra, heu frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto :
Tecum abiit. summoq̃ sedens jam monte *Thalia*
Ridet anhelantes, *Parnassi* & culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verum hâc nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, & flebile carmen
Scribimus (ô soli qui te dilexit) habendum.

Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Clausit ? & immerito merguntur funere virtus ?
Et pietas ? & quæ poterant fecisse beatum,
Cætera, sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

Quo mihi doctrinam ? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis juvat ? & totidem olfecisse lucernas ?
Decolor & longos studiis deperdere Soles
Vt prius aggredior, longamque arcessere famam.
Omnia sed frustra : mihi dum cunctisque minatur
Exitium crudele & inexorabile fatum.

Nam post te sperare nihil decet : hoc mihi restat
Vt moriar, tennes fugiatque obscurus in auras
Spiritus : ô doctis saltem si cognitus umbris.
Illic te (venerande) iterum, (venerande) videbo.
Et dulces audire sonos, & verba disertæ
Oris, & æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces.
Quæis ferus infernæ tacuisset Ianitor aulæ
Auditis : Nilusq̃ minus strepuisset : *Arion*

In obitum &c. 1635-69, taking the place of the lines by Tho: Browne.
10 pectore, 1635 21 beatum.] beatum 1635 23 olfecisse]
olfecisse 1635 25 prius aggredior, 1635-69 : prius, aggredior, 1719
arcessere Ed: accessere 1635-69 26-7 mihi dum . . . Exitium 1719 :
mihi, dum . . . Exitium, 1635-39 : mihi dum, . . . Exitium, 1650-69

Cederet,

Cederet, & sylvas qui post se traxerat Orpheus.
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voce feros potuit: quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus non motus ut illo
Hortante, & blando victus sermone sileret? 40
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat,
Singula sic decuere senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi & stupui quotics orator in Æde
Paulina stetit, & mira gravitate levantes
Corda, oculosq; viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille 45
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa prius nondum intellecta: revolunt
Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus astant.
Mutatis mox ille modo, formaq; loquendi 50
Tristia pertractat: fatumq; & flebile mortis
Tempus, & in cineres redeunt quod corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres,
Forsthan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem; ætheris illo 55
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectusq; ciere suos, & ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium, divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.
Quo feror? audaci & forsan pietate nocenti 60
In nimia ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus
Omnibus; inferior quanto est, et pessimus, impar
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista Poëta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poëtæ 65
Definite: en fati certus, sibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmisit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Ultima volentem et Cycnæâ voce loquentem)
Nuper cum, turba & magnatum audiret in Aulâ.
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc astitit illi 70
Aula frequens. Sold nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidui
Incipiant & amare famem? Metuere Leones
Sic olim, sacrosque artus violare Prophetæ
Bellua non ausa est quàmquam jejuna, sitimq; 75
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.
At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsan metrico pede serpet ab inde:

<i>Vescere, & exhausto satia te sanguine. Iam nos</i>	80
<i>Adsumus; et post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te</i>	
<i>Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.</i>	
<i>Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras:</i>	
<i>Sustinet & tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce</i>	
<i>Non festinanti æternum requiescere turbæ.</i>	85
<i>Ipsa satis properat quæ nescit Parca morari,</i>	
<i>Nunc urgere colum, trahere atq; occare videmus.</i>	
<i>Quin rursus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te</i>	
<i>Quo Deus, & quo dura volet natura sequemur.</i>	
<i>Deposita interea lapides servate fideles.</i>	90
<i>Fælices illâ quævis Ædis parte locari</i>	
<i>Quâ jacet iste datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,</i>	
<i>Parturietq; viro plenus testantia luctus</i>	
<i>Verba: & carminibus quæ Donni suggeret illi</i>	
<i>Spiritus, insolitos testari voce calores</i>	95
<i>Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat.)</i>	
<i>Mole sub hâc tegitur quicquid mortale relictum est</i>	
<i>De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huic,</i>	
<i>Formosâ pecoris pastor, formosior ipse.</i>	
<i>Ite igitur, dignisq; illum celebrate loquelis,</i>	100
<i>Et quæ demuntur vitæ date tempora famæ.</i>	
<i>Indignus tantorum meritorum Præco, virtutum</i>	
<i>tuarum cultor religiosissimus,</i>	
<i>DANIEL DARNEILLY.</i>	

Elegie on D. D.

N OW, by one yeare, time and our frailtie have	
Lessened our first confusion, since the Grave	
Clos'd thy deare Affes, and the teares which flow	
In these, have no springs, but of solid woe:	
Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze	5
At thy decease, and will not thaw in Prose:	
All streames of Verse which shall lament that day,	
Doe truly to the Ocean tribute pay;	
But they have lost their saltneffe, which the eye	
In recompence of wit, strives to supply:	10
86 Parca] parca 1635-69 morari,] morari 1635 88 rursus 1719: rufus	
1635: nufus 1639-69 96 Incipiet: . . calebat. 1719: no stops, 1635-69	
Elegie on D. D. 1635-69: it follows Walton's elegy.	

Passions exceſſe for thee wee need not feare,
Since firſt by thee our paſſions hallowed were ;
Thou mad'ſt our ſorrowes, which before had bin
Onely for the Succeſſe, ſorrowes for ſinne,
We owe thee all thoſe teares, now thou art dead, 15
Which we ſhed not, which for our ſelves we ſhed.
Nor didſt thou onely conſecrate our teares,
Give a religious tincture to our feares ;
But even our joyes had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didſt from gladneſſe ſeparate offence : 20
All mindes at once ſuckt grace from thee, as where
(The curſe revok'd) the Nations had one care.
Pious diſſector : thy one houre did treat
The thouſand mazes of the hearts deceit ;
Thou didſt purſue our lov'd and ſubtil ſinne, 25
Through all the foldings wee had wrapt it in,
And in thine owne large minde finding the way
By which our ſelves we from our ſelves convey,
Didſt in us, narrow models, know the ſame
Angles, though darker, in our meaner frame. 30
How ſhort of praiſe is this? My Muſe, alas,
Climbes weakly to that truth which none can paſſe,
Hee that writes beſt, may onely hope to leave
A Character of all he could conceive
But none of thee, and with mee muſt confeſſe, 35
That fanſie findes ſome checke, from an exceſſe
Of merit moſt, of nothing, it hath ſpun,
And truth, as reaſons task and theame, doth ſhunne.
She makes a fairer flight in emptineſſe,
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppreſſe. 40
Reaſon againe denies her ſcales, becauſe
Hers arc but ſcales, ſhee judges by the lawes
Of weake compariſon, thy vertue ſleights
Her feeble Beame, and her unequall Weights.
What prodigie of wit and pietie 45
Hath ſhe elſe knowne, by which to meaſure thee?
Great foule : we can no more the worthineſſe
Of what you were, then what you are, expreſſe.

Sidney Godolphin.

*On D^r John Donne, late Deane of S. Paules,
London.*

Long since this taske of teares from you was due,
 Long since, ô Poëts, he did die to you,
 Or left you dead, when wit and he tooke flight
 On divine wings, and soard out of your fight.
 Preachers, 'tis you must weep; The wit he taught 5
 You doe enjoy; the Rebels which he brought
 From ancient discord, Giants faculties,
 And now no more religions enemies;
 Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,
 Witty to good, and learned to discreet, 10
 He reconcil'd, and bid the Vsurper goe;
 Dulnesse to vice, religion ought to flow;
 He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
 Hee did not banish, but transplanted it,
 Taught it his place and use, and brought it home 15
 To Pietie, which it doth best become;
 He shew'd us how for sinnes we ought to sigh,
 And how to sing Christs Epithalamy:
 The Altars had his fires, and there hee spoke
 Incense of loves, and fancies holy smoake: 20
 Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
 And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
 The first effects sprung in the giddy minde
 Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kinde,
 By colours lead, and drawne to a pursuit, 25
 Now once againe by beautie of the fruit,
 As if their longings too must set us free,
 And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
 Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dresse,
 Have you knowne crimes so shap'd? or lovelinesse 30
 Such as his lips did cloth religion in?
 Had not reproofe a beauty passing sinne?
 Corrupted nature sorrow'd when she stood
 So neare the danger of becomming good,
 And wish'd our so inconstant eares exempt 35
 From piety that had such power to tempt:
 Did not his sacred flattery beguile
 Man to amendment? The law, taught to smile,

*On D^r John Donne &c. 1635-69, where it follows Godolphin's Elegie
Pension'd*

Penſion'd our vanitie, and man grew well
Through the ſame frailtie by which he fell. 40
O the ſick ſtate of man, health does not pleaſe
Our taſts, but in the ſhape of the diſeaſe.
Thriftleſſe is charitie, coward patience,
Juſtice is cruell, mercy want of ſenſe.
What meanes our Nature to barre vertue place, 45
If ſhee doe come in her owne cloathes and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know?
Senſe the ſoules ſervant, doth it keep us ſo
As we might ſtarve for good, unleſſe it firſt
Doe leave a pawne of reliſh in the guſt? 50
Or have we to ſalvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us muſt our affections move
To th' good we flie by thoſe ſweets which we love,
Muſt ſeeke our palats, and with their delight 55
To gaine our deeds, muſt bribe our appetite.
Theſe traines he knew, and laying nets to ſave,
Temptingly ſugred all the health hee gave.
But, where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world, now the loud organ may 60
Appeare, the better voyce is fled to have
A thouſand times the ſweetneſſe which it gave.
I cannot ſay how many thouſand ſpirits
The ſingle happineſſe this ſoule inherits,
Damnes in the other world, ſoules whom no croſſe 65
O'th ſenſe afflicts, but onely of the loſſe,
Whom ignorance would halfe ſave, all whoſe paine
Is not in what they feele, but others gaine,
Selfe exccuting wretched ſpirits, who
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too: 70
But thoſe high joyes which his wits youngſt flame
Would hurt to chuſe, ſhall not we hurt to name?
Verſe ſtatues are all robbers, all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give but take
As Sailes which Seamen to a forewinde fit, 75
By a reſiſtance, goe along with it,
So pens grow while they leſſen fame ſo left;
A weake aſſiſtance is a kinde of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his teares upon,
Muſt weep here if he have ambition.

I. Chudlcigh.

F I N I S.

APPENDIX A.

LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

DE LIBRO CVM MVTV-
aretur Impresso; Domi à pueris fru-
statim lacerato; et post reddito
Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque v.
D. D. Andrews.

PArturiunt madido quae nixu praela, recepta,
Sed quae scripta manu, sunt veneranda magis.
Qui liber in pluteos, blattis cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit praeli sanguine tinctus, abit;
Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur, 5
Involat et veterum scrinia summa Patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos,
Haec nova fata libro posse dedisse novo. 10
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipse Pater Iuvenem me dabit arte senem?
Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Iuvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti praestandum, Antiquae Dierum, 15
Quo visio, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmas fallamus taedia vitae,
Libris, et Coelorum aemulâ amicitia.
Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit. 20

〈Epigramma〉

*Transiit in Sequanam Moenus; Victoris in aedes;
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.*

DE LIBRO &c. 1635-69 among certain prose letters in Latin and English Title:—mutuaretur Impresso;] mutuaretur, Impresso, 1635-69
frustratim] frustratim 1635-69 lacerato;] lacerato, 1635-69 2 manu,
sunt] manu sunt, 1635-69 4 abit;] abit, 1635-69
〈Epigramma〉 Ed: in old edd. these lines are 3 and 4 of above poem. See
note 1 aedes;] aedes, 1635-69

Amicissimo

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN. JONSON.
In Vulponem.

Quod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Consulti, veteres sequi aemularierque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu
Illos quod sequeris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis pueritia est neganda,
Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque
Te parem; hos superes, ut et futuros,
Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
Quâ priscos superamus, et futuros.

To Mr George Herbert, with one of my
Seal(s), of the Anchor and Christ.

Qui prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas
Signare, (haec nostrae symbola parva Domus)
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux primo quae fronti impressa lavacro,
Finibus extensis, anchora facta patet.

Amicissimo &c. in sheets added 1650: prefixed originally to Quarto edition of Jonson's Volpone. 1607, later to Folio edition of The Workes of Benjamin Jonson. 1616., when In Vulponem was added: in both signed I. D.
11 Nascanturque 1607: Nascunturque 1616, 1650-69

To Mr George Herbert &c. 1650-69, in sheets added 1650: two and a half lines in Walton's Life of Donne (1658): for Herbert's reply see note Title:—sent him with one Walton (1670) Seal, 1650-69: Seales Walton
1 falce] falce Walton 5 fronti] fronte 1650-69

Anchorae

*Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem definit ipsam,
 Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
 Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso
 Crux, et ab Affixo, est Anchora facta, Iesu. 10
 Nec Natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor,
 Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
 Quâ sapiens, Dos est; Quâ terram lambit et ambit,
 Pestis; At in nostra fit Medicina Cruce,
 Serpens; fixa Cruci si sit Natura; Crucique 15
 A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat.
 Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora facta, sigillum
 Non tam dicendum hoc quam Catechismus erit.
 Mitto nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,
 Pignora amicitiae, et munera; Vota, preces. 20
 Plura tibi accumulet, sanctus cognominis, Ille
 Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo.*

A Sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be
 My Seal, The Crest of our poore Family.
 Adopted in Gods Family, and so
 Our old Coat lost, unto new armes I go.
 The Crosse (my seal at Baptism) spred below, 5
 Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow.
 Crosse grow Anchors; Bear, as thou shouldst do
 Thy Crosse, and that Crosse grows an Anchor too.
 But he that makes our Crosse Anchors thus,
 Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us. 10
 Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold,
 God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old;
 The Serpent, may, as wise, my pattern be;
 My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.

17 facta,] fixa, 1650-69 19 Mitto] Mitto, 1650-69

A sheafe &c.] 1650-69 and in Walton's Life of Donne (1658), in all of which and in all subsequent editions except Grolier the first two lines are printed as a title, Walton bracketing them:—

A sheafe of Snakes used heretofore to be
 my Seal, The Crest of our poore Family.

4 Our . . . unto] My . . . into Walton 5 at] in Walton 11 with
 this I may Walton

And

And as he rounds the Earth to murder fure, 15
 My death he is, but on the Crosse, my cure.
 Crucifie nature then, and then implore
 All Grace from him, crucified there before;
 When all is Crosse, and that Crosse Anchor grown,
 This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone. 20
 Under that little Seal great gifts I send,
 〈Wishes,〉 and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
 And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal,
 To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.

Translated out of *Gazæus, Vota Amico*
facta. fol. 160.

God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine,
 Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things outshine;
 May thy soul, ever chearfull, nere know cares,
 Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray haire.
 Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds, 5
 Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleits, or folds.
 Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing,
 Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling.
 Nor thy works, ever equall, know disguise,
 Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies. 10
 Nor thy prayers, know low objects, still Divine;
 God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

15 to murder fure,] to murder, fure *Walton* 16 He is my death;
Walton 22 Wishes, *Ed: Works, 1650-69: Both works Walton: Lat.*
vota 23-4 Oh may that Saint that rides on our great Seal,
 To you that bear his name large bounty deal. *Walton.*
 Translated &c.] 1650-69, in sheets added 1650: for original see note

APPENDIX B.

POEMS WHICH HAVE BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN DONNE IN THE OLD EDITIONS AND THE PRINCIPAL MS. COLLEC- TIONS, ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR PROBABLE AUTHORS.

I.

POEMS

PROBABLY BY SIR JOHN ROE, KNT.

To Sr Nicholas Smyth.

Sleep, next Society and true friendship,
 Mans best contentment, doth securely slip
 His passions and the worlds troubles. Rock me
 O sleep, wean'd from my dear friends company,
 In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there 5
 Where poor men ly, for Kings asleep do fear.
 Here sleeps Houfe by famous Ariosto,
 By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,
 Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spencer too pardie,
 (Which builded was some dozen Stories high) 10
 I had repair'd, but that it was so rotten,
 As sleep awak'd by Ratts from thence was gotten:
 And I will build no new, for by my Will,
 Thy fathers house shall be the fairest still

To Sr Nicholas Smyth. *Ed:* Satyra Sexta. To Sr &c. *S:* Satires to Sr
 Nic: Smith. 1602 *B:* A Satire: to Sr Nicholas Smith. 1602, *L74:* A
 Satyricall Letter to Sr Nich: Smith. Quere, if Donnes or Sr Th: Rowes.
O'F: no title *N, TCD (JR in margin):* Satyre VI. 1669 (*on which the*
present text is based) 1 Sleep, next] Sleep next, 1669 2 flip
1669, S: skipp *B, L74, N, O'F, TCD.* In 1669 full stops after flip and
 rock me and no stop after troubles 3 Rock] rock 1669 4 my
MSS.: thy 1669 6 asleep] all sleap *B* 9 golden-mouth'd] gold-
 mouth'd *B, S* 14 still] still. 1669

In Excefter. Yet, methinks, for all their Wit, 15
 Those wits that say nothing, best describe it.
 Without it there is no Sense, only in this
 Sleep is unlike a long Parenthesis.
 Not to save charges, but would I had slept
 The time I spent in London, when I kept 20
 Fighting and untruff gallants Company,
 In which Natta, the new Knight, seized on me,
 And offered me the experience he had bought
 With great Expence. I found him thoroughly taught
 In curing Burnes. His thing hath had more scars 25
 Then Things himselfe; like Epps it often wars,
 And still is hurt. For his Body and State
 The Physick and Counsell which came too late,
 'Gainst Whores and Dice, hee nowe on mee bestowes
 Most superficially: hee speaks of those 30
 (I found by him) least soundly who most knows:
 He swears well, speakes ill, but best of Clothes,
 What fits Summer, what Winter, what the Spring.
 He had Living, but now these waies come in
 His whole Revenues. Where each Whore now dwells, 35
 And hath dwelt, since his fathers death, he tells.
 Yea he tells most cunningly each hid cause
 Why Whores forsake their Bawds. To these some Laws
 He knows of the Duello, and touch his Skill
 The least lot in that or those he quarrell will, 40
 Though sober; but so never fought. I know

25 hath had *L74, N, O'F, S, TCD*: had had 1669: had *B* 26
 Things *B, L74, N, O'F, S, TCD*: T 1669 28-31 text from *B, L74,*
N, O'F, S, TCD, which bracket which . . . late: see note:

The Physick and Councel (which came too late
 'Gainst Whores and Dice) he now on me bestows:
 Most superficially he speaks of those.

I found, by him, least found him who most knows. 1669
 33 what Winter] what What Winter 1669 35 each *B, L74, N, O'F, S,*
TCD: his 1669 37 cunningly 1669, *L74, N, TCD*: perfectly *B,*
O'F, S 39 Duello, *B, N, O'F, S, TCD*: Duel, 1669 touch *B, L74,*
O'F, S: on 1669: only *N, TCD* 40 those *B, L74, O'F*: these 1669
 41 but so never fought. *B, L74, O'F, S* (foe as), *TCD* (nere): but nere
 What

What made his Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go,
 Within a Pint at most: yet for all this
 (Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
 More honest than himself. Thus men may want 45
 Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
 They use themselves to vice. And besides those
 Illiberal Arts forenam'd, no Vicar knows,
 Nor other Captain less than he; His Schools
 Are Ordinaries, where civil men seem fools, 50
 Or are for being there; His best bookes, Plaies,
 Where, meeting godly Scenes, perhaps he praies.
 His first set prayer was for his father, ill
 And sick, that he might dye: That had, until
 The Lands were gone, he troubled God no more: 55
 And then ask'd him but his Right, That the whore
 Whom he had kept, might now keep him: She spent,
 They left each other on even terms; she went
 To Bridewel, he unto the Wars, where want
 Hath made him valiant, and a Lieutenant 60
 He is become: Where, as they pass apace,
 He steps aside, and for his Captains place
 He praies again: Tells God, he will confess
 His sins, swear, drink, dice and whore thenceforth less,
 On this Condition, that his Captain dye 65
 And he succeed; But his Prayer did not; They
 Both cashier'd came home, and he is braver now
 Than his captain: all men wonder, few know how.
 Can he rob? No. Cheat? No. Or doth he spend
 His own? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend, 70
 That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,
 Or thou hadst as good a friend as thou art one.

fought. 1669 42 Valour, undubb'd, Windmill go, *Ed*: Valour undubb'd
 Windmill go. 1669: valours undubb'd Wine-mill go. *L74, N, TCD*: his
 undoubted valour windmill goe. *B*: his undaunted valour windmill goe.
O'F, S 45 want] vaunt *S* 47 besides] except *B, O'F, S* 49
 he; *Ed*: he, 1669 53 father, ill] fathers ill, 1669 65 his] if his
 1669 66 succeed; *Ed*: succeed, 1669 They *Ed*: they 1669
 68 Than his *Ed*: Than his 1669: Then's *N, TCD* how. *Ed*: how,
 1669 69 Or *Ed*: or 1669 72 thou hadst *L74, N, TCD*: thou
 hadst 1669

No present Want nor future hope made me,
 Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be:
 But he had cruelly possess'd thee then, 75
 And as our Neighbours the Low-Country men,
 Being (whilst they were Loyal, with Tyranny
 Oppress'd) broke loose, have since refus'd to be
 Subject to good Kings, I found even so,
 Wer't thou well rid of him, thou't have no more. 80
 Could'st thou but chuse as well as love, to none
 Thou should'st be second: Turtle and Damon
 Should give thee place in songs, and Lovers sick
 Should make thee only Loves Hieroglyphick:
 Thy Impress should be the loving Elm and Vine, 85
 Where now an ancient Oak, with Ivy twine
 Destroy'd, thy Symbol is. O dire Mischance!
 And, O vile verse! And yet your Abraham France
 Writes thus, and jests not. Good Fidus for this
 Must pardon me, Satyres bite when they kiss. 90
 But as for Natta, we have since fall'n out:
 Here on his knees he pray'd, else we had fought.
 And because God would not he should be winner,
 Nor yet would have the Death of such a sinner,
 At his seeking, our Quarrel is deferr'd, 95
 I'll leave him at his Prayers, and (as I heard)
 His last; Fidus, and you, and I do know,
 I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,
 And would be either yet; But he dares be
 Neither; Sleep blots him out and takes in thee. 100
 "The mind, you know is like a Table-book,
 "Which, th'old unwipt, new writing never took.

81 love, *Ed*: love 1669 82 Damon] damon 1669 83 thee]
 the 1669 86-7 Oak, with Ivy twine Destroy'd, thy Symbol is.
L74, N, TCD: Oak with Ivy twine, Destroy'd thy Symbole is. 1669: Oak
 with ivy twine. Destroy'd thy symbol is! *Chambers* 87 Mischance!]
 Mischance? 1669 88 your *B, L74, N, S, TCD*: our 1669 92
 knees] knees, 1669 97 Fidus, and you, and I *N, TCD*: and Fidus,
 you and I 1669: Fidus, and you, and he *B, L74, O'F, S* 100 Neither;
L74, N, O'F, S, TCD: Neither yet. 1669 Sleep] sleep 1669 102
 Which, th'old unwipt, *B, O'F, S, TCD*: "The old unwipt 1669

Hear

Hear how the Huiflers Checques, Cupbord and Fire
 I paff'd; by which Degrees young men aspire
 In Court; And how that idle and she-state, 105
 Whenas my judgment cleer'd, my foul did hate;
 How I found there (if that my trifling Pen
 Durst take so hard a Task) Kings were but men,
 And by their Place more noted, if they erre;
 How they and their Lords unworthy men prefer; 110
 And, as unthrifts had rather give away
 Great Summs to flatterers, than small debts pay,
 So they their weakness hide, and greatness show,
 By giving them that which to worth they owe:
 What Treason is, and what did Effex kill, 115
 Not true Treason, but Treason handled ill;
 And which of them stood for their Countries good,
 Or what might be the Cause of so much Blood.
 He said she stunk, and men might not have said
 That she was old before that she was dead. 120
 His Cafe was hard, to do or suffer; loth
 To do, he made it harder, and did both.
 Too much preparing lost them all their Lives,
 Like some in Plagues kill'd with preservatives.
 Friends, like land-fouldiers in a storm at Sea, 125
 Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
 They told it all the world; where was their wit?
 Cuffs putting on a sword, might have told it.
 And Princes must fear Favorites more then Foes,
 For still beyond Revenge Ambition goes. 130
 How since Her death, with Sumpter-horse that Scot
 Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
 A Sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
 Things worth thy Tenth reading (dear Nick) goodnight.

104-6 1669 has colon after paff'd, brackets by which . . . Court and
 Whenas . . . cleer'd, and places comma after hate 107 there (if that 1669:
 then that (if B, O'F, S 111 And, as unthrifts Ed: And, as unthrifts,
 1669, Chambers 112 pay, Ed: pay; 1669: pay. Chambers 113
 weakness B, L74, O'F, S: greatness 1669, N, TCD 116 ill; Ed: ill:
 1669 118 Blood. Ed: Blood; 1669 121 hard, Ed: hard 1669
 122 both. Ed: both 1669 127 world; Ed: world, 1669 132
 Hath rid,] Doth ryde, B 133 till that 1669: till N, TCD: untill
 B, O'F, S

Satyre.

MEN write that love and reason disagree,
 But I ne'r saw't exprest as 'tis in thee.
 Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see,
 But, thine eyes blinde too, there's no hope for thee.
 Thou say'st shee's wise and witty, faire and free, 5
 All these are reasons why she should scorne thee.
 Thou dost protest thy love, and wouldst it shew
 By matching her as she would match her foe:
 And wouldst perswade her to a worse offence,
 Then that whereof thou didst accuse her wench. 10
 Reason there's none for thee, but thou may'st vex
 Her with example. Say, for feare her sexe
 Shunne her, she needs must change; I doe not see
 How reason e'r can bring that *must* to thee.
 Thou art a match a Iustice to rejoyce, 15
 Fit to be his, and not his daughters choyce.
 Urg'd with his threats shee'd scarcely stay with thee,
 And wouldst th'have this to chuse thee, being free?
 Goe then and punish some soone-gotten stuffe,
 For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough, 20
 In hating thee. Thou maist one like this meet;
 For spight take her, prove kinde, make thy breath sweet,
 Let her see she hath cause, and to bring to thee
 Honest children, let her dishonest bee.
 If shee be a widow, I'll warrant her 25
 Shee'll thee before her first husband preferre,
 And will wish thou hadst had her maidenhead;
 Shee'll love thee so, for then thou hadst bin dead.

Satyre. B, O'F: A Satire: upon one who was his Rivall in a widdowes
 Love. A10: Satyre VI. 1635-54: Satyre. VII. 1669 (*where* Satyre VI. is
 Sleep, next Society &c.) 4 thine eyes 1635-69: thy eye's A10
 11 thee,] the, 1669 13 she needs must change; I 1635-69: she must
 change, yet I A10 16 and 1635-69: but B 17 Urg'd A10, B, O'F:
 Dry'd 1635-69 19 some] 1635 duplicates 22 sweet, 1639-69:
 sweet. 1635 27 maidenhead; Ed: maidenhead, 1635-69 28 (Shee'll
 love thee so) for, 1635-69

But

But thou such strong love, and weake reasons hast;
 Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd. 30
 Yet pause a while; and thou maist live to see
 A time to come, wherein she may beg thee;
 If thou'lt not pause nor change, she'll beg thee now.
 Doe what she can, love for nothing shee'll allow.
 Besides, her(s) were too much gaine and merchandise, 35
 And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
 Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt
 Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
 Againe, be thy love true, shee'll prove divine,
 And in the end the good on't will be thine: 40
 For thou must never think on other love,
 And so wilt advance her as high above
 Vertue as cause above effect can bee:
 'Tis vertue to be chaste, which shee'll make thee.

AN ELEGIE.

Reflecting on his passion for his mistress.

Come, Fates; I feare you not. All whom I owe
 Are paid, but you. Then rest me ere I goe.
 But, Chance from you all soveraignty hath got,
 Love woundeth none but those whom death dares not;

29 strong] firm *A10* 32 thee; *Grosart*: thee. 1635-69 33 now.
Grosart: now, 1635-69 34 love for nothing shee'll 1635-69: she'le love
 for nought *A10* 35 Besides, hers *Ed*: Besides, here 1635-69: But
 hers *A10*: Besides her *O'F* 38-9 out. Againe, 1635-69: out Againe;
A10 40 And in 1635-69: And yet in *A10* thine: *Ed*: thine.
 1635-69 41 For thou must never think on *H-K (Grosart)*: And thou
 must never think on, *A10*: For though thou must ne'r thinke of 1635-69
 42 And so wilt advance her 1635-69: For that will her advance *A10*
 43 bee: *Ed*: bee, 1635-69

An Elegie. Reflecting on &c. *A10*: An Elegie. *H39, H40, L74, RP31*: Eleg. XIII. 1635-69: no title, *Cy*: Elegie. *P*

Else,

Elfe, if you were, and juſt, in equitie 5
 I ſhould have vanquiſh'd her, as you did me.
 Elfe Lovers ſhould not brave death's pains, and live,
 But 'tis a rule, *Death comes not to relieve.*
 Or, pale and wan deaths terrours, are they lay'd
 So deepe in Lovers, they make death afraid? 10
 Or (the laſt comfort) have I company?
 Orcame ſhe Fates, Love, Death, as well as mee?
 Yes, Fates doe ſilke unto her diſtaffe pay,
 For their ranſome, which taxe on us they laye.
 Love gives her youth, which is the reaſon why 15
 Youths, for her ſake, ſome wither and ſome die.
 Poore Death can nothing give; yet, for her ſake,
 Still in her turne, he doth a Lover take:
 And if Death ſhould prove falſe, ſhe feares him not;
 Our Muſes, to redeeme her ſhe hath got. 20
 That fatall night wee laſt kiſs'd, I thus pray'd,
 Or rather, thus deſpair'd; I ſhould have ſaid:
 Kiſſes, and yet deſpaire? The forbid tree
 Did promiſe (and deceive) no more then ſhee.
 Like Lambs that ſee their teats, and muſt eat Hay, 25
 A food, whoſe taſt hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou ſaw'ſt bliſſe, and crav'dſt to touch
 A drop of water, thy great paines were ſuch.
 Here grieve wants a freſh wit, for mine being ſpent,
 And my ſighes weary, groanes are all my rent; 30

5 Elfe, if you were, and juſt, in equitie *H39*: Elfe, if you were, and juſt in equitie, 1635-54, *Grosart*: True, if you were, and juſt in equitie, 1669, *Chambers* (True) 12 Orcame ſhe Fates, Love, Death, *MSS.*: Or can the Fates love death, 1635-69 13 diſtaffe 1635-69, *H39*, *L74*: diſtaves *A10*, *H40*, *RP31* 14 For their . . . on us they laye. *Cy*, *H39*, *H40*, *L74*, *P*: For ranſome, which taxe they on us doe lay. 1635-69: For Ranſome, but a taxe on us they lay: *A10* 17-19 Death] death 1635-69 18 take: *H40*, *L74*: take. 1635-69 21 That fatall night we laſt kiſs'd 1635-69: That laſt fatall night wee kiſs'd *A10*, *H39*, *H40*, *L74*, *P*, *RP31* 22 in brackets 1635-69 ſaid: *Ed*: ſaid, 1635-69 23 deſpaire? *Ed*: deſpaire. 1635-69 24 ſhee.] yee. *A10*, *H40* 28 A drop of water, thy greaſe 1635-69: A ſmall little drop, thy *Cy*, *H39* (then thy), *H40*, *L74*, *P*: The pooreſt little drop, thy *A10*

Vnable longer to indure the paine,
 They breake like thunder, and doe bring down rain.
 Thus, till dry teares foulder mine eyes, I weepe;
 And then, I dreame, how you securely sleepe,
 And in your dreames doe laugh at me. I hate, 35
 And pray Love, All may: He pitties my state,
 But sayes, I therein no revenge should finde;
 The Sunne would shine, though all the world were blind.
 Yet, to trie my hate, Love shew'd me your teare;
 And I had dy'd, had not your smile beene there. 40
 Your frowne undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
 And as you please to looke, I have my health.
 Me thought, Love pitying me, when he saw this,
 Gave me your hands, the backs and palmes to kisse.
 That cur'd me not, but to beare paine gave strength, 45
 And what it lost in force, it tooke in length.
 I call'd on Love againe, who fear'd you so,
 That his compassion still prov'd greater woe;
 For, then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
 But durst not feele, for feare't should not prove true. 50
 This merits not your anger, had it beene,
 The Queene of Chastitie was naked seene;
 And in bed, not to feele, the paine I tooke,
 Was more then for *Aëdon* not to looke.
 And that breft which lay ope, I did not know, 55
 But for the clearnesse, from a lump of snowe,
 Nor that sweet teat which on the top it bore
 From the rose-bud, which for my sake you wore.
 These griefs to issue forth, by verse, I prove,
 Or turne their course, by travaile, or new love: 60

33 dry] dry'd *H39, H40, L74, RP31* 36 I.ove, *Ed: Love 1635-69:*
Love: A10 37 should *most MSS.:* shall *1635-69, Cy, P* 44 the
1635-69: their *A10, Cy, H40, L74, P, RP31* 46 it . . . it *all*
MSS.: is . . . is *1635-69* 50 prove *most MSS.:* be *1635-69, Cy, P*
 51 your *all MSS.:* our *1635-69* beene, *Ed: beene: 1635-69* 52
 Chastitie *Ed: chastitie 1635-69* seene; *Ed: seene, 1635-69* 53
 feele, *Ed: feele 1635-69* 56 snowe,] snowe. *1635-69, Cy, L74, P,*
which end here: text of rest from A10, H39, H40, RP31 60 or new
 love:] and new love, *A10*

All would not doe. The best at last I tryde:
 Vnable longer to hould out I dyed.
 And then I found I lost life, death by flying:
 Who hundreds live are but foe long a dying.
 Charon did let me passe: I'le him requite. 65
 To marke the groves or shades wrongs my delight.
 I'le speake but of those ghosts I found alone,
 Those thousand ghosts, whereof myself made one,
 All images of thee. I ask'd them, why?
 The Judge told me, all they for thee did dye, 70
 And therefore had for their Elisian blisse,
 In one another their owne Loves to kisse.
 O here I mis'd not blisse, but being dead;
 For loe, I dream'd, I dream'd; and waking said,
 Heaven, if who are in thee there must dwell, 75
 How is't, I now was there, and now I fell.

An Elegie to M^{rs} Boulstred: 1602.

Shall I goe force an Elegie? abuse
 My witt? and breake the Hymen of my muse
 For one poore houres love? Deserves it such
 Which serves not me, to doe on her as much?
 Or if it could, I would that fortune shunn: 5
 Who would be rich, to be foe soone undone?
 The beggars best is, wealth he doth not know;
 And but to shew it him, encreases woe.
 But we two may enjoye an hour? when never

63 life] lif's Grosart: spelt lief H40 64 Who] Where Grosart
 66 marke] walke Grosart or] and A10 67 but] out Grosart, from
 H39 68 Those thousand] Thousand A10 72 In one] omit. Grosart
 74 (For loe I dreamt) H39 and Grosart 75 Heaven] O Heaven A10
 An Elegie &c. A10, L74 (J. R. in margin), RP31: Elegie N, TCD
 (J. R.): Elegie to his M. promising to love him an hour. HN (signed J. R.):
 An Elegy 1602. To M^{rs} Boulstred. *Le Prince d'Amour*. &c. 1660
 7 text from HN: The beggars best is, that wealth he doth <not> know,
 A10: The beggar's best, his &c. L74, RP31, N, TCD, Sim: The beggar's
 best that Grosart 9 two Sim: om. HN, L74, N, RP31, TCD: But we
 an hour may now enjoy when never A10 hour?] hour; L74

It returnes, who would have a losse for ever? 10
 Nor can so short a love, if true, but bring
 A halfe howres feare, with the thought of losing:
 Before it, all howres were hope; and all are
 (That shall come after it,) yeares of dispaire.
 This joye brings this doubt, whether it were more 15
 To have enjoy'd it, or have died before?
 T'is a lost paradise, a fall from grace,
 Which I thinke, Adam felt more then his race.
 Nor need those angells any other Hell;
 It is enough for them, from Heaven they fell. 20
 Besides, Conquest in love is all in all;
 That when I liste, shee under me may fall:
 And for this turne, both for delight and view,
 I'll have a Succuba, as good as you.
 But when these toyes are past, and hott blood ends, 25
 The best enjoying is, we still are frends.
 Love can but be friendshipps outside; their two
 Beauties differ, as myndes and bodies do.
 Thus, I this great Good still would be to take,
 Vnlesse one houre, another happy make: 30
 Or, that I might forgett it instantlie;
 Or in that blest estate, that I might die.
 But why doe I thus travaile in the skill
 Of despis'd poetrie, and perchance spill
 My fortune? or undoe myself in sport 35
 By having but that dangerous name in Court?
 I'll leave, and since I doe your poet prove,
 Keep you my lines as secret as my Love.

10 It returnes] Again't returnes *A10* 16 or have] or else *A10*
 21 Besides, *A10*: Beside, *L74* 23 delight] despite *A10* 27 but
 be] be but *Sim* their *Ed*: there *A10, L74* 30 one] on *L74* 32
Poem closes, A10 34 despis'd poetrie,] deeper mysteries, *Sim*

An Elegie.

TRue Love findes witt, but he whose witt doth move
 Him to love, confesses he doth not love:
 And from his witt, passions and true desire
 Are forc'd as hard, as from the flint is fire.
 My love's all fire whose flames my soule do nurse, 5
 Whose smokes are fighes; whose every sparke's a verse.
 Doth measure women win? Then I know why
 Most of our Ladies with the Scotts doe lie.
 A Scott is measur'd in each syllable, terse
 And smooth as a verse: and like that smooth verse 10
 Is shallow, and wants matter, but in his handes,
 And they are rugged; Her state better standes
 Whom dauncing measures tempted, not the Scott:
 In brief she's out of measure, lost, foe gott.
 Greene-sickness wenches, (not needes must but) may 15
 Looke pale, breathe short; at Court none so long stay.
 Good witt ne're despair'd there, or *Ay me* said:
 For never Wench at Court was ravished.
 And shee but cheates on Heaven, whom you so winne
 Thinking to share the sport, but not the sinne. 20

Song.

DEare Love, continue nice and chaste,
 For, if you yeeld you doe me wrong,
 Let duller wits to loves end haste,
 I have enough to wooe thee long.

An Elegie. *A10*: similarly, *B, H40, I.74, O'F, RP31*: Elegia Undecima. *S*: no title, *Cy, P* (J. D in margin): first printed by Grosart 1
 findes] kindles *RP31* 5 do *A10, L74*: doth Grosart and Chambers
 7 women win? *A10*: win women? *I.74* 11 but in his handes, *A10*,
B, L74, O'F, P: but's in's bands *S*: cut in bands Grosart and Chambers:
 writt in his hands *H-K* (teste Grosart) 14 she's *A10, L74, P, H-K*
 (*Grosart*): theyre *S, Chambers* foe] if *A10* 17 ne're *A10*: neare *L74*
 Song. 1635-69: no title, *A10, B, HN* (signed J. R.), *L74* (Finis. *℞*),
O'F, P, S96 Love,] Love 1635-69

All paine and joy is in their way; 5
The things we feare bring lesse annoy
Then feare; and hope brings greater joy;
But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increafe;
Granting my fuit you give me all, 10
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For, I have made your Godhead fall.

Beasts cannot witt nor beauty see,
They mans affections onely move;
Beasts other sports of love doe prove, 15
With better feeling farre than we.

Then Love prolong my fuite, for thus
By losing sport, I sport doe win;
And that may vertue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath beene a sinne. 20

My comming neare may spie some ill,
And now the world is given to scoffe;
To keepe my Love, (then) keepe me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say I have made a perfect choyce, 25
Satiety our Love may kill;
Then give me but thy face and voyce,
Mine eye and eare thou canst not fill.

To make me rich (oh) be not poore,
Give me not all, yet something lend, 30
So I shall still my fuite commend,
And you at will doe lesse or more.

But, if to all you condescend,
My love, our sport, your Godhead end.

13 witt] will, 1635-54 14 They, 1635-69: Thofe L74 18
I sport] I sports 1635-54 19 that may A10, HN, L74: that doth
1635-69: let that B 26 Satiety] Satiety 1635-39, L74 Love A10,
B, HN, L74, 896: selves 1635-69 28 Mine MSS.: My 1635-39
32 you at will] at your will 896

To Ben. Iohnson, 6 Jan. 1603.

THE State and mens affaires are the best playes
 Next yours; 'Tis nor more nor lesse than due praise.
 Write, but touch not the much descending race
 Of Lords houses, so settled in worths place,
 As but themselves none thinke them usurpers. 5
 It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
 If the Queene Masque, or King a hunting goe,
 Though all the Court follow, Let them. We know
 Like them in goodnesse that Court ne'r will be,
 For that were vertue, and not flatterie. 10
 Forget we were thrust out; It is but thus,
 God threatens Kings, Kings Lords, as Lords doe us.
 Iudge of strangers, Trust and believe your friend,
 And so me; And when I true friendship end,
 With guilty conscience let me be worse stonge, 15
 Then with *Pophams* sentence theeves, or *Cookes* tongue
 Traitors are. Friends are our selves. This I thee tell
 As to my friend, and to my selfe as Counsell;
 Let for a while the times unthrifty rout
 Contemne learning, and all your studies flout. 20
 Let them scorne Hell, they will a Sergeant feare,
 More then wee *that*; ere long God may forbear,
 But Creditors will not. Let them increase
 In riot and excesse as their meanes cease;
 Let them scorne him that made them, and still shun 25
 His Grace, but love the whore who hath undone
 Them and their foules. But; that they that allow

To Ben. Iohnson, 6 Jan. 1603. 1635-69, O'F: To Ben Iohnson 6 Jan:
 1603 T. R. B: An Epistle to Ben Iohnson. S' J: R: H40: An Epistle
 to Benjamin Iohnson. RP31: An Epistle: To M^r Ben. Iohnson. Ja: 6:
 1603 L74: To M^r Ben Iohnson. S 2 yours; Ed: yours, 1635-69
 nor more] noe more L74 5 none thinke] none can thinke 1669 11
 out; Ed: out. 1635-69 15 stonge, L74: spelt stūg, 1635 18
 as Counsell;] is Counsell: 1635-54 22 More then wee *that*; Ed:
 More then wee *that* H40, L74: More then wee them; *that*, 1635-69 (them
in ital. 1635-54) 24 cease; Ed: cease, 1635-69

But

But one God, should have religions enow
 For the Queens Masque, and their husbands, far more
 Then all the Gentiles knew, or *Atlas* bore! 30
 Well, let all passe, and trust him who nor cracks
 The bruised Reed, nor quencheth smoaking flaxe.

To Ben. Iohnson, 9. Novembris, 1603.

IF great men wrong me, I will spare my selfe;
 If meane, I will spare them. I know that pelf
 Which is ill got the Owner doth upbraid.
 It may corrupt a Iudge, make me afraid
 And a Iury; But 'twill revenge in this, 5
 That, though himselfe be judge, hee guilty is.
 What care I though of weaknesse men taxe me,
 I had rather sufferer than doer be.
 That I did trust, it was my Natures praise,
 For breach of word I knew but as a phrase. 10
 That judgement is, that surely can comprise
 The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
 What though? Though lesse, yet some of both have we,
 Who have learn'd it by use and misery.
 Poore I, whom every pety crosse doth trouble, 15
 Who apprehend each hurt thats done me, double,
 Am of this (though it should sinke me) carelesse,
 It would but force me to a stricter goodnesse.
 They have great odds of me, who gaine doe winne,
 (If such gaine be not losse) from every finne. 20
 The standing of great mens lives would afford

28 enow *H40, L74*: enough 1635-69 29 far *L74*: for 1635-69,
H40 30 bore! *Ed*: bore? *H40*: bore. 1635-69, *L74*

To Ben Iohnson, 9 Novembris, 1603: 1635-69, *B* (subscribed doubtfull
 author), *O'F, S*: Another Epistle to M^r Ben: Iohnson. No: 9. 1603. *L74*:
 Another to Ben Iohnson. *H40* 2 them.] them, 1635-69 that
B, H40, L74, S: the 1635-69 3 upbraide. *Ed*: upbraide; 1635-69
 5 Iury; *Ed*: Iury. 1635-69 18 goodnesse.] goodnesse 1635-39
 19 odds *B, H40, L74, S*: gaine 1635-69, *O'F*

A pretty

A pretty summe, if God would sell his Word.
 He cannot; they can theirs, and breake them too.
 How unlike they are that they are likened to?
 Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils, 25
 If good, like Gods, the naught are so like devils.

To S^r Tho. Roe 1603.

Deare Thom :

TELL her if she to hired servants shew
 Dislike, before they take their leave they goe;
 When nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
 For who hath but one minde, hath but one face:
 If then why I tooke not my leave she aske, 5
 Aske her againe why she did not unmaske?
 Was she or proud or cruell, or knew shee
 'Twould make my losse more felt, and pittied me?
 Or did she feare one kisse might stay for moe?
 Or else was she unwilling I should goe? 10
 I thinke the best, and love so faithfully
 I cannot chuse but thinke that she loves mee.
 If this prove not my faith, then let her trie
 How in her service I would fructifie.
 Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew 15
 That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
 Then he whose wit and verse goes now so lame,
 With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
 Howe'r, I'll weare the black and white ribband,
 White for her fortunes, blacke for mine shall stand. 20

To Sir Tho. Rowe, 1603. 1635-69, O'F: An Elegie. To S^r Tho. Roe. B (subscribed J. R.), L74: An Elegie, complayning a want of complement in his mistrisse, at his leave-taking. A10: Elegia Vicesima Septima. To S^r Thomas Roe. 1603. S Thom: B, L74, O'F, S: Tom: 1635-69 5 tooke A10, B, L74, O'F, S: take 1635-69 14 I would 1635-69: it will A10, L74, S 17 goes now so Ed: goe now so B: grows now so 1635-69, O'F: now goes thus A10, L74, S

I doe

I doe esteeme her favours, not their stuffe;
 If what I have was given, I have enough:
 And all's well; for had she lov'd, I had had
 All my friends hate; for now, departing sad
 I feele not that; Yet as the Rack the Gout 25
 Cures, so hath *this* worfe griefe *that* quite put out:
 My first disease nought but that worfe cureth,
 Which (which I dare foresee) nought cures but death.
 Tell her all this before I am forgot,
 That not too late shee grieve shee lov'd me not. 30
 Burden'd with this, I was to depart lesse
 Willing, then those which die, and not confesse.

II.

To the Countesse of Huntington.

THat unripe side of earth, that heavy clime
 That gives us man up now, like *Adams* time
 Before he ate; mans shape, that would yet bee
 (Knew they not it, and fear'd beafts companie)
 So naked at this day, as though man there 5
 From Paradise so great a distance were,
 As yet the newes could not arrived bee
 Of *Adams* tasting the forbidden tree;
 Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
 And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne. 10

21 favours, not their *B, L74, S*: favour, not the 1635-69 22
 enough: *Ed*: enough, 1635-69 23 had had] had not had 1635-69,
O'F 24 hate;] hate 1635: hate, 1639-69 now, *Ed*: now
 1635-69: not *A10, B, L74, S* 26 out:] out. 1635 28 Which (which
 I dare foresee) nought *A10, B, L74, S*: Which (I dare foresay) nothing
 1635-69 32 Willing, *Ed*: Willing 1635-69: Willing; *A10*
 To the Countesse of Huntington. 1635-69: *S'* Wal: *A*fton to y^e Countesse
 of Huntingtowne *P, TCD (II)* 2 man] men *P* 3 ate; 1635-39:
 eat; 1650-69

But, as from extreme hights who downward looks,
 Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes,
 And loseth younger formes; so, to your eye,
 These (Madame) that without your distance lie,
 Must either mist, or nothing seeme to be, 15
 Who are at home but wits mere *Atomi*.
 But, I who can behold them move, and stay,
 Have found my selfe to you, just their midway;
 And now must pittie them; for, as they doe
 Seeme sick to me, just so must I to you. 20
 Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to see
 A fighting Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie.
 I come not to call pittie from your heart,
 Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part
 Else from his slipperie soule with a faint groane, 25
 And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone.
 I cannot feele the tempest of a frowne,
 I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down.
 Though I can pittie those sigh twice a day,
 I hate that thing whispers it selfe away. 30
 Yet since all love is fever, who to trees
 Doth talke, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze.
 'Tis love, but, with such fatall weaknesse made,
 That it destroyes it selfe with its owne shade.
 Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his paine, 35
 Was he that first taught women, to disdaine.

As all things were one nothing, dull and weake,
 Vntill this raw disordered heape did breake,
 And severall desires led parts away,
 Water declin'd with earth, the ayre did stay, 40
 Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
 Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd:

11 downward] inward TCD 14 without] om. TCD 17 who]
 that P, TCD 20 you.] you, 1635-69 26 faithfully, 1635-69: finally
 P, TCD you smil'd 1635-54: your smile 1669, P, TCD 28 down.
 1635-54: down, 1669 30 whispers] whispered P: vapours TCD 31
 fever] feverish 1669 32 doth yet] yet doth 1669 ague] fever P
 35 paine,] paine. 1635-39 36 women] woman TCD 37 were
 one] were but one 1669

So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
 An unripe willingnesse which nothing did,
 A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease, 45
 That found a want, but knew not what would please.
 What pretty innocence in those dayes mov'd?
 Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
 Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye,
 Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why. 50
 That naturall fearefulnesse that struck man dumbe,
 Might well (those times consider'd) man become.
 As all discoverers whose first assay
 Findes but the place, after, the nearest way:
 So passion is to womans love, about, 55
 Nay, farther off, than when we first set out.
 It is not love that sueth, or doth contend;
 Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
 Man's better part consists of purer fire,
 And findes it selfe allow'd, ere it desire. 60
 Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
 And journeys not till it finde summer-way.
 A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne,
 Is sport for every girle to practise on.
 Who strives through womans scornes, women to know, 65
 Is lost, and seekes his shadow to outgoe;
 It must bee sicknesse, after one disdaine,
 Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe.
 Let others sigh, and grieve; one cunning sleight
 Shall freeze my Love to Christall in a night. 70
 I can love first, and (if I winne) love still;
 And cannot be remov'd, unlesse she will.
 It is her fault if I unsure remaine,
 Shee onely can untie, and binde againe.

47 those dayes] that day 1669 50 both knew 1635-54: but knew
 P, TCD: yet, knew 1669 52 consider'd Ed: considered 1635-69
 57 sueth, or] sues and P 65 womans] womens P women] woman
 TCD know, 1650-69: know. 1635-39 67 It must be] It is
 meer 1669 sicknesse,] sicknesse 1635-69 69 sigh P, TCD: sinne,
 1635-69 74 and P: I 1635-69, TCD

The honesties of love with ease I doe, 75
But am no porter for a tedious woo.

But (madame) I now thinke on you ; and here
Where we are at our hights, you but appeare,
We are but clouds you rise from, our noone-ray
But a foule shadow, not your breake of day. 80

You are at first hand all that's faire and right,
And others good reflects but backe your light.
You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries doe scandall it.

For, what is more doth what you are restraine, 85
And though beyond, is downe the hill againe.

We have no next way to you, we crosse to it:
You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute;
Each good in you's a light ; so many a shade
You make, and in them are your motions made. 90

These are your pictures to the life. From farre
We see you move, and here your *Zani's* are:
So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew.

Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love, 95
Your purest luster must that shadow move.

The soule with body, is a heaven combin'd
With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd.
Where thoughts the starres of soule we understand,
We guesse not their large natures, but command. 100

And love in you, that bountie is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite.
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soule we finde too earthly to ascend,

76 woo. TCD: woee. P: woe. 1635-69, Chambers and Grolier
77 I now] now I TCD 78 hights] height TCD 79 clouds you rise
from, our noone-ray Grolier: clouds, you rise from our noone-ray, 1635-69,
TCD, and Chambers 81 right] bright P 83 a perfectnesse] all
perfections P 84 youngest] quaintest TCD flatteries] flatterers
P, TCD 86 though] what's P 87 We have Ed: We have 1635-69
88 straight line,] streight-lace P attribute; Ed: attribute. 1635:
attribute, 1639-69 91 Thefe] Those TCD 98 With earth] om.
TCD but] om. 1650-69 99 thoughts] through P

'Till flow accessse hath made it wholly pure, 105
 Able immortall clearnesse to endure.
 Who dare aspire this journey with a stayne,
 Hath waight will force him headlong backe againe.
 No more can impure man retaine and move
 In that pure region of a worthy love: 110
 Then earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
 And leave his nature to converse with fire:
 Such may have eye, and hand; may sigh, may speak;
 But like swoln bubbles, when they are high't they break.
 Though far removed Northerne fleets scarce finde 115
 The Sunnes comfort; others thinke him too kinde.
 There is an equall distance from her eye,
 Men perish too farre off, and burne too nigh.
 But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright
 From the first Rayes, to his last opposite: 120
 So able men, blest with a vertuous Love,
 Remote or neare, or howsoe'r they move;
 Their vertue breakes all clouds that might annoy,
 There is no Emptinesse, but all is Ioy.
 He much profanes whom violent heats do move 125
 To stile his wandring rage of passion, *Love*:
 Love that imparts in every thing delight,
 Is fain'd, which only tempts mans appetite.
 Why love among the vertues is not knowne
 Is, that love is them all contract in one. 130

105 wholly] holy TCD 106 endure.] endure 1635 108 waight]
 weights P, TCD 109 impure] vapore P 114 when they're highest
 break. P, TCD break.] break 1635-39: brak 1650-54: brake. 1669
 115 In edd. new par. begins wrongly at 113, and so Chambers and Grolier
 fleets] Isles 1669 116 comfort; 1635-54: sweet comfort, 1669
 others] yet some 1669 119 But as the aire takes all sunbeams equall
 bright P 120 the first Rayes, 1635-54: the Raies first, 1669, TCD:
 the rise first P 121 able men P: able man, 1635-54: happy man, 1669:
 happy['s] man Grosart and Chambers 123 Their 1669, P, TCD:
 There 1635-54, Chambers and Grolier 125 violent P, TCD: valiant
 1635-69 126 Love: Ed: Love. 1635-54: Love, 1669 127
 imparts] imports 1669, TCD 128 Is fain'd, which . . . appetite. P:
 Is thought the mansion of sweet appetite. TCD: Is fancied 1635-39 (*rest
 of line left blank*): Is fancied in the Soul, not in the fight. 1650-54: Is
 fancied by the Soul, not appetite. 1669 130 Is, that] Is, 'cause TCD
 contract in 1650-69, P: contracted 1635-39, TCD

III.

Elegie.

DEath be not proud, thy hand gave not this blow,
 Sinne was her captive, whence thy power doth flow ;
 The executioner of wrath thou art,
 But to destroy the just is not thy part.
 Thy comming, terrour, anguish, grieve denounce ; 5
 Her happy state, courage, ease, joy pronounce.
 From out the Christall palace of her breast,
 The clearer soule was call'd to endlesse rest,
 (Not by the thundering voyce, wherewith God threats,
 But, as with crowned Saints in heaven he treats,) 10
 And, waited on by Angels, home was brought,
 To joy that it through many dangers fought ;
 The key of mercy gently did unlocke
 The doores 'twixt heaven and it, when life did knock.
 Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey, 15
 Because to mortall eyes it did decay ;
 A better witnesse than thou art, assures,
 That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures ;
 No dramme thereof shall want or losse sustaine,
 When her best soule inhabits it again. 20
 Goe then to people curst before they were,
 Their spoyles in Triumph of thy conquest weare.
 Glory not thou thy selfe in these hot teares
 Which our face, not for hers, but our harme weares,

Elegie. Ed: Elegye on the Lady Markham. By L. C. of B. RP31: do. By C. L. of B. H40: Elegie on Mistris Boulstred. 1635-69: given as continuation of Death I recant &c. O'F, P: no title, B (at foot of page F. B.). See Text and Canon &c. 2 flow; Ed: flow, 1635-69: growe, B, Cy, H40, O'F, P 5-6 comming, 1650-69: comming 1635-39 state, 1650-69: state 1635-39 denounce; . . . pronounce. B, Cy, H40, P: denounces; . . . pronounces. 1635-69 12 To joy that 1635-69: To joy what H40: To joye, that B fought; Ed: fought, 1635-69 22 spoyles . . of . . weare. B, Cy, H40 (beare), P: soules . . to . . beare, 1635-69. See note 24 hers, H40, P: her, 1635-69 weares, Ed: weares. 1635-54: weares: 1669

The

The mourning livery given by Grace, not thee, 25
 Which wils our soules in these streams washt should be,
 And on our hearts, her memories best tombe,
 In this her Epitaph doth write thy doome.
 Blinde were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
 Through fleshes misty vaile the beames divine. 30
 Deafe were the eares, not charm'd with that sweet sound
 Which did i'th spirit-instructed voice abound.
 Of flint the conscience, did not yeeld and melt,
 At what in her last Act it saw, heard, felt.

Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight, 35
 Taught thus, our after stay's but a short night:
 But by all foules not by corruption choaked
 Let in high rais'd notes that power be invoked.
 Calme the rough seas, by which she sayles to rest,
 From forrowes here, to a kingdome ever blest; 40
 And teach this hymne of her with joy, and sing,
The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

30 the *B, Cy, H40, P*: those 1635-69 31 not 1635-69: that *B,*
Cy, P 32 Which did 1635-69: Did *H40*: Did not *B, Cy, P* spirit-
 instructed *MSS.*: spirits instructed 1635-69 34 saw, heard, felt. *B,*
Cy, H40, P: saw and felt. 1635-69 38 rais'd 1635-69: raised
Chambers 39 she sayles 1635-69: shee's sayl'd *B, H40*: shee's fled
Cy, P rest, 1650-69: rest 1635-39 40 here, 1650-69: here
 1635-39 blest; *Ed*: blest 1635: blest, 1639-54: blest. 1669 41 And
 preach this Hymn which hers (she *Cy, P*) with joy did sing, *B, Cy,*
H40, P sing, 1650-69: sing 1635-69

IV.

Pfalme 137.

Probably by Francis Davison.

I.

BY Euphrates flowry fide
 We did bide,
 From deare Juda farre absented,
 Tearing the aire with our cryes,
 And our eyes,
 With their streames his streame augmented.

5

II.

When, poore Syons dolefull state,
 Defolate;
 Sacked, burned, and intrall'd,
 And the Temple spoil'd, which wee
 Ne'r should see,
 To our mirthlesse mindes wee call'd:

10

III.

Our mute harpes, untun'd, unstrung,
 Up wee hung
 On greene willowes neere beside us,
 Where, we sitting all forlorne;
 Thus, in scorne,
 Our proud spoylers 'gan deride us.

15

Pfalme 137. 1633-69, A25, C, RP61 in Certaine selected Psalmes of David (in Verse) differint from Those usually sung in the Church Composd by Francis Davison esq^r. deceased and other Gentlemen. Manuscribd by R. Crane. Addl. MS. 27407, Harl. MSS. 3357 and 16930

4 with
 our cryes] with mournful cries Crane 6 his] the Crane 16 all
 forlorne] for forlorne Crane

IV.

IV.

Come, sad Captives, leave your moanes,
 And your groanes 20
 Under Syons ruines bury;
 Tune your harps, and sing us layes
 In the praise
 Of your God, and let's be merry.

V.

Can, ah, can we leave our moanes? 25
 And our groanes
 Under Syons ruines bury?
 Can we in this Land sing Layes
 In the praise
 Of our God, and here be merry? 30

VI.

No; deare Syon, if I yet
 Do forget
 Thine affliction miserable,
 Let my nimble joynts become
 Stiffe and numme, 35
 To touch warbling harpe unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
 Let it still
 To my parched rooffe be glewed,
 If in either harpe or voice 40
 I rejoyce,
 Till thy joyes shall be renewed.

22-3 To your Harpes sing us some layes
 To the praise *Crane*
 24 merry.] merry, 1633-39 25-6 moanes . . . groanes] *interchanged*
Crane
 31-2 if I faile
 To bewayle *Crane*
 42 renewed.] renewed 1633

VIII.

Lord, curfe Edom's traiterous kinde,
 Beare in minde
 In our ruines how they revell'd. 45
Sack, kill, burne, they cry'd out still,
 Sack, burne, kill,
 Downe with all, let all be levell'd.

IX.

And, thou Babel, when the tide
 Of thy pride 50
 Now a flowing, growes to turning;
 Victor now, shall then be thrall,
 And shall fall
 To as low an ebbe of mourning.

X.

Happy he who shall thee wafte, 55
 As thou haft
 Us, without all mercy, wafsted,
 And shall make thee taste and see
 What poore wee
 By thy meanes have seene and tasted. 60

XI.

Happy, who, thy tender barnes
 From the armes
 Of their wailing mothers tearing,
 'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
 Ruthlesse stones 65
 With their braines and blood befmeareing.

43 curfe] plague *Crane* 45 ruines] Ruine *Crane* revell'd. *Ed.*
 revell'd, 1633-39 52-3 shall . . . shall] shalt . . . shalt *Crane*
 59-60 What by thee
 Wee (poore wee) have &c. *Crane*

V.

On the blessed Virgin Mary.

Probably by Henry Constable.

IN that, ô Queene of Queenes, thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mothers wombe they life receive,
God, as his sole-borne daughter loved thee.

To match thee like thy births nobilitie, 5
He thee his Spirit for thy spouse did leave,
By whom thou didst his onely sonne conceive,
And so wast link'd to all the Trinitie.

Cease then, ô Queenes, that earthly Crownes doe weare,
To glory in the Pompe of earthly things; 10
If men such high respects unto you beare,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are to Kings,
What honour can unto that Queene be done
Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Sonne?

VI.

On the Sacrament.

HE was the Word that spake it,
Hee tooke the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I doe beleeeve and take it.

On the &c. 1635-69, *A10, B, O'F, S, S96*: also among *Spiritual Sonnets*
by H. C. in *Harl. MS. 7553* 6 thy spouse *A10, B*: his spouse
1635-69 12 to *B*: of 1635-69 Kings,] kings, 1635
On the &c. 1635-69

VII.

VII.

Absence.

That time and absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.

Probably by John Hoskins.

Absence heare my protestation
Against thy strengthe
Distance and lengthe,
Doe what thou canst for alteration :
For harts of truest mettall 5
Absence doth joyne, and time doth fettle.

Who loves a Mistris of right quality,
His mind hath founde
Affections grounde
Beyond time, place, and all mortality : 10
To harts that cannot vary
Absence is present, time doth tary :

My Sences want their outward motion
Which now within
Reason doth win, 15
Redoubled by her secret notion :
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hidinge more then handling treasure.

Absence. The Grove (1721): do. or no title, B, Cy, HN (signed J. H.), L74, O'F, P, S, S96 (the text here printed): also in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody (PR) 1602 and (a maimed and altered version) in Wit Restored (WR) 1658
I heare B, S96, Grove: heare thou Cy, HN, L74, PR, S, WR 3
Distance] Disdayne HN 4 you can PR: yee dare HN 5 For
hearts where love's refined WR 6 Are absent joyned, by tyme com-
bined. WR 7 right S96: such Grove, HN, L74, PR 8 He soon hath
found PR 10 all] om. WR 11 To] That WR 12 present]
presence B tary] carry WR 13 motion] motions PR 16 by
. . notion:] in . . notions: PR: in . . notion HN 18 hidinge]
finding Grove

By

By absence this good means I gaine
 That I can catch her 20
 Where none can watch her
 In some close corner of my braine:
 There I embrace and there kifs her,
 And so enjoye her, and so misse her.

VIII.

Song.

Probably by the Earl of Pembroke.

Soules joy, now I am gone,
 And you alone,
 (Which cannot be,
 Since I must leave my selfe with thee,
 And carry thee with me) 5
 Yet when unto our eyes
 Absence denyes
 Each others sight,
 And makes to us a constant night,
 When others change to light; 10
O give no way to grieffe,
But let believe
Of mutuall love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove
Our Bodies, not wee move. 15

19 means] mean WR 23 There I embrace and there kifs her, S96:
 There I embrace her, and S.c. I.74: There I embrace and there I kifs
 her, B,O'F,WR: There I embrace and kifs her, Grove, HN, PR 24
 and so misse her B, Cy, HN, L74, O'F, S96, WR: while none misse her.
 Grove: I both enjoy and misse her. PR

Song. 1635-69, O'F: also in the Poems S.c. (1660) of the Earle of
 Pembroke and S^r Benjamin Ruddier, and the Lansdowne MS. 777, where
 it is signed E. of Pembroke. I now] when 1660, L77

Let

Let not thy wit beweepe
Wounds but sente-deepe,
For when we misse
By distance our lipp-joying blisse,
Even then our soules shall kisse, 20
Fooles have no meanes to meet,
But by their feet.
Why should our clay,
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way? 25
O give no way to grieve, &c.

A Dialogue.

EARLE OF PEMBROKE.

IF her disdain least change in you can move,
you do not love,
For whilst your hopes give fuel to the fire,
you sell desire.
Love is not love, but given free,
And so is mine, so should yours bee.

17 Wounds *L77*: Words 1635-69, *O'F* fense-deepe,] *no hyphen*,
1635-69 18 when] while *L77* 19 lipp-joyning *L77* (*not* lives
joining as *Chambers* reports): hopes joyning 1635-69, *O'F*

A Dialogue. *Ed:* A Dialogue betweene S^r Henry Wotton and M^r Donne. 1635-69 among Letters to Seuerall Personages: no heading but divided between Earle of Pembroke and Ben: Ruddier H39, H40, P: and so between P and R in the Poems &c. (1660) of Pembroke and Ruddier. See note: only 18 lines and no dialogue, Cy: in TCD (II) the first part is given to Earl of Pembroke and S^r Henry Wotton, the second to S^r Ben. Ruddier and D^r John Donne 3 whilst your hopes give H39 (the), H40, P: when the hope gives 1635-54: when that hope gives 1669

Her

I'll never dig in Quarry of an heart 25
to have no part,
 Nor roast in fiery eyes, which alwayes are
Canicular.
Who this way would a Lover prove,
May shew his patience, not his love. 30

A frowne may be sometimes for phyfick good,
But not for food ;
 And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler Cure.
Why barre you love of private end, 35
Which never should to publique tend ?

IX.

Break of Daye.

Stanza prefixed to Donne's Poem (p. 23) in Stowe MS. 961 and in Edition of 1669.

Probably by John Dowlands.

Stay, O sweet, and do not rise,
 The light that shines comes from thine eyes ;
 The day breaks not, it is my heart,
 Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die, 5
And perish in their infancie.

25 Quarry] quarryes P 27 roast 1669, H40: rest 1635-54: waste
 H39, P 30 May] doth H39, H40, P
 Stanza &c.] given as a separate poem in A25 (where it is written in at the
 side), C, O'F, P: printed in John Dowland's A Pilgrim's Solace (1612) 1
 Stay, O sweet] Lie still my dear A25, C 3 The day breaks not]
 There breakes not day S96 4 Because that] To think that S96 5
 Stay] Oh stay S96

APPENDIX C.

A

SELECTION OF POEMS WHICH FREQUENTLY
ACCOMPANY POEMS BY JOHN DONNE
IN MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS OR
HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO
DONNE BY MODERN
EDITORS.

I.

POEMS FROM ADDITIONAL MS. 25707.

*A Letter written by S^r H: G: and J: D: alternis
vicibus.*

SInce ev'ry Tree beginns to blossome now
 Perfuminge and enameling each bow,
 Hartes should as well as they, some fruits allow.
 For since one old poore sunn ferves all the rest,
 You sev'rall sunns that warme, and light each brest 5
 Doe by that influence all your thoughts digest.
 And that you two may foe your vertues move,
 On better matter then beames from above,
 Thus our twin'd souls fend forth these buds of love.
 As in devotions men Joyne both there hands, 10
 Wee make ours doe one Act to seale the bands,
 By which we enthrall ourselves to your commands,
 And each for others faith and zeale stand bound:
 As safe as spirits are from any wound,
 Soe free from impure thoughts they shal be found. 15

A Letter written &c. *A25*: published by Chambers, who completes the names
 2 bow, *Ed*: bow *A25* 9 twin'd *A25*: twined Chambers 10 hands,
Ed: hands *A25* 12-13 commands, . . . bound: *Ed*: command. . .
 bound, *A25*

Admit our magique then by which wee doe
 Make you appeere to us, and us to you,
 Supplying all the Muses in you twoe.

Wee doe confider noe flower that is sweet,
 But wee your breath in that exhaling meet, 20
 And as true types of you, them humbly greet.

Heere in our Nightingales we heere you finge
 Who foe doe make the whole yeare through a springe,
 And save us from the feare of Autumns finge.

In Anchors calme face wee your smoothnes see, 25
 Your mindes unmingled, and as cleare as shee
 That keepes untoucht her first virginities.

Did all St. Edith nunns descend againe
 To honor Poleworth with their cloyftred traine,
 Compar'd with you each would confesse some stayne. 30

Or should wee more bleed out our thoughts in inke,
 Noe paper (though it woulde be glad to drinke
 Those drops) could comprehend what wee doe thinke.

For t'were in us ambition to write
 Soe, that because wee two, you two unite, 35
 Our letter should as you, bee infinite.

O Frutefull Garden.

O Frutefull garden, and yet never tilde,
 Box full of Treasure yet by noe man filde.
 O thou which hafte, made him that first made thee;
 O neare of kinne to all the Trinitie;
 O Pallace where the kinge of all, and more; 5
 Went in, and out, yet never opened doore;

25 Anchors *Chambers*: Anchos *A25* 29 traine, *Ed*: traine *A25*
 31 inke, *Ed*: inke *A25*
 O Frutefull Garden. *A25*: [TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN
 MARY.] *Chambers* 6 out, *Ed*: out *A25*

Whose

Whose flesh is purer, than an others sperrit
Reache him our Prayers, and reach us down his merrit;
O bread of lyfe which sweld'ste up without Leaven;
O bridge which joynst togeather earth and heaven; 10
Whoseeyessee me through thefewalles, and throughe glasse,
And through this fleshe as thorowe Cipres passe.
Behould a little harte made greate by thee
Swellinge, yet shrinkinge at thy majestie.
O dwell in it, for where foe ere thou go'ste 15
There is the Temple of the Holy Ghoſte.

To my Lord of Pembroke.

FYe, Fye you ſonnes of Pallas what madd rage
Makes you contend that Love's, or God, or page?
Hee that admires, his weaknes doth confels;
For as Love greater growes; foe hee growes leſs.
Hee that diſdaines, what honor wynns thereby, 5
That he feeles not, or triumphes on a fly?
If love with queaſie paine thy ſtomack move,
Soe will a flutt whome none dare touch; or love.
If it with ſacred ſtraines doe thee inſpire
Of Poetrie; foe wee maye want admire. 10
If it thee valiant make, his ryvall hate
Can out doe that and make men deſperate.
Yealdinge to us, all woemen conquer us,
By gentlenes we are betrayed thus.
We will not ſtrive with Love that's a ſhee beaſte; 15
But playinge wee are bounde, and yeald in Jeſt;
As in a Cobwebb toyle, a flye hath beene
Undone; ſo have I ſome fainte lover ſeene.
Love cannot take away our ſtrength, but tame,
And wee leſs feele the thinge then feare the name; 20

8 merrit; *Ed: merrit, A25* 9 Leaven, *Ed: Leaven A25*
To my Lord of Pembroke. *A25, Chambers* 3 confels; *Ed: confels*
A25 5 diſdaines, *Ed: diſdaines A25* 6 fly? *Ed: fly; A25*
19 tame, *Ed: tame A25*

Love is a temperate bath ; hee that feeles more
 Heate or could there, was hott, or could before.
 But as Sunn beames which would but norishe, burne,
 Drawne into hollow Christall, foe we turne
 To fire her bewties Lustre willingly, 25
 By gatheringe it in our false treacherous eye.
 Love is nor you, nor you ; but I a balme,
 Sword to the stiff, unto the wounded balme.
 Prayes noe thinge adds, if it be infinite,
 If it be nothing, who can lessen it? 30

Of a Lady in the Black Masque.

WHY chose shee black ; was it that in whitenes
 Shee did Leda equal? whose brightnes
 Must suffer los to put a bewtie on
 Which hath no grace but from proportion.
 It is but Coullor, which to loose is gayne, 5
 For shee in black doth th'Æthiopian staine,
 Beinge the forme that beautifies the creature
 Her rareness not in Coullor is ; but feature.
 Black on her receaves foe strong a grace
 It seemes the fittest beautie for the face. 10
 Coullor is not, but in æstimation
 Faire, or foule, as it is stild by fashion.
 Kinges wearinge sackcloath it doth royall make ;
 Soe black(ne)s from her face doth beautie take.
 It not in Coullor but in her, inheres, 15
 For what she is, is faire, not what she weares ;
 The Moore shalle envye her, as much, or more,
 As did the Ladies of our Court before.
 The Sunn shall mourne that hee had westwarde beene,
 To seeke his Love ; whilst shee i'th North was seene. 20

27 I a balme, *A25* : Aye a calm, *Chambers conjectures*

Of a Lady &c. *A25*, *Chambers* 10 face. *Ed* : face *A25*

13 make ; *Ed* : make *A25* 14 black(ne)s *Chambers* : blacks *A25*

16 weares ; *Ed* : weares, *A25*

Her

Her blacknes lends like lustre to her eyes,
As in the night pale Phoebe glorifies.
Hell, synne, and vice their attributes shall loofe
Of black, for it wan, and pale whitenes choofe,
As like themselves, Common, and most in use: 25
Sad of that Coulor is the late abuse.

II.

POEMS FROM THE BURLEY MS.

⟨*Life.*⟩

THis lyfe it is not life, it is a fight
That wee haue of y^e earth, y^e earth of vs;
It is a feild, where sence & reason fight,
The soules & bodies quarrells to discus;
It is a iorney where wee do not goe, 5
but fly wth speedy wings t'our blisse or woe.
It is a chaine y^t hath but two smale links
Where⟨with⟩ or graue is to or bodie ioyned;
It is a poyfined feast wherein who thinks
To tast ioyes cup, y^e cup of death doth find. 10
It is a play, presented in heauens eye
Wherein or parts are to do naught but dye.

⟨*My Love.*⟩

MY love doth fly wth wings of feare
And doth a flame of fire resemble,
w^{ch} mounting high & burning cleere
yet ever more doth wane & tremble.

⟨*Life.*⟩ *Ed*: no title, *Bur* 2 vs; *Ed*: vs *Bur* 3 feild, *Ed*:
feild *Bur* 4 discus; *Ed*: discus *Bur* 6 woe. *Ed*: woe *Bur*
8 Where⟨with⟩ *Ed*: where *Bur* ioyned; *Ed*: ioyned *Bur*
⟨*My Love.*⟩ *Ed*: no title and no punctuation, *Bur* 4 wane *Ed*:
weane *Bur* .

My loue doth see & still admire, 5
 Admiring breedeth humblenes;
 blind loue is bold, but my desire
 the more it loues p^{re}fumes y^e leffe.
 My loue seekes no reward or glory
 but wth it self it self contenteth, 10
 is never fullaine, never sorry,
 never repyneth or repenteth.
 O'who the funne beames can behold
 but hath some passion, feeles some heat,
 for though the sunn himself be cold 15
 his beames reflecting fire begett.
 O y^t myne eyes, ô that myne hart
 Were both enlarged to contayne
 the beames & ioyes shee doth impart,
 whilst shee this bowre doth not disdayne; 20
 this bowre vnfit for such a guesste,
 but since she makes it now her Inn,
 Would god twere like her sacred breast
 most fayre wthout, most rich wthin.

〈O Eyes!〉

O Eyes, what do you see?
 O eares what do you heare?
 that makes y^o wish to bee
 All eyes or else all eare?
 I see a face as fayre 5
 As mans eye ever saw,
 I here as sweet an ayre
 as y^t w^{ch} rocks did draw,

12 never *Ed*: ne're *Bur*

〈O Eyes!〉 *Ed*: no title and no punctuation, *Bur*

I wish, when in such wife
I see or heare y^e fame, 10
I had all Argus eyes
or else y^e eare(s) of fame.

〈Silence Best Praise.〉

Cōmend her? no. I dare not terme her fayre,
nor fugged sweet, nor tall, nor louely browne;
suffice it y^t she is wthout compare;
but how, I dare not tell lest she should frowne.
but those parts 〈least〉 w^{ch} others make theyre pryde, 5
and feed there fancies wth devised lyes;
giue me but leaue to pull my faint asyde,
and tell her in her eare that she is wife.
to write of beauties rare ther is noe art,
for why tis common to there sex & kind, 10
but making choice of natures better part
my Muse doth most desire to prayse her mind.
But as her vertue(s) clayme a crowne of bayes,
So manners makes me sylent in her prayse.

12 eare(s) *Ed*: eare *Bur*:

Cui, quot sunt corpore plumae,
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, *tot subrigit auris*.

Virgil: *Aen.* iv. 181-3.

〈Silence Best Praise.〉 *Ed*: no title, *Bur* 1 fayre, *Ed*: fayre *Bur*
2 sweet, . . . tall, . . . browne; *Ed*: no stops, *Bur* 3 compare; *Ed*:
compare *Bur* 4 frowne. *Ed*: frowne *Bur* 5 〈least〉 *Ed*:
left *Bur* pryde, *Ed*: pryde *Bur* 6 lyes; *Ed*: lyes *Bur* 7
asyde, *Ed*: asyde *Bur* 8 wife. *Ed*: wife *Bur* 9-10 art, . . . kind,
Ed: no commas, *Bur* 10 common] cōmō *Bur* 12 mind. *Ed*: mind
Bur 13 vertue(s) *Ed*: vertue *Bur* bayes, *Ed*: bayes *Bur*

〈Beauty

〈*Beauty in Little Room.*〉

THose droffy heads & irrepurged braynes
 W^{ch} sacred fyre of loue hath not refined
 may grossly think my loue smale worth contaynes
 because shee is of body smale combined.

Not diving to y^e depth of natures reach, 5
 W^{ch} on smale things doth greatest guifts bestow:
 small gems & pearls do witt more truly teach
 W^{ch} little are yet great in vertue grow,
 of flowers most part y^e least wee sweetest see,
 of creatures having life & fence y^e annt 10
 is smalst, yet great her guifts & vertues bee,
 frugall & provident for feare of want.

Wherefore who sees not natures full intent?
 she made her smale to make her excellent.

〈*Loves Zodiake.*〉

I That y^e higher half of loues
 Round Zodiake haue rune,
 And in the signe of crabbed chaunce
 My Tropick haue begun,
 Am taught to teach y^e man is blest 5
 Whose loues lott lights so badd,
 as his solstitium sooneft makes
 And so growes Retrograde.

〈*Fortune, Love, and Time.*〉

WHen fortune, loue, and Tyme bad me be happie,
 Happy I was by fortune, loue, and tyme.
 These powres at highest then began to vary,
 and cast him downe whome they had caus'd to clyme;
 They prun'd their wings, and tooke their flight in rage;
 fortune to fooles, loue to gold, and tyme to age. 6

〈*Beauty in Little Room.*〉 *Ed: no title, Bur* 5 *depth Ed: depht Bur*
reach, Ed: reach Bur 6 *bestow: Ed: bestow Bur* 8 *grow, Ed:*
grow Bur 11 *bee, Ed: bee Bur* 13 *intent? Ed: intent Bur*

〈*Loves Zodiake*〉 *Ed: no title, Bur*

〈*Fortune, Love, and Time.*〉 *Ed: no title and no punctuation, Bur*
 Fooles

Fooles, gold, and age, (o foolish golden age!)
Witt, fayth, and loue must begg, must brybe, must dy;
These are the actors and the world's the stage,
Desert and hope are as but standers by: 10
True lovers fit and tune this restlesse song;
Fortune, loue, and tyme haue done me wrong.

〈*Life a Play.*〉

What is o^r life? a play of pafsion.
o^r mirth? the musick of diuision.
O^r mothers wombs the tiring houses bee
Where we are drest for liues short comedy.
The earth the stage, heauen y^e spectator is, 5
Who still doth note who ere do act amisse.
O^r graues that hyde vs, frō the all-seeing sun,
Are but drawne curtaynes whē the play is done.

A Kisse.

O What a blisse
is this?
heaven is effected
and loues eternity contracted
In one short kisse. 5
For not tymes measure
makes pleasure
more full.
tedious and dull
all ioyes are thought 10
y^t are not in an instant wrought.

〈*Life a Play.*〉 *Ed:* no title, and no punctuation except the two marks of
interrogation, *Bur*

A Kisse. Bur 8 full. *Ed:* full *Bur*

Cupi(d)s bleft and higheft fpheare is heare.	
heere on his throne in his bright imperial crowne hee fitts.	15
Those witts That thinke to proue that mortals know in any place below a bliffe fo great fo sweet	20
Are heretiques in loue. Thefe pleasures high now dye,	25
but ftill beginning new & greater glory wiſhing gett fresh ſupply. No ſhort breath'd panting nor faynting is heere,	30
fuller and freer more pleaſinge is this pleaſure ftill, & none but this.	
Heer'es no bluſh nor labor great, no ſweat;	35
Heres no payne nor repentance when againe Loue cooles. O fooles	40
• That fondly glory in baſe condition of ſenſual fruition, you do miſtake & make y ^r heaven purgatory.	45

12 Cupi(d)s *Ed:* Cupis *Bur* 27 new *Ed:* now *Bur* 28
 ſupply. *Ed:* ſupply *Bur* 31 heere, *Ed:* heere *Bur* 35 great,
Ed: great *Bur* 39 cooles. *Ed:* cooles *Bur* 43 fruition, *Ed:*
 fruition *Bur*

Epi:

Epi: B: Jo:

TEll me who can when a player dies
In w^{ch} of his shapes againe hee shall rife?
What need hee stand at the iudgment throne
Who hath a heaven and a hell of his owne.
Then feare not Burbage heavens angry rodd,
When thy fellows are angells & old Hemmigs is God. 5

Epi: Hen: Princ: Hug^o Holland.

L Oe now hee shineth yonder
A fixed starr in heaven,
Whose motion is vnder
None of the planetts feaven;
And if the sofi should tender 5
The moone his loue and marry,
They never could engender
So fayre a starr as Harry.

III

POEMS FROM VARIOUS MSS.

<The Annuntiation.

Additional Lines.>

NAture amaz'd sawe man without mans ayde
Borne of a mother nurfed by her a mayd,
The child the Parent was, the worke the word,
No word till then did such a worke affoord.

Epi: B: Jo: (i.e. Epitaph: Ben Ionsen) Bur: no punctuation

Epi: Hen: Princ: Hug^o Holland. Bur: no punctuation

*<The Annuntiation. Additional Lines.> Ed: these lines run straight
on as part of The Annuntiation and Passion in O'F 2 a mayd]
Norton supplies a mayd, Ed: mayd O'F 3 was, . . . word, Ed: no
commas, O'F*

Twas

Twas lesse from nothing the world's all to growe 5
 Then all-Creato^r height to stoope so lowe.
 A virgin mother to a child bredd wonder,
 T'was more a child should bee the God of thunder.
 Th'omnipotent was strangely potent heere
 To make the powerfull God pearelesse appeare. 10
 Hee in our body cladd, for our soules love
 Came downe to us, yet stay'd vnchanged above.
 Yet God through man shind still in this cleere brooke,
 Through meane shewes into maiesty wee looke.
 Sinnes price seemd payd with brasse, fewe sawe the gold,
 Yet true stones set in lead theyr lustre hold. 16
 His birth though poore, Prophets foretold his story,
 Hee breathd with beasts, but Angels sung his glory.
 Hee, so farr of, so weake, yet Herod quakes,
 The citty dreads, babes, murderd, feare mistakes. 20
 His Circumcision bore sinne, payne, and shame,
 Young bloud new budd, hence bloomd a fauours name.
 His paynes and passion bredd compasion, wonder;
 Earth trembling, heavens darke, rocks rent asunder.
 His birth, life, death, his words, his workes, his face 25
 Shewd a rich Jewell shining through the case,
 Cast thus, since man at gods high presence trembles.
 Heere man mans troth loves whome his sheepe refembles.
 The bright Sunne beame a sickly eye may diſme,
 A little babe in shallow heart may swim. 30
 Hee heavens wealth to a poore stable brings,
 Th'oxestall the Court unto the king of kings.
 No Shadowes now nor lightning flames give terror.
 This light tells with our tongue, and beares o^r erro^r.
 Pure infant teares, moist pearle adorn'd his cheeke, 35
 Assign'd, ere borne, our erring soules to seeke.
 Hee first wept teares, then bloud, a deare redemption;
 This bought what Adam sould, that seemd preemption.

6 lowe. *Ed:* lowe *O'F* 7 wonder, *Ed:* wonder *O'F* 8 thunder.
Ed: thunder *O'F* 13 brooke, *Ed:* brooke *O'F* 21 shame, *Ed:*
 shame *O'F* 23 wonder; *Ed:* wonder *O'F* 24 trembling, *Ed:*
 trembling *O'F* 26 case, *Ed:* case *O'F* 27 trembles. *Ed:* trembles
O'F 28 refembles. *Ed:* refembles *O'F* 29 diſme, *Ed:* diſme *O'F*
 31 brings, *Ed:* brings *O'F* 35 cheeke, *Ed:* cheeke *O'F* 37 redemp-
 tion; *Ed:* redemption *O'F* 38 preemption. *Ed:* preemption *O'F*

Clare

Cleare droppe, deare feede, the corne had bloudy eares,
 Rich harveft reapd in bloud and fowne in teares. 40
 Who this Corne in theyr hart nor threfh, nor lay,
 Breake for finnes debt, unthrifty never pay.
 Ufe wealth, it wafte, a ftayd hand heapes the ftore,
 But this the more wee ufe wee have the more;
 Ufe, not like ufury whose growth is lending, 45
 Rich thoughts this treasure keepe and thrive by fpendig;
 Th'expense runnes circular, turning returning,
 Such love no hart confumes, yet ever burning.

Elegy. To Chafft Love.

CHafft Love, let mee embrace thee in mine armes
 Without the thought of luft. From thence no harmes
 Enfue, no difcontent attende thofe deeds
 So innocently good w^{ch} thy love breeds.
 Th'approche of day brings to thy fence no feares, 5
 Nor is the black nights worke wafhd in thy teares;
 Thou takft no care to keepe thy lover true,
 Nor yet by flighte, nor fond inventions new
 To hold him in, who with like flame of love
 Muft move his fpirit too, as thine doth move; 10
 w^{ch} ever mounts aloft with golden wings
 And not declines to lowe defpifed things.
 Thy foule is bodyd within thy quiet breft
 In fafety, free from trouble and unrest.
 Thou fearft no ill becaufe thou doft no ill, 15
 Like miftrefs of thy felfe, thy thought, and will,

39 eares, *Ed:* eares *O'F* 41 lay, *Ed:* lay *O'F* 43 ftore, *Ed:*
 ftore *O'F* 44 more; *Ed:* more *O'F* 45 Ufe, . . . lending, *Ed:*
 no commas, *O'F* 46 fpendig; *Ed:* fpendig *O'F* 47 returning,
Ed: returning *O'F* 48 confumes, *Ed:* confumes *O'F*
 Elegy. To Chafft Love. *O'F* 5 feares, *Ed:* feares *O'F* 6
 teares; *Ed:* teares *O'F* 7 true, *Ed:* true *O'F* 9 in, *Ed:* in *O'F*
 10 move; *Ed:* move *O'F* 15 ill, *Ed:* ill *O'F* 16 will, *Ed:*
 will *O'F*

Obeÿ thy mind, a mind for ever such
 As all may prayse, but none admire too much.
 Then come, Chaſt Love, choÿſe part of womankind.
 Infuſe chaſt thoughts into my loving mind. 20

Upon his ſcornefull Miſtreſſe. Elegy.

CRuell ſince that thou doſt not feare the curſe
 W^{ch} thy diſdayne, and my deſpayre procure,
 My prayer for thee ſhall torment thee worſe
 Then all the payne thou couldſt thereby endure.
 May, then, that beauty w^{ch} I did conceive 5
 In thee above the height of heavens courſe,
 When firſt my Liberty thou didſt bereave,
 Bee doubled on thee and with doubled force.
 Chayne thouſand vaſſalls in like thrall with mee,
 W^{ch} in thy glory mayſt thou ſtill deſpiſe, 10
 As the poore Trophies of that victory
 Which thou haſt onely purchaſd by thine eyes;
 And when thy Triumphs ſo extended are
 That there is nought left to bee conquered,
 Mayſt thou with the great Monarchs mournfull care 15
 Weepe that thine Hono^{rs} are ſo limited;
 So thy diſdayne may melt it ſelfe to love
 By an unlookd for and a wondrous change,
 W^{ch} to thy ſelfe above the reſt muſt prove
 In all th'eſſects of love paynefully ſtrange, 20
 While wee thy ſcorned ſubjects live to ſee
 Thee love the whole world, none of it love thee.

Upon his ſcornefull Miſtreſſe. *O'F*: no title, *B*, which adds note, This hath relation to 'When by thy ſcorne'. See *The Apparition*, p. 191 2
 deſpayre *B*: diſdayne *O'F* procure, *Ed*: procure *O'F* 6 courſe,
Ed: courſe *O'F* 7 bereave, *Ed*: bereave *O'F* 8 force. *Ed*: force
O'F 9 Chayne *B*: Stay *O'F* mee, *Ed*: mee *O'F* 10 deſpiſe, *Ed*:
 deſpiſe *O'F* 12 eyes; *Ed*: eyes *O'F* 14 conquered, *Ed*: conquered
O'F 16 limited; *Ed*: limited *O'F* 18 change, *Ed*: change *O'F*
 20 ſtrange, *Ed*: ſtrange *O'F*

(*Absence.*)

〈*Absence.*〉

W^Onder of Beautie, Goddesse of my sence,
You that have taught my soule to love aright,
You in whose limbes are natures chief expence
Fitt instrument to serve your matchles spright,
If ever you have felt the miserie 5
Of being banish'd from your best desier,
By Absence, Time, or Fortunes tyranny,
Sterving for cold, and yet denied for fier:
Deare mistresse pittie then the like effects
The which in mee your absence makes to flowe, 10
And haste their ebb by your divine aspect
In which the pleasure of my life doth growe:
Stay not so long for though it seem a wonder
You keepe my bodie and my soule asunder.

FINIS.

〈*Tongue-tied Love.*〉

F^Aire eies do not think scorne to read of Love
That to your eies durst never it presume,
Since absence those sweet wonders do〈th〉 remove
That nourish thoughts, yet fence and wordes consume;
This makes my pen more hardy then my tongue, 5
Free from my feare yet feeling my desire,
To utter that I have conceal'd so long
By doing what you did yourself require.
Believe not him whom Love hath left so wise
As to have power his owne tale for to tell, 10
For childrens greefes do yield the loudest cries,
And cold desires may be exprest well:
In well told Love most often falsehood lies,
But pittie him that only sighes and dies.

FINIS.

〈*Absence.*〉 〈*Tongue-tied Love.*〉 *Ed: whole sonnets without titles in L74: the last six lines of the second appear among Donne's poems in B, O'F, S96*
〈*Tongue-tied Love.*〉 12 cold desires] coldest Ayres O'F

〈*Love,*

〈Love, if a God thou art.〉

Love if a god thou art
 then evermore thou must
 Bee mercifull and iust;
 If thou bee iust, ô wherefore doth thy dart
 Wound mine alone and not my mistresse hart? 5
 If mercifull, then why
 Am I to payne reservd
 Who have thee truly serv'd,
 When shee that by thy powre fets not a fly
 Laughs thee to scorne and lives at liberty? 10
 Then if a God thou woulds accounted bee,
 Heale mee like her, or else wound her like mee.

〈Great Lord of Love.〉

Greate Lord of love, how busy still thou art
 To give new wounds and fetters to my hart!
 Is't not enough that thou didst twice before
 It so mangle
 And intangle 5
 By fly arts
 of false harts.
 Forbeare mee, Ile make love no more.
 Fy busy Lord, will it not thee suffice
 To use the Rhetorique of her tongue and eyes 10
 When I am waking, but that absent so
 They invade mee
 To perswade mee,
 When that sleepe
 Oft should keepe 15
 And lock out every fence of woe.

〈Love if a God thou art.〉 〈Great Lord of Love.〉 〈Loves Exchange.〉
all without titles in O'F: punctuation mainly the Editor's

If thou perswade mee thus to speake, I dye
And shee the murtheresse, for she will deny;
And if for silence I bee prest, Her good

Yet I cherish

20

Though I perish,

For that shee

Shall bee free

From that foule guilt of spilling blood.

〈*Loves Exchange.*〉

1. **T**O sue for all thy Love, and thy whole hart
were madnesse.

I doe not sue, nor can admitt,

(Fayrest) from yo^r to have all yet;

Who giveth all, hath nothing to impart

5

But sadnesse.

2. Hee who receaveth all can have no more,
Then seeing.

My love by length of every howre

Gathers new strength, new growth, new power :

You must have dayly new rewards in store

11

Still beeing.

3. You cannot every day give mee yo^r hart
For merit;

Yet if you will, when yours doth goe

15

You shall have still one to bestow,

For you shall mine, when yours doth part,

Inherit.

4. Yet if you please wee le find a better way
Then change them,

20

For so alone (dearest) wee shall

Bee one and one another all;

Let us so joyne our harts, that nothing may

Estrange them.

Song.

NOW y'have killd mee with yo^r sorne
 Who shall live to call yoⁿ fayre?
 What new foole must now bee borne
 To prepare
 Dayly sacrifice of service new, 5
 Teares too good for woemen true?
 Who shall forrow when yoⁿ crye
 And to please yoⁿ dayly dye?
 Men succeeding shall beware
 And woemen cruell, no more fayre. 10

2.

Now y'have killd mee, never looke
 Any left to call yoⁿ trewe;
 Who more madd must now bee tooke
 To renewe
 My oblations dayly, loft? 15
 Vowes too good for woemen chaff!
 Who shall call yoⁿ sweete, and sweare
 T'is yo^r face renews the yeare?
 Men by my Death shall beleewe,
 And woemen cruell yet shall greeve. 20

Love, bred of glances.

LOVE bred of Glances twixt amorous eyes
 Like Childrens fancies, sone borne, sone dyes.
 Guilte, Bitternes, and smilinge woe
 Doth ofte deceaue poore lovers foe,
 As the fonde Sence th'unwary foule deceives 5
 With deadly poison wrapt in Lily leaves.

Song. O'F: punctuation mainly Editor's

Love &c. <True Love.> Chambers, who prints from RP117: no title,
 O'F, P, Sg6 (from which present text is taken) 2 borne B, P, O'F, Sg6:
 bred Chambers 4 Doth Sg6: does B, O'F: doe P 5 As] And
 Chambers

But

But harts so chain'd as Goodnes stands
 With truthe unstain'd to couple hands,
 Love beinge to all beauty blinde
 Save the cleere beauties of the minde, 10
 There heaven is pleasd, continuall blessings sheddinge,
 Angells are guests and dance at this blest weddinge.

To a Watch restored to its Mystres.

Goe and Count her better howers.
 For they are happier than oures.
 The day that gives her any blifs,
 Make it as long againe as 'tis.
 The hower shee smyles in, lett it bee 5
 By thy acte multiplyde to three.
 But if shee frowne on thee or mee,
 Know night is made by her, not thee;
 Be swifte in such an hower & soone,
 See thou make night, ere it be noone. 10
 Obey her tymes, whoe is the free
 Faire Sunne that governes thee & mee.

< Ad Solem. >

WHerfore peepst thou, envious daye?
 We can kisse without thee.
 Lovers hate the golden raye,
 Which thou bearest about thee.

7 as Goodnes] 'tis goodnes *Chambers* 8 hands, *Ed: hands S96*
 10 minde, *B: minde S96* 11 There heav'n is *O'F, P, S96: Where*
 Reason is *Chambers* sheddinge, *Ed: sheddinge S96* 12 this] his
Chambers

To a Watch &c. *B*, where note below title says none of J. D. and poem is signed W. L.

<Ad Solem.> *Ed: no title, Add. MSS. 22603, 33998, Egerton MS. 2013, Harleian MS. 791, S, TCD(II): printed J. Wilson: Cheerful Ayres (1659), Grosart and Chambers: text from Eg. MS. 2013: punctuation partly Editor's*
 2 kisse] live *E20*

Goe and give them light that forowe
 Or the faylor flyinge: 5
 Our imbraces need noe morowe
 Nor our bliffes eying.

We shall curfe thy curyous eye
 For thy foone betrayinge, 10
 And condemn thee for a spye
 Yf thou catch us playinge.
 Gett thee gone and lend thy flashe
 Where there's need of lendinge,
 Our affections are not ashes 15
 Nor our pleasures endinge.

Weare we cold or withered heare
 We would stay thee by us,
 Or but one anothers feare
 Then thou shouldst not flye us. 20
 Wee are yongue, thou spoilst our pleasure;
 Goe to sea and slumber,
 Darknes only gives us leasure
 Our stolne joyes to number.

< *If She Deride.* >

Greate and goode if she deryde mee
 Let me walke Ile not despayre,
 Ere to morrowe Ile provide mee
 One as greate, lesse prowd, more faire.
 They that seeke Love to constraine 5
 Have their labour for their paine.

9 curyous *A22, A33, H79, S, TCD*: envious *E20* 19 one anothers
 feare *TCD*: one another fear *E20*: one anothers sphere *A22, A33, S*
 23 gives] lends *A22, A33*

< *If She Deryde.* > *Chambers*: no title, *S*: also, *Chambers reports*, in *C.C.C.*
Oxon. MS. 327, f. 26: printed by Grosart and Chambers

They

Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 453

They that strongly can importune
And will never yeild nor tyre,
Gaine the paye in spight of Fortune
But such gaine Ile not desyre. 10
Where the prize is shame or fynn,
Wynners loose and loofers wynn.
Looke upon the faythfull lover,
Griefe stands paynted in his face,
Groanes, and Teares and sighs discover 15
That they are his onely grace:
Hee must weepe as children doe
That will in the fashion wooe.
I whoe flie these idle fancies
Which my dearest rest betraye, 20
Warnd by others harmfull chances,
Use my freedome as I may.
When all the worlde says what it cann
'Tis but—Fie, vnconstant mann!

< Fortune Never Fails. >

What if I come to my mistris bedd
The candles all ecclipst from shyninge,
Shall I then attempt for her mayden-head
Or shoue my selfe a coward by declyninge?
Oh noe 5
Fie doe not foe,
For thus much I knowe by devyninge,
Blynd is Love
The dark it doth approve,

11 Where the prize is *Chambers*: Where they prize this ('t' struck out) *S*: Where they prize is *Grosart* 14 Teares and sighs] *Chambers* reverses

< Fortune Never Fails. > Grosart: no title, RP31, S: also, Chambers reports, in C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 327, f. 21: printed Grosart and Chambers, and, last two verses only, Simeon

- To pray on pleasures pantinge; 10
 What needeth light
 For Cupid in the night,
 If jealous eyes be wantinge.
- Fortune never failes, if she badd take place,
 To shroude all the faire proceedings: 15
 Love and she though blynd, yet each other embrace,
 To favor all their servants meetings:
 Venture I say
 To sport and to play,
 If in place all be fitting; 20
 Though she say fie
 Yet doth she not denie:
 For fie is but a word of tryall:
 Jealofie doth sleepe,
 Then doe not weepe 25
 At force of a faynt denyall.
- Glorious is my love, with tryumphs in her face,
 Then to to bould were I to venter:
 Who loves deserves to live in a princes grace,
 Why stand you then affraid to enter? 30
 Lights are all out
 Then make noe doubt
 A lover bouldly maye take chusinge.
 Bewtie is a baite
 For a princely mate. 35
 Fy, why stand you then a musinge?
 You'll repent too late
 If she doe you hate,
 For loves delight refusinge.

10 pantinge;] hauntinge: *RP31*. 14 she badd *S*: she bidd *Grosart*:
 she bids *Chambers*: the bould *RP31* 19 and to play *RP31, S*: and
 play *Grosart and Chambers* 26 faynt] fair *Chambers* 28 were] was
RP31 29 princes] Princess *Chambers* 33 lover] woer *Chambers*
 chusinge] a choosing *Chambers*

To His Mistress.

1. **B**EELEE yo^r Glasfe, and if it tell you (Deare)
 Yo^r Eyes inshrine
 A brighter shine
 Then faire Apollo, looke if theere appeare
 The milkie skye
 The Crimfon dye
 Mixt in your cheeks, and then bid Phoebus sett,
 More Glory then hee owes appears. But yet
2. Be not deceived with fond Alteration

 As Cynthias Globe,
 A fnow white robe
 Is fooneft spotted, a Carnation dye
 Fades, and difcolours open'd but to Eie.
3. Make use of youth, and bewty whileft they flourish:
 Tyme never fleepes,
 Though it but creeps
 It ftill gets forward. Do not vainly nourish
 Them to felfe-use,
 It is Abuse;
 The richeft Grownds lying waft turne Boggs and rott,
 And foe beinge ufeles, were as good were not.
4. Walke in a meddowe by a Rivers fide,
 Upon whose Bancks
 Grow milk-white Ranks
 Of full blown Lyllies in their height of Pryde,

To His Miftrefs. *Le Prince D'Amour* (1660): no title, *S* (whence text):
 printed by Simeon, Grosart, Chambers: punctuation partly Editor's I if
 it tell] it will tell Chambers 9 deceived] deceiv'd S 16 open'd]
 opened S 24 were not] as not *LePD'A*

Which

- Which downward bend
And nothing tend 30
Save their owne Bewties in the Glasſſie ſtreame:
Looke to yo^r ſelfe : Compare yo^r ſelfe to them.
5. In ſhow, in bewtie, marke what followes then :
Sommer muſt end,
The ſunn muſt bend 35
His Longe Abſented beames to others: then
Their ſpring being croſt
By wynters froſt
And ſneap'd by bytter ſtorms againſt w^{ch} nought boots,
They bend their prowde topps lower then their roots.
6. Then none regard them; but wth heedles feet 41
In durt each treads
Their declyned heads.
So when youthe waſted, Age, and yo^u ſhall meet,
Then I alone 45
Shall ſadly moane
That Interviewe; others it will not move,
So light regard we, what we little Love.
FINIS.

A Paradoxe of a Painted Face.

Not kiſſe? By Jove I muſt, and make impreſſion
As longe as Cupid dares to holde his Seſſion
Vpon my fleſh and blood: our kiſſes ſhall
Outminute Time and without number fall.

31 the Glasſſie S: a Glasſſie LePD'A: their Glasſſie Chambers 32
to them. S: with them. Chambers 36 then] when Chambers 39
ſneap'd Ed: ſnep'd S: ſwept LePD'A: ſnipped Chambers

A Paradoxe of a Painted Face. H39, S, S96, TGD (II) Pembroke and Ruddier (1660), Le Prince D'Amour (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart (from S), Chambers (from Simeon, and Pembroke and Ruddier): text from S96: punctuation partly Editor's

Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 457

Doe I not know these Balls of blushing Red 5
 That on thy Cheekes thus amorouſlie are ſpred?
 Thy ſnowy necke, thoſe veynes upon thy Browe
 Which with their azure crincklinge ſweetly bowe
 Are artificiall? Borrowed? and no more thine own^{ne}
 Then Chaines which on St. George's Day are ſhowne, 10
 Are proper to the wearers? Yet for this
 I idole thee, and beg a luſcious kiſſe.
 The fucus, and Ceruſe, which on thy face
 Thy Cunnige hand layes on to add new Grace,
 Detaine me with ſuch pleaſing fraude, that I 15
 Finde in thy art, what can in nature Lie.
 Much like a painter that upon ſome Wall
 On which the radiant Sun-beames uſe to fall
 Paints with ſuch art a Gilded butterflye
 That filly maides with ſlowe-moved fingers trye 20
 To Catch it, and then bluſh at theire miſtake,
 Yet of this painted flye moſt reckonynge make:
 Such is our ſtate; ſince what we looke upon
 Is nought but Coullor and Proportion.
 Take me a face, as full of fraud and Lies 25
 As Gypſies in your cunninge Lotteries,
 That is more falſe, and more Sophiſticate
 Than are Saints reliques, or a man of ſtate.
 Yet ſuch being Glazed by the ſleight of arte,
 Gaines admiration, winninge many a Harte. 30
 Put caſe there be a difference in the molde,
 Yet may thy Venus be more Chaſte, and holde
 A dearer treaſure: oftentimes we ſee
 Rich Candian wines in wooden Boules to bee.
 The odoriferous Civet doth not lie 35
 Within the muſkat's noſe, or eare, or eye,
 But in a baſer place; for prudent nature

8 azure crincklinge *Sg6*: azure winckles *P* and *R*: azure twinklinge *S*:
 azur'd wrinklins *TCD*: azure wrinkles *Chambers* 15 Detaine]
 Deceive *H39, P* and *R, LePD'A, TCD, Chambers* [pleaſing] cunning *TCD*
 18 radiant *Sg6*: cadent *H39, TCD, LePD'A, Grosart, and Chambers*:
 ſplendent *P* and *R* 21 then] yet *Sg6* 32 Chaſte] choiſe *P* and *R*,
LePD'A, TCD

In drawinge us of various formes and stature
 Gives from the curious shop of hir rich treasure
 To faire parts comelinesf, to baser, pleasure. 40
 The fairest flowers, which in the Springe doe growe
 Are not so much for use, as for the showe,
 As Lillies, Hyacinths, and the georgious birthe
 Of all pide flowers that diaper the earthe,
 Please more with their discoloured purple traine 45
 Then wholesome pothearbs which for use remaine.
 Shall I a Gaudy Speckled Serpent kifs
 For that the colours which he weares are his?
 A perfumed Cordevant who will not wear
 Because the fente is borrowed elsewhere? 50
 The roabes and vestiments, which grace us all
 Are not our owne, but adventitiall.
 Time rifles Natures beauty, but slye Arte
 Repaires by cuninge this decayinge parte.
 Fills here a wrinkle, and there purles a veyne, 55
 And with a nimble hand runs o're againe
 The breaches dented in by th'arme of time,
 And makes Deformity to be no crime.
 As when great men be grip't by sicknes hand,
 Industrious Physicke pregnantly doth stand 60
 To patch up foule diseases, and doth strive
 To keepe theire tottering Carcasses alive.
 Beautie is a candlelight which every puffle
 Blowes out, and leaves nought but a stinking snuffe
 To fill our nostrills with; this boldelie thinke, 65
 The cleereft Candle makes the greatest stincke,
 As your pure fode and cleereft nutryment
 Gets the most hott, and nose stronge excrement.
 Why hange we then on thinges so apt to varie,
 So fleetinge, brittle, and so temporarie? 70

39 shop] shape S96 rich] largeft S96: large *P and R*, Grosart, and
Chambers 45 discoloured] discovered H39: but discoloured is here
 variegated 53 rifles] rifled S96 55 purles] fills S: purls is
 embroiders as with gold or silver thread 67 cleareft] choicest *P and R*:
 cleaneft S: fineft *Chambers* 68 most hott] most stronge S96

That

Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 459

That agues, Coughes, the toothache, or Catarr
(Slight hanfells of diseases) spoile and marr.
But when olde age theire beauties hath in Chace,
And plowes up furrowes in theire once-smoothe face,
Then they become forsaken, and doe showe 75
Like stately abbeyes ruin'd longe agoe.
Nature but gives the modell, and first draught
Of faire perfection, which by art is taught
To speake itselfe, a compleat form and birthe,
Soe stands a Copie to these shapes on earthe. 80
Jove grante me then a reparable face
Which, whiles that Colours are, can want no grace.
Pigmaliions painted statue I coulde love,
Soe it were warme and softe, and coulde but move.

Sonnett.

MAdam that flea that Crept between your brefts
I envied, that there he should make his rest:
The little Creatures fortune was foe good
That Angells feed not on so pretious foode.
How it did sucke how eager tickle you 5
(Madam shall fleas before me tickle you?)

Oh I can not holde; pardon if I kild it.
Sweet Blood, to you I aske this, that which fild it
Ran from my Ladies Brest. Come happie flea
That dide for suckinge of that milkie Sea. 10

72 hanfells *H39*: houfes *S, S96, Chambers*: touches *P and R*: caufes
LePD'A 73 beauties] brav'ries *H39* 79 To speake itselfe *TCD*,
P and R: Speake to itselfe *S, S96*: Speake for itselfe *H39*: To make it-
selfe *Simeon, Grosart, and Chambers*

Sonnett. *O'F, S96*: no title, *S*: On A Flea on His Mistrefs's Bosom
Simeon, Grosart, Chambers (from *Simeon*): text from *S96* 7 I can not
holde] I not hold can *Chambers* kild *Ed*: killed *Chambers*: kill *S96*

Oh

Oh now againe I well could wishe thee there,
 About hir Hart, about hir anywhere;
 I would vowe (Dearest flea) thou shouldst not dye,
 If thou couldst sucke from hir hir crueltye.

On Black Hayre and Eyes.

IF shaddowes be the pictures excellence;
 And make it seeme more lively to the sence;
 If starres in the bright day are hid from sight
 And shine most glorious in the masque of night;
 Why should you thinke (rare creature) that you lack 5
 Perfection cause your haire and eyes are blacke,
 Or that your heavenly beauty which exceeds
 The new sprung lillies in their mayden weeds,
 The damaske coullour of your cheekes and lipps
 Should suffer by their darknesse an eclips? 10
 Rich diamonds shine brightest, being sett
 And compassed within a foyle of Jett.
 Nor was it fitt that Nature should have mayde
 So bright a funne to shine without a shade.
 It seemes that Nature when she first did fancie 15
 Your rare composure studied Necromancie,
 That when to you this guift she did impart
 She used altogether the black art.
 By which infused power from Magique tooke
 You doe command all spiritts with a looke: 20

13 vowe] now *Chambers*
 thou] that thou *Chambers*

Dearest *S96*: deare *S, O'F, Chambers*

On Black Hayre and Eyes *Add. MS. 11811, on which text is based: in several MSS. including A25, TCD (II), L77: printed in Parnassus Biceps (1656), Pembroke and Ruddier's Poems (1660), Simeon (1856-7), Grosart, and Chambers* 2 it *A21, H60, TCD*: them *A11*: things *L77* 4 shine *H39, TCD*: seem *A11, Grosart, and Chambers* 8 mayden weeds,] maidenheads, *H39, TCD, Grosart, and Chambers* 9 The damasque coullor of] That cherry colour of *H39, TCD*: Or that the cherries of *Some MSS.* 12 compassed] compos'd *A11* foyle] field *Chambers* 19 tooke] book *Grosart and Chambers* 20 all spiritts] like spirits *Grosart and Chambers*

Shee

Shee drew those Magique circles in your eyes,
 And mayde your hayre the chaines wherewith shee ties
 Rebelling hearts: those blew veines which appeare,
 Winding Meander about either spheare,
 Misterious figures are, and when you lift 25
 Your voice commandeth like the Exorcist,
 And every word which from your Pallett falleth
 In a deep charme your hearer's heart intralleth.
 Oh! If in Magique you have skill so farre,
 Vouchsafe me to be your familiar. 30
 Nor hath kind Nature her black art reveal'd
 To outward partes alone, some lie conceal'd,
 And as by heads of springs men often knowe
 The nature of the streames that run belowe,
 So your black haire and eyes do give direction 35
 To make me thinke the rest of like complexion:
 That rest where all rest lies that blesteth Man,
 That Indian mine, that straight of Magellan,
 That worlde dividing gulfe where he that venters,
 With swelling sayles and ravisht senses enters 40
 To a new world of blisse. Pardon, I pray,
 If my rude muse presumeth to display
 Secretts unknowne, or hath her bounds orepass
 In praying sweetnesse which I ne're did tast;
 Sterved men doe know there's meate, and blind men may
 Though hid from light presume there is a day. 46
 The rover in the marke his arrowe sticks
 Sometimes as well as he that shootes att prickes,
 And if I might direct my shaft aright,
 The black mark would I hitt and not the white. 50

25 figures] fables *AII* 26 commandeth] commands *AII* 29
 you have skill *L77, TCD, &c.*: your power *AII*: you have power *Grosart*
and Chambers 33 For (And) as by the springhead a man may (men
 often) know *L77, TCD, and other MSS.* 34 streame . . runs *L77, &c.*
 44 did] shall *TCD and other MSS.* 47 sticks] strikes *Grosart and*
Chambers 49 direct *L77, TCD, &c.*: ayme *AII, Grosart, and Chambers*

Fragment of an Elegy.

A Nd though thy glasse a burning one become
 And turne us both to ashes on her urne,
 Yet to our glory till the later day
 Our dust shall daunce like attomes in her ray.
 And when the world shall in confusion burne, 5
 And Kinges and peafantes scramble at an urne,
 Like tapers new blowne out wee happy then
 Will at her beames catch fire and live againe.
 But this is fence, and some one may-be glad 10
 That I so good a cause of sorrow had,
 Will wish all those whome I affect may dye
 So I might please him with an elegie.
 O let there never line of witt be read
 To please the living that doth speake thee dead;
 Some tender-harted mother good and mild, 15
 Who on the deare grave of her tender child
 So many sad teares hath beene knowne to rayne
 As out of dust would mould him up againe,
 And with hir plaintes enforce the wormes to place
 Themselves like veynes so neatly on his face, 20
 And every lymne, as if that they wer striving
 To flatter hir with hope of his reviving:
 Shee should read this, and hir true teares alone
 Should copy forth these sad lines on the stone
 Which hides thee dead, and every gentle hart 25
 That passeth by should of his teares impart
 So great a portion, that if after times
 Ruine more churches for the Clergyes crimes,
 When any shall remove thy marble hence,
 Which is lesse stone then hee that takes it thence, 30
 Thou shalt appeare within thy tearefull cell
 Much like a faire nymph bathing in a well.

Fragment of an Elegy. From P, where it appears as portion of an 'heroical epistle' from Lady Penelope Rich to Sir Philip Sidney: punctuation Ed.

But

But when they find thee dead so lovely fair,
Pitty and sorrow then shall straight repaire
And weepe beside thy grave with cipresse croud, 35
To see the second world of beauty dround,
And add sufficient teares as they condole
'Twould make thy body swimme up to thy soule.
Such eyes should read the lines are writ of thee;
But such a losse should have no elegie 40
To palliate the wound wee tooke in hir,
Who rightly grieves admittes no comforter.
He that had tane to heart thy parting hence
Should have beene chain'd to Bedlam two houres thence,
And not a frind of his ere shed a teare 45
To see him for thy sake distracted there,
But hugge himselfe for loving such as hee
That could runne mad with greefe for loosing thee.
I, haplesse soule, that never knew a frend
But to bewayle his too untimely end, 50
Whose hopes (cropt in the bud) have never come
But to fitt weeping on a fencelesse tombe,
That hides not dust enough to count the teares
Which I have fruitlesse spent in so few yeares,
I that have trusted those that would have given 55
For our deare Saviour and the Sonne of heaven
Ten times the valew Judas had of yore,
Onely to sell him for three peeces more;
I that have lov'd and trusted thus in vaine
Yet weepe for thee, and till the clowdes shall daigne 60
To throw on Egypt more then Nile ere sweld,
These teares of mine shalbee unparellell'd.
He that hath lov'd, enjoy'd, and then beene croft,
Hath teares at will to mourne for what he lost;
He that hath trusted and his hope appeares 65
Wrong'd but by death may soone dissolve in teares;
But hee unhappy man whose love and trust
Nere met fruition nor a promise just,
For him (unlesse like thee hee deadly slepe)
'Tis easier to runn mad then 'tis to weepe; 70
And

And yet I can. Fall then yee mournefull showers,
 And as old time leades on the winged howers,
 Bee you their minutes, and let men forgett
 To count their ages from the plague of sweat,
 From eighty eight, the Poulder-plot, or when 75
 Men were affrayd to talke of it againe;
 And in their numerations be it sayd
 Thus old was I when such a teare was shed,
 And when that other fell a comett rose
 And all the world tooke notice of my woes. 80
 Yet finding them past cure, as doctores fly
 Their patientes past all hope of remedy,
 No charitable soule will once impart
 One word of comfort to so sicke a heart;
 But as a hurt deare beaten from the heard, 85
 Men of my shadow allmost now affeard
 Fly from my woes, that whilome wont to greet mee,
 And well nigh thinke it ominous to meete mee.
 Sad lines go yee abroad; go saddest muse,
 And as some nations formerly did use 90
 To lay their sicke men in the street, that those,
 Who of the same disease had scapt the throwes,
 Might minister releefe as they went by
 To such as felt the selfsame malady,
 So haplesse lynes fly through the fairest land, 95
 And if ye light into some blessed hand,
 That hath a heart as merry as the shine
 Of golden dayes, yet wrong'd as much as mine,
 Pitty may lead that happy man to mee,
 And his experience worke a remedy 100
 To those sad fittes which (spight of nature's lawes)
 Torture a poore hart that out-lives the cause.
 But this must never bee, nor is it fitt
 An ague or some sickenes lesse then itt
 Should glory in the death of such as hee, 105
 That had a heart of flesh and valued thee.
 Brave Roman, I admire thee that would'st dy
 At no lesse rate then for an empery.

Some maffy diamond from the center drawne,
For which all Europ wer an equall pawne, 110
Should (beaten into duft) bee drunke by him
That wanted courage good enough to swimme
Through feas of woes for thee, and much defpife
To meet with death at any lower prize,
Whilft greefe alone workes that effect in mee, 115
And yet no greefe but for the loffe of thee.
Fortune now doe thy worft, for I have gott
By this her death fo ftrong an antidote,
That all thy future croffes fhall not have
More then an angry fmile, nor fhall the grave 120
Glory in my laft day: thefe lines fhall give
To us a fecond life, and we will live
To pull the diftaffe from the hand of fate;
And fpinn our own thrides for fo long a date,
That death fhall never feize uppon our fame 125
Till this fhall perifh in the whole world's frame.

< Farewel, ye guilded follies. >

Farewel ye guilded follies, pleafing troubles,
Farewel ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one fhort day.
Beauty (th'eyes idol) but a damasked fkin, 5
State but a golden prifon, to keepe in
And torture free-born minds; imbroidered trains
Meerly but Pageants, proudly fwelling vains,

< Farewell, Ye Guilded Follies. > Ed: variously titled, Add. MS. 18220, C.C.C. Oxon. MS. 324, Egerton MS. 2603, Harleian MS. 6057: printed in Walton's Compleat Angler (1653), Wits Interpreter (1655) Hannab's Courtly Poets: Grosart prints from MS. Dd. 643 in Cambridge University Library, and Chambers follows—a very inferior version: text from Walton 2 ye glorious] ye chriftal Ar8, E26, H60: the chriftall WI 6 keepe Ar8, E26, H60: live Walton 8 proudly] proud Walton

And blood ally'd to greatnes, is a loane
Inherited, not purchas'd, not our own. 10

Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading blossomes of the earth.

I would be great, but that the Sun doth still
Level his rayes against the rising hill: 15

I would be high, but see the proudest Oak
Most subject to the rending Thunder-stroke; 20

I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine; 25

I would be wise, but that I often see
The Fox suspected whilst the As goes free; 30

I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud; 35

I would be poor, but know the humble grafs
Still trampled on by each unworthy Asse: 40

Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd, if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envied more: 45

I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair, poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauties Queen entitle me the Fair, 50
Fame speak me fortune's Minion, could I vie
Angels with India, with a speaking eye

9 a loane *Ed*: a lone *Walton*: but loane *MSS*. 18 mine *E26*,
CCC: mind *Walton*, *A182*, *H60*, *W1*: minds *Grosart* and *Chambers*

19-20 I would be wise but that the fox I see
Suspected guilty when the As goes free
A182, E26, H60, Grosart, and Chambers

21-2 I would be fair, but see that Champion proud
The bright sun often setting in a cloud
W1 and MSS, but with *The worlds bright eye or fair eye*

31-2 could I vie
Angels with India, *Walton, A182, E26, H60*

could I joy
The blisse of angells, *CCC*
could I vie (vey *Grosart*)
The blisse of angells, *Grosart and Chambers*

Poems attributed to Donne in MSS. 467

Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb
 As wel as blind and lame, or give a tongue
 To stones, by Epitaphs, be called great Master 35
 In the loose rhimes of every Poetafter;
 Could I be more then any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise in all Superlatives;
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
 Then ever fortune would have made them mine, 40
 And hold one minute of this holy leafure,
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye filent groves,
 These guefts, these Courts, my foul most dearly loves,
 Now the wing'd people of the Skie shall sing 45
 My cheerful Anthems to the gladfome Spring;
 A Pray'r book now shall be my looking-glasse,
 Wherein I will adore sweet vertues face.
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no Pallace cares,
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears, 50
 Then here I'll fit and figh my hot loves folly,
 And learn t'affect an holy melancholy.
 And if contentment be a stranger, then
 I'll nere look for it, but in heaven again.

43 ye filent groves, *Walton*: the filent Groves, *WI*: ye carelefs groves,
H60: the carelefs grove, *CCC*: ye careless groans, *Grosart and Chambers*
 44 These are the courts my foul entire loves, *A182*: These are my guefts,
 this is the court I love, *CCC*: These are my guests, this is that courtage
 tones, *Grosart and Chambers*: the court age loves, *Ash* 38 46 My
 Anthem; be my Selah gentle Spring. *A182*: Mine anthems; be my cellar,
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 49-50 Here dwells no hartlesse Love, no palsey fears, .
 No short joys purchas'd with eternal tears. *A182, H60*
 51 hot loves *Walton*: hot youths *H60*: past years *A182* 53 be]
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